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Jan. 8, 1966

# THE NEW YORKER

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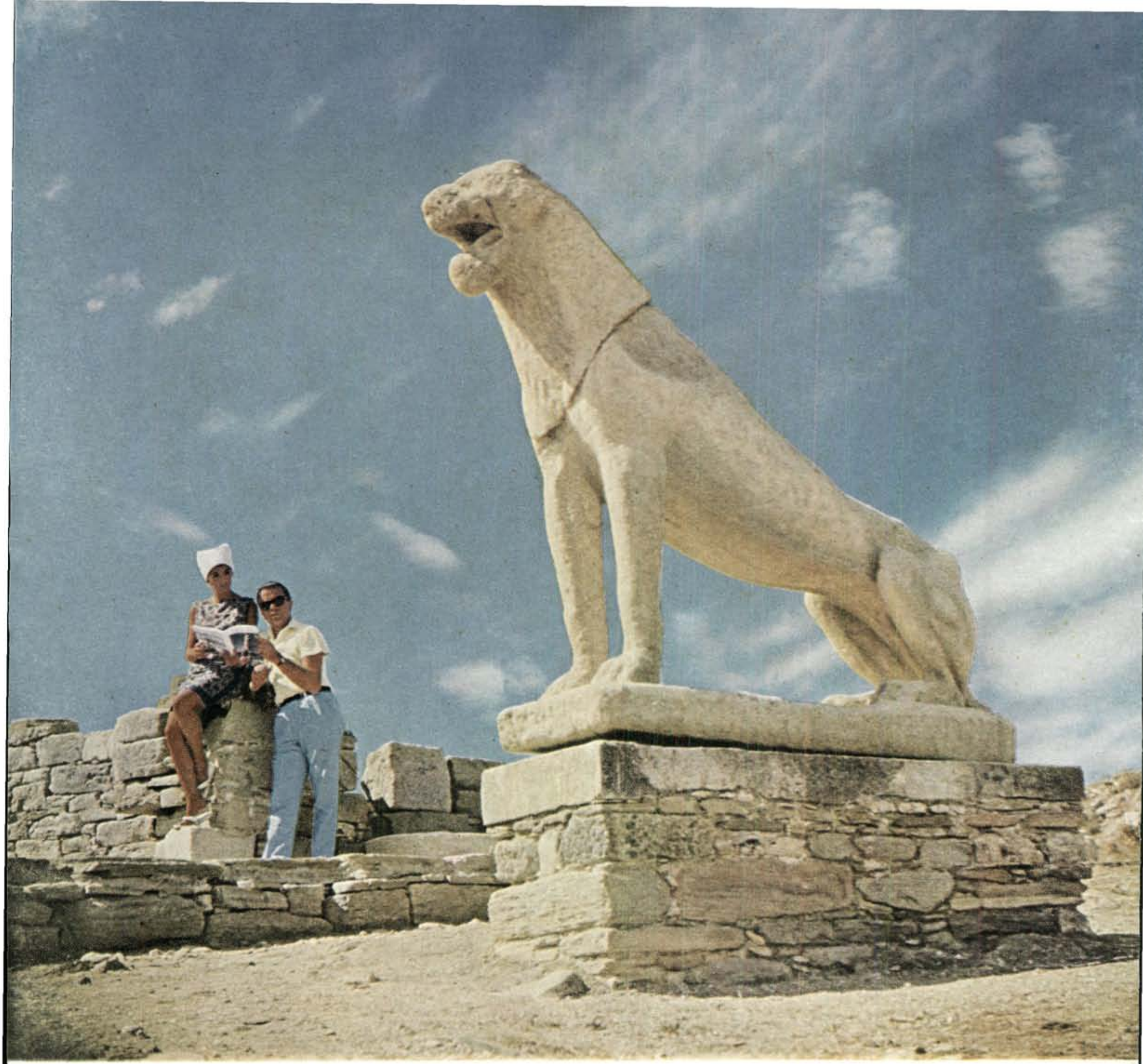

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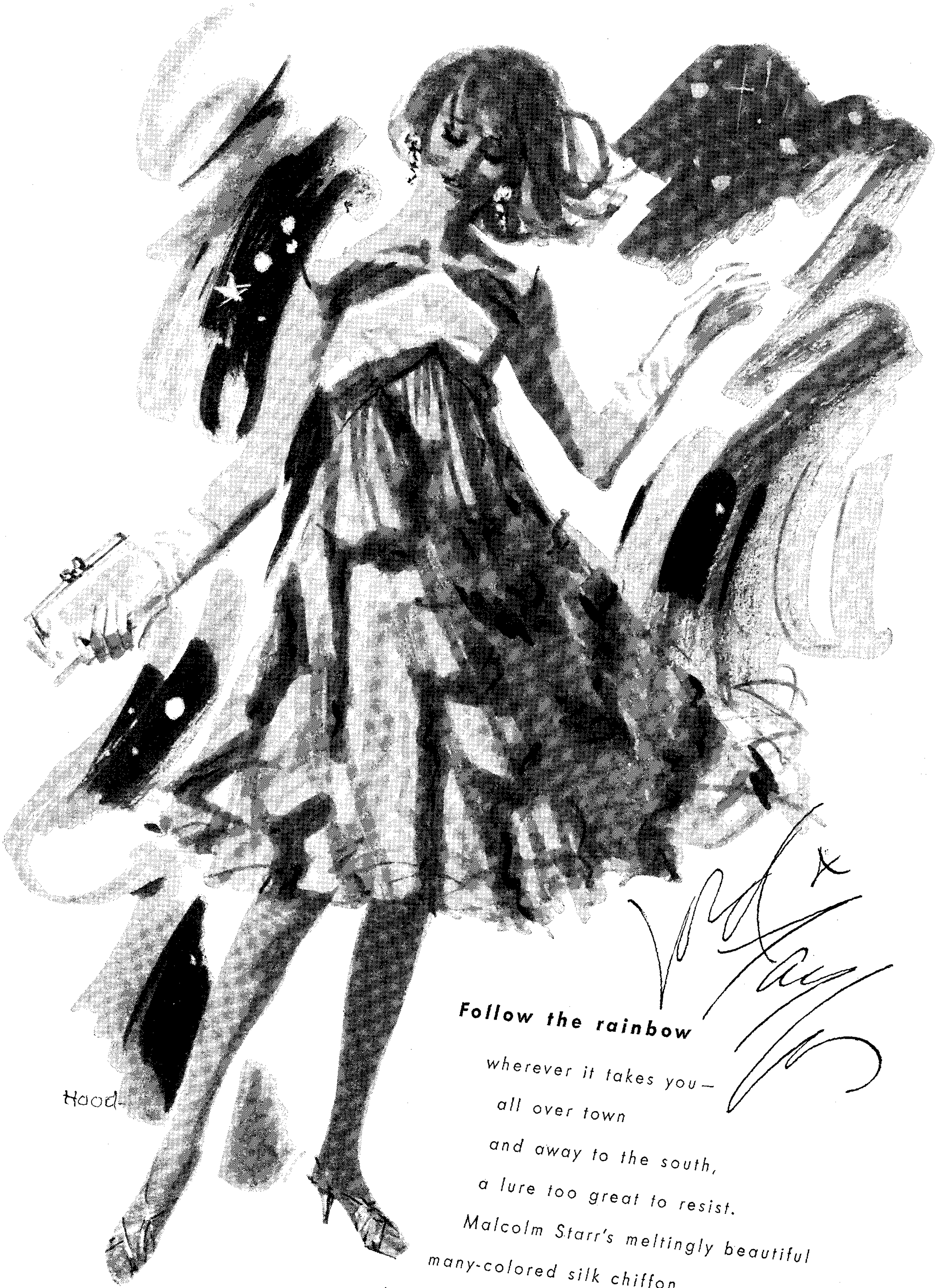

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all over town
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a lure too great to resist.
Malcolm Starr's meltingly beautiful
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at all Lord & Taylor stores

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Cactus Flower**—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile Mr. Burrows. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Devils**—The late John Whiting's dramatization of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," a study of demonology in the seventeenth century. Jason Robards appears as a womanizing vicar who is presently undone by a hysterical prioress. As directed by Michael Cacoyannis, the play moves haltingly, and Mr. Whiting's characters are seldom credible. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Generation**—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Impossible Years**—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

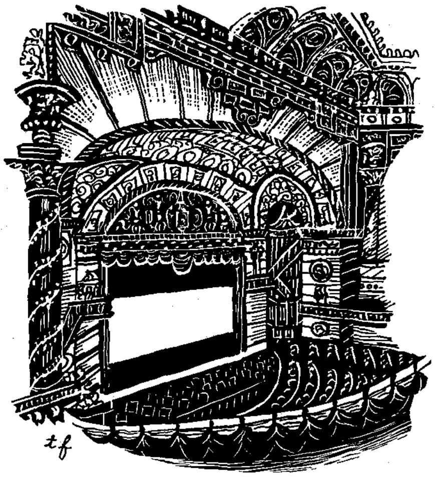
**Inadmissible Evidence**—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade**—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook, the drama is enacted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Right Honourable Gentleman**—A play that never raises its voice but holds attention nevertheless. It has to do with some concupiscent capers in governmental circles of Victorian London, and was written by Michael Dyne. Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel are in the competent cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Jan. 8.)

**The Royal Hunt of the Sun**—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**You Can't Take It with You**—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 9.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**The Zulu and the Zayda**—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**UTBU**—Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter, and Alan Webb in a comedy by James Kirkwood. Directed by Nancy Walker. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6 6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Half a Sixpence**—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**On a Clear Day You Can See Forever**—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Skyscraper**—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine attractively, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines has succeeded Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mrs. Jellyby. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Malcolm**—Edward Albee's new play, based on the James Purdy novel of the same name, with Matthew Cowles and Ruth White. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews through Monday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40;

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**City Center—ANTONIO AND THE BALLETS DE MADRID:** A company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra, in a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

**Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center**—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy **THE COUNTRY WIFE.** (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

**Bugs** and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**An Evening's Frost**—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Friends** and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

**Happy Ending** and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hogan's Goat**—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. No performance Thursday, Jan. 6.)

**The Knack**—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 9. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

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**Man of La Mancha**—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Medea**—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Pocket Watch**—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A View from the Bridge**—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The White Devil**—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet**—Final performances of a twenty-four-day engagement of **THE NUTCRACKER.** (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6-7, at 5:15; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Jan. 9, at 12:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 11-14, at 5:15; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 12:15 and 5:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

**Bertram Ross**—With his company, in the first of two programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Salzburg Marionette Theatre**—Final performances of a two-week engagement of two operas and an opera-and-ballet program. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 5:30: **HIGHLIGHTS.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:30: **DON GIOVANNI.** . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: **THE MAGIC FLUTE.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: **DON GIOVANNI.** (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

**Ice Show**—"Ice Follies of 1966." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The orchestra of Lee Evans, which puts so many of its dance tunes into jewellers' settings, holds the floor of the ornate Royal Box most of the evening. At dinner and supper, there are interludes by a girl named Marlene, who must surely be moonlighting from a burlesque house, and by Jack Carter, a show-shop humorist not easy to explain to civilians. Closed Sundays.

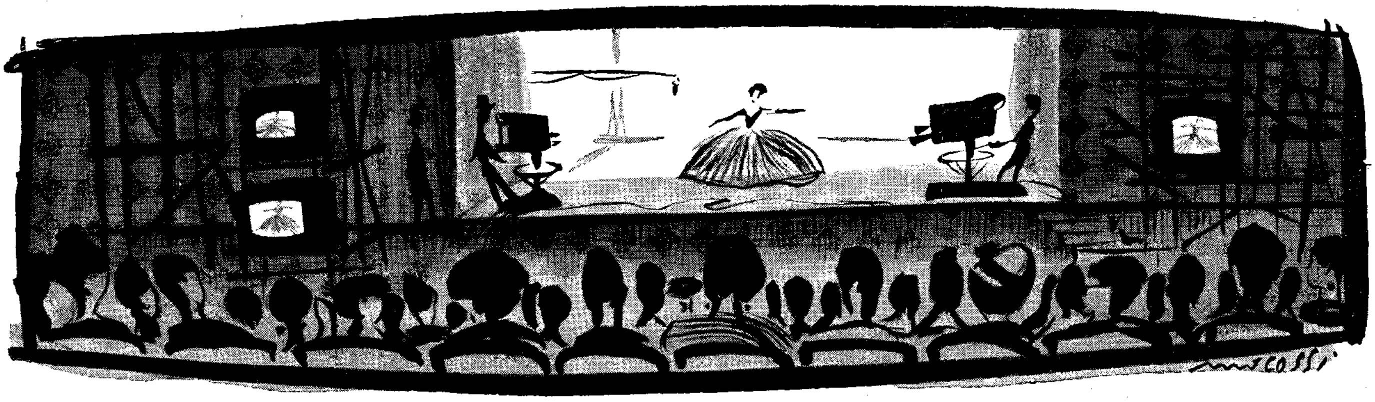
**Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensbury rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

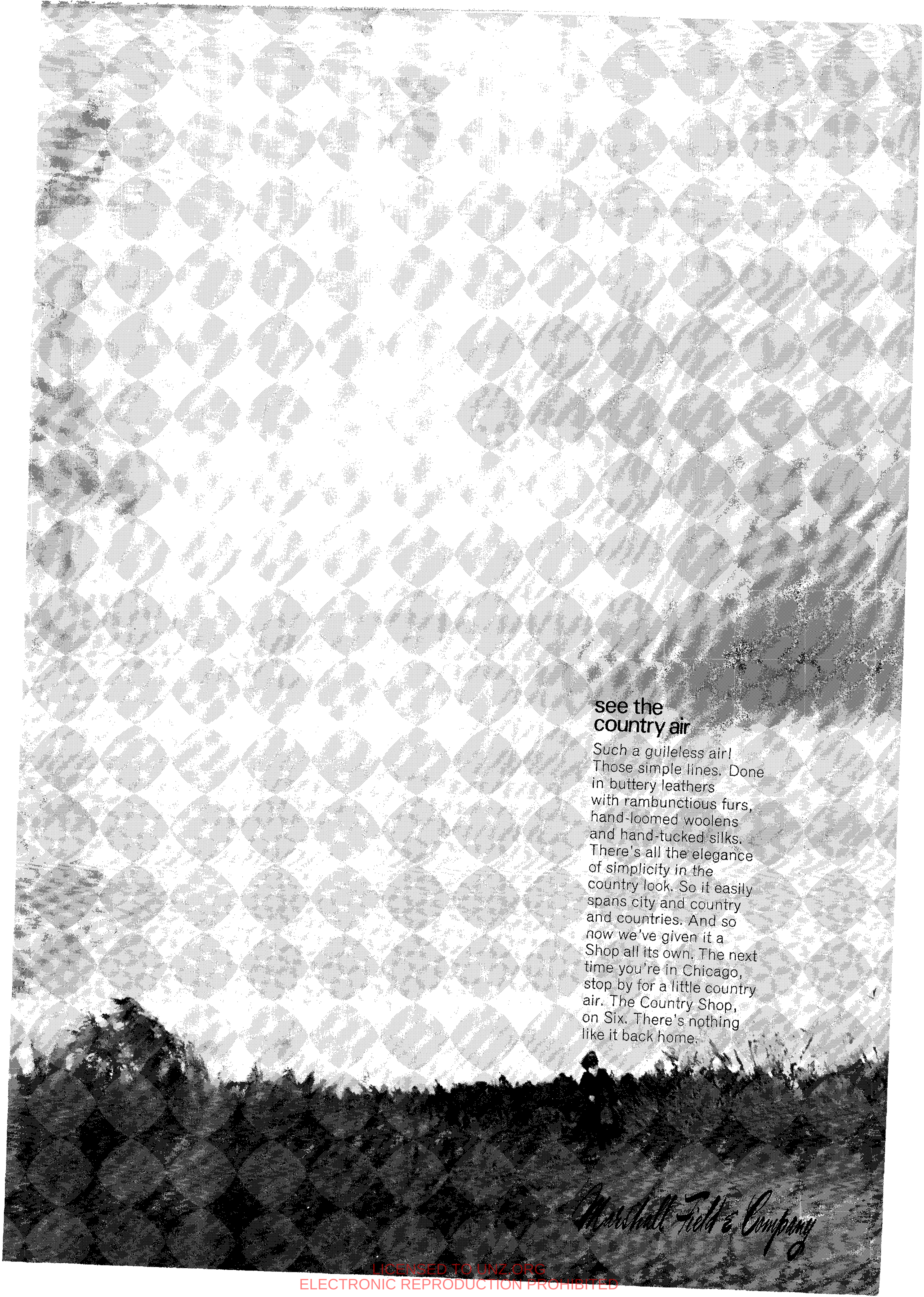
**El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The British have come, but we colonials are still the dominating influence. This mingling of two cultures is overseen—in the main hall—by a brace of dance bands; in the Champagne Room, the trio (Ernest Schoen's dream of Vienna) is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre. Whenever it takes a coffee break, Yvette Souviron sits down to her piano and her ballads. She is absent Mondays; the Cutlers never sleep.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Despite her fancy new clothes, Barbara McNair is still Barbara McNair—a child who has beauty, grace, humor, and voice, not to mention the knowledge that these attributes are to be used to their advantage, never squandered. Her dinner and supper ventures into the Persian Room are enhanced by the piano of Coleridge Perkinson and a fine big band. On Wednesday, Jan. 12, she is to be succeeded by Polly Bergen, a perky girl who has not sung hereabouts in some time. Her first night out, she will appear but once, at ten. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) will stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A haunt that always has its head in





see the
country air

*Such a guileless air!*
Those simple lines. Done
in buttery leathers
with rambunctious furs,
hand-loomed woolens
and hand-tucked silks.
There's all the elegance
of simplicity in the
country look. So it easily
spans city and country
and countries. And so
now we've given it a
Shop all its own. The next
time you're in Chicago,
stop by for a little country
air. The Country Shop,
on Six. There's nothing
like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

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the clouds, which are now lined with silver—the output of the magic horn that can be blown only by Bobby Hackett, to whom a quartet is attached. He and his crew operate from eight-thirty to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

**THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population journeyed by steamboat, not hydrofoil; in the middle of it glows the band of Lionel Hampton, the Ringling Brothers' sole rival. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

**NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI *7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner* Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the *week and stay put until around one; Sundays* they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

## SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

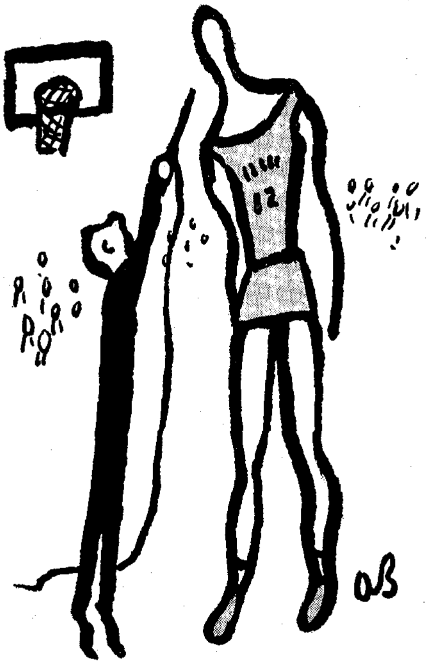
**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S**, on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): True-Blue Lou, and the Baltimore Oriole, and all the other night-flying characters who populate the songs of Hugh Shannon have their innings from ten until early morning. The stalwart Shannon piano is their boon companion. His last night is Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Ralph Strain, for years the court musician for this crew, plays piano in one corner. The hours run late; Sundays are his holidays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Another youth convocation—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one, Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced every night but Sunday by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays.

**NOTE**—The discothèque, a phoenix much too frequent, can best be studied by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile and wit. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays.

## SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk *and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan.* He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—Steve Iles, who wraps his musings in all sorts of scenic effects—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose cur*riculum runs* from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar (Rogelio Reguera) dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—in the bar. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and



*It's a long way*

*from a dab behind the ears*

*It clings like perfume,*
*goes on like a lotion,*
*and covers your body with*
*a scented veil.*

## 'A Veil of Arpege'

A VEIL OF ARPEGE
LANVIN
ALSO IN MY SIN.

LANVIN

©LANVIN PARFUMS 1966

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Gustavo Lopez, carrying a guitar that delights in its native Andalusia, is in this correct little bar-and-sitting-room from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. No dining on any night. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions jealous. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. Among the bystanders are the all-out apaches who call themselves the Bal Caron, and Mickey Rooney, who now wears long trousers and everything, and who has become a vigorous "act." Not far in the background is a more-than-life-size panther named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): On Thursday, Jan. 6, Sergio Franchi bounds upon the stage to reassert what is already known—that he is a tenor and not an echo chamber. He'll be around, a couple of times a night, for a while. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Rex Robbins, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Because the season is holiday, Joaquin Robles bypasses the flamencan code and tramples only one or two willing partners into the dust raised by his incessant feet; for its part, the Trio Los Panchos contents itself with artlessly chanting the top twenty of the Latin Hit Parade. The players give their all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The best of all possible ways of doing a Cole Porter retrospective—a lighthearted, light-footed revue splendidly decorated by the activities of Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, their tongues all in mid-aria when they are not in mid-cheek. Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are their owlish assistants, and Ben Bagley is the architect of the whole thing. William Roy, pianoforte, and Dick Sheridan, timpani, are the lithe orchestra. The schedule: Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and also at eleven Fridays and Saturdays; no show at all Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but a number of good ideas, good words, and good tunes are present. R. G. Brown is the antic principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair, Fannie Flagg, and Kelly Wood. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

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### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The new scheme: Don Cherry's foursome every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; the quintet of Miles Davis, whose trumpet is as the mourning dove, every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On Friday, Jan. 7, Earl Hines checks into the ground-floor bar-and-grill, to set a piano in deliriously happy motion. He will perform every night but Monday, and Fridays and Saturdays he will also be on view and on sound in the belowstairs amphitheatre, where he will be joined by Dick Gregory, the celebrated war correspondent. Monday nights, the amphitheatre is given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of the Village coffee *fincas*, whose strong brews and heartfelt carollers (folk is the feeling) keep the audience alert. The Bitter End Singers and Tim Rose do the vocals; the joking is done by the Uncalled-For 3. Tuesdays, the regulars rest up, and there is other activity. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dill Jones. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The local fivesome is dominated by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, whose instrumental colloquies are neat rather than neurotic. Every weekend, Friday through Sunday, Jimmy Rushing adds his barrel-chested voice. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The steadily varying personnel of the Jazz Workshop, the band now in residence, is in the charge of Charles Mingus, bassist emeritus, rebel in search of a cause. Toshiko Mariano is the in-between-times pianist. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven and dance floor is rock when it isn't roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave., S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**ALBERT CHRIST-JANER**—Semi-abstract watercolors of landscapes and seascapes; through Jan. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—Paintings; through Jan. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LUDVIK DURCHANEK**—Life-size figures in sheet bronze, nickel silver, and copper; through Jan. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**NORRIS EMBRY**—Expressionistic paintings; through Friday, Jan. 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**EMLEN ETTING**—Paintings from the Greek islands; through Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**JOHN FERREN**—Abstract oils; through Jan. 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOSEF FOSHKO**—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Jan. 22. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

**PAUL GEORGES**—Self-portraits, nudes, and landscapes; through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM KING**—A retrospective of figure sculptures; through Saturday, Jan 8. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**PAUL KLEE**—Paintings, drawings, and collages

(1909-40); through Jan. 29. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Giacomo Manzù**—Bronze reliefs for the door of St. Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Grandma Moses**—Forty previously unexhibited paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Walter Murch**—Still-life oils and drawings; through Jan. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Bernard Rosenthal**—Abstract bronzes; through Jan. 22. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Victor Vasarely**—Fifty-three new Op paintings; through Feb. 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Sculptures**—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**Animals in Pre-Columbian Art**—An exhibition of wild, domestic, and divine animals (in stone, pottery, textile, jade, and gold) from 1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D.; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**African Art**—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures by George Baker, Joe Brainard, and Jack Squier, plus pictures by William Brice and James Gill; through Jan. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **AMEL**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Drawings by Dalia Ramanauskas, together with paintings and sculptures by other members of the gallery, among them Cal Streeter, John Goodyear, and Sidney Butchkes; through Saturday, Jan. 8.... **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Allan Kaprow, Roy Lichtenstein, George Segal, and seven other artists who are or have been members of the faculty or students at Rutgers University; through Wednesday, Jan. 12.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such artists as Kenneth Evett, Leon Goldin, and Kari Schrag; through Saturday, Jan. 8. ... **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Canvases by Albert Bierstadt, Edward Henry Potthast, Theodore Robinson, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 8.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, and Raimondo Puccinelli are three of the artists represented in the gallery's thirty-fourth-anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Jan. 18.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Joseph Stella, August Mosca, and Marsden Hartley; through Saturday, Jan. 15.... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—A holiday show of paintings, sculptures, and other works (both religious and festive) by Livingston Welch, Waldemar Otto, and Helen Shotwell, to mention three; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A travelling exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Ingres, Pissarro, Alechinsky, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Sunday, Jan. 9.... ¶ "Early American Cities," a showing of aquatints of cities along the Eastern seacoast and rivers by early-nineteenth-century landscapists, from the collection of Harry W. Havemeyer; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27.... ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors by Albert Christ-Janer; through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Academy of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 2 to 5.)

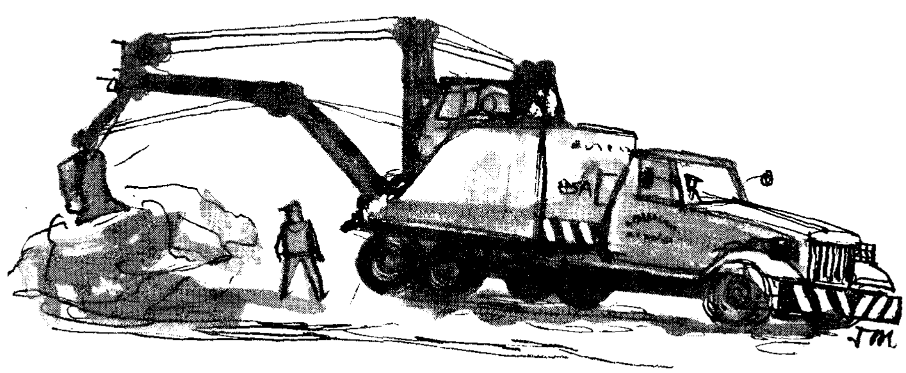
**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Sunday, Jan. 9.... ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros and Marcel Duchamp) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

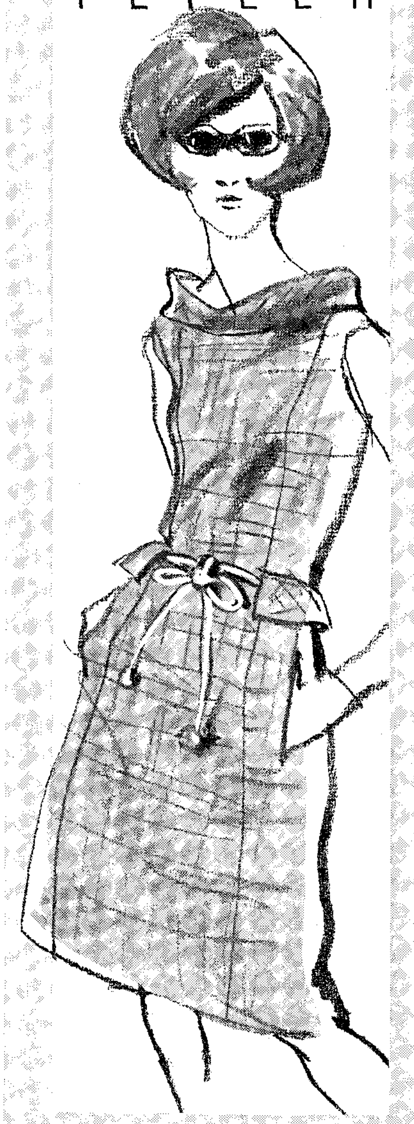
**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dürer and His Time," a loan exhibition of drawings from the State Museum of West Berlin; through Jan. 19.... ¶ Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Cookies and Breads: The Baker's Art," a showing of the uses made of dough, both edible and nonedible, in various European and American countries; through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Early American Folk Arts**, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display



BONWIT TELLER



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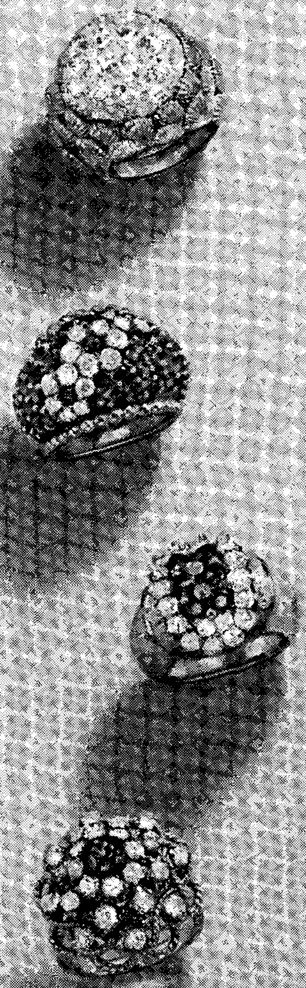

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Riverside Museum,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty American Indian artists, sixteen to twenty-three years old, representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Felicia Weathers, Jean Madeira, Joann Grillo, James McCracken, Morley Meredith, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Gabriel Bacquier. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, James King, Geraint Evans, Sherrill Milnes, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 9: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Carlotta Ordassy, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Justino Díaz. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-8281.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 10: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Nell Rankin, Jess Thomas, Anselmo Colzani, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, Robert Goodloe, and Nicola Ghiuselev. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Fidelio," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Mary Ellen Pracht, James King, Sherrill Milnes, Geraint Evans, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Gaetano Bardini, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Jean Madeira, James McCracken, Walter Cassel, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Sándor Kónya, Theodor Uppman, Robert Goodloe, and Nicola Ghiuselev. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—an Elgar-Beethoven program on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano); and a Beethoven-Verdi program on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 17, at 7:30 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale).

**Washington National Symphony**—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Boris Gutnikov, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

**American Symphony of New York**—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Berl Senofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3, and Monday, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Adele Addison, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Vienna Choir Boys**—Wolfdieter Maurer directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

**Bach Aria Group**—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Twelfth Night Music**—The Renaissance Quartet playing a program of music especially associated with Twelfth Night. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

**Armenta Adams**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

**Elisabeth Schwarzkopf**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

**William Warfield**—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

**John Solum and Samuel Sanders**—Flute and piano, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

**Artur Rubinstein**—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerto concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

**Contemporary Music Society**—The second in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by William Masselos, piano, with John Brownlee, narrator. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

**Harold Kohon and Allen Weiss**—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 5:30.)

**Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcolm Frager**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

**Concentus Musicus**—An ensemble of eight performing on original instruments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:40.)

**Sidney Harth**—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Alicia de Larrocha**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

**Note**—The Guarneri String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Professional Basketball**—Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

**Boxing**—Harold Johnson vs. Johnny Persol, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7: Rangers vs. Boston.

**Racing**—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Jan. 8, through Saturday, Feb. 12.

**Track**—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Salzburg Marionette Theatre**—Final children's performances of a two-week engagement. "Nutcracker Suite Ballet," Friday, Jan. 7, at 4, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturday, Jan. 8, at 11. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

**Stage Shows**—By **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.). . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.). . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.). . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE**: "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8-9, at 1:30 and 3.). . . **THEATRE A LA CARTE**: "The Emperor's Nightingale." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "The Magic Fiddle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

**Junior Museum**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "The Brightest Moon of All." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculpture by such artists as Jean Dufy, Epstein, Buffet, and Pissarro; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 8.

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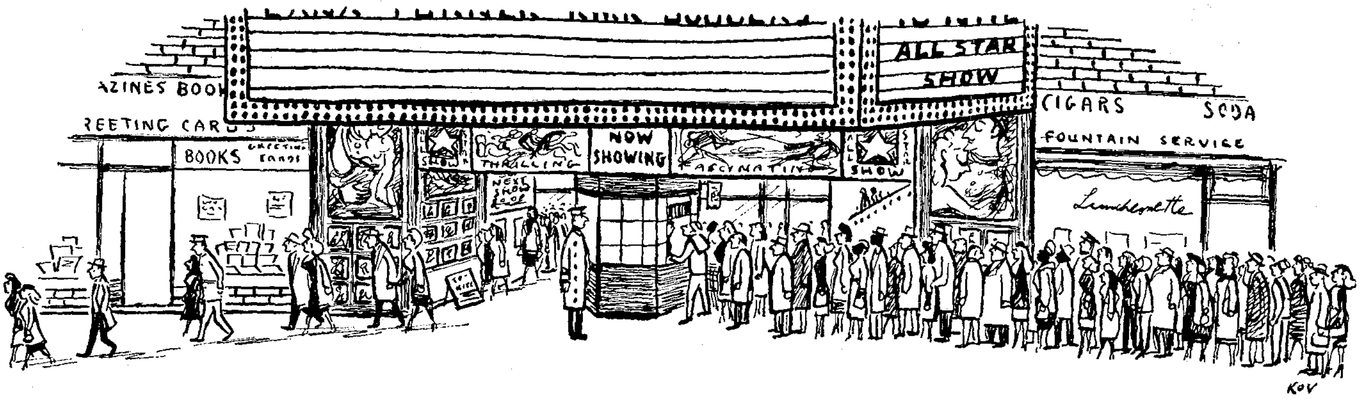
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Darling**—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, stunningly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 11.)

**Doctor Zhivago**—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Help!**—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 11.)

**The Ipcress File**—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**Juliet of the Spirits**—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

**The Knack**—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

**The Leather Boys**—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a brilliant study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Merrier than it sounds, thanks to the direction of Sidney J. Furie. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

**Life at the Top**—A sequel to the famous "Room at the Top," and equally meritorious. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, and Donald Wolfit are among the chief figures in the lowering Yorkshire landscape. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

**The Loved One**—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**The Moment of Truth**—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

**My Fair Lady**—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Pawnbroker**—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 12.)

**The Eleanor Roosevelt Story**—A full and affecting account of a heroic life. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**Ship of Fools**—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 11.)

**The Spy Who Came in from the Cold**—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

**The 10th Victim**—According to this Italian comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

**Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines**—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Jan. 7.)

**A Thousand Clowns**—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Thunderball**—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**To Die in Madrid**—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

### REVIVALS

**The Bank Dick** (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Jan. 9.)

**Breathless** (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 7-9.)

**A Hard Day's Night** (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 11.)

**The Hustler** (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 11.)

**The Island** (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 11.)

**The L-Shaped Room** (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 6.)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Jan. 8.)

**My Little Chickadee** (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Jan. 9.)

**The Naked Night** (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 8-10.)

**Night and Fog** (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 11.)

**Nothing but a Man** (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Jan. 12.)

**Pather Panchali** (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 11.)

**The Umbrellas of Cherbourg** (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 12.)

**Volpone** (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 7-10.)

**Zorba the Greek** (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Jan. 12, tentative.)

**Film Libraries**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Jan. 6 at 8: Films by Jim E. Davis. . . . ¶ Jan. 6-7 at 2 and 5:30, and Jan. 8 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Kiss of Death" (1947), with Victor Mature and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Jan. 9-12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Gunfighter" (1950), with Gregory Peck. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Jan. 6: "Gold Diggers of 1933," with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Jan. 7-9: "Dames" (1934), with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 11: "Gold Diggers of 1937," with Joan Blondell and Victor Moore. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**MY FAIR LADY.**

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
**JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
**THUNDERBALL.**

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

**WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**THE KNACK.**

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
**HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
**DARLING.**

**KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 11: **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From Jan. 12 (tentative): "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**THUNDERBALL.**

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
**JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Marie Laforêt.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**THE IPCRESS FILE.**

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
**THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**THUNDERBALL.**

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**THE LOVED ONE.**

**YORK CINEMA**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Jan. 9: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
From Jan. 10: To be announced.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 11: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

**TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian).

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 11: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
From Jan. 12 (tentative): **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 11: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 11: **DARLING**; and "The Walls of Hell," Jock Mahoney.
From Jan. 12: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "The Man Who Could Cheat Death," revival, Anton Diffring.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Jan. 6: "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.
From Jan. 7: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 7: "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Jan. 8-10: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; "Ordet" (in Danish), revival; and "Day in the Country" (in French), revival.
From Jan. 11: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, another semi-documentary film.

**GARRICK**, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Jan. 8: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
Jan. 9-11: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (in Spanish), revival; and "Mexican Bus Ride" (in Mexican dialect), revival.
From Jan. 12: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 11: **DARLING.**
From Jan. 12: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 11: "An Evening with Batman and Robin," four and a half hours of it, no less.
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 11: "Agent for H.A.R.M.," Wendell Corey; and "Wild Wild Winter," Jay and the Americans.
From Jan. 12: "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor; and "The Cavern," John Saxon.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
**THE LEATHER BOYS.**

**R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
**JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Jan. 6: "Boeing Boeing," Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis.
From Jan. 7: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bride-Napping" (with Mandarin dialogue).

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

**CINEMA RENDEZVOUS**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.**

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**TO DIE IN MADRID.**

**LINCOLN ART**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
**THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian).

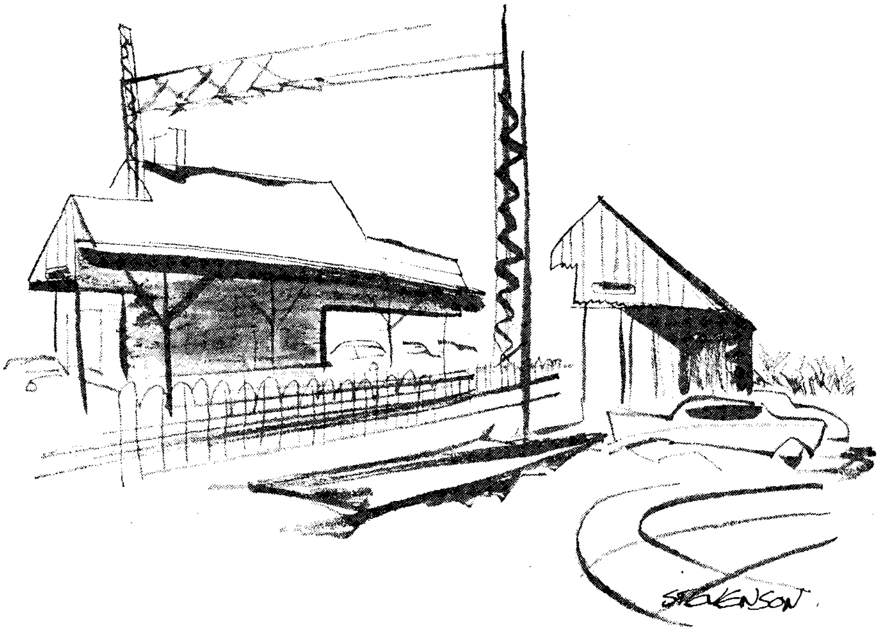
**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
**LIFE AT THE TOP.**

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 6: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
Jan. 7-9: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Jan. 10-11: "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 12: "La Viaccia" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale; and "Backfire" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

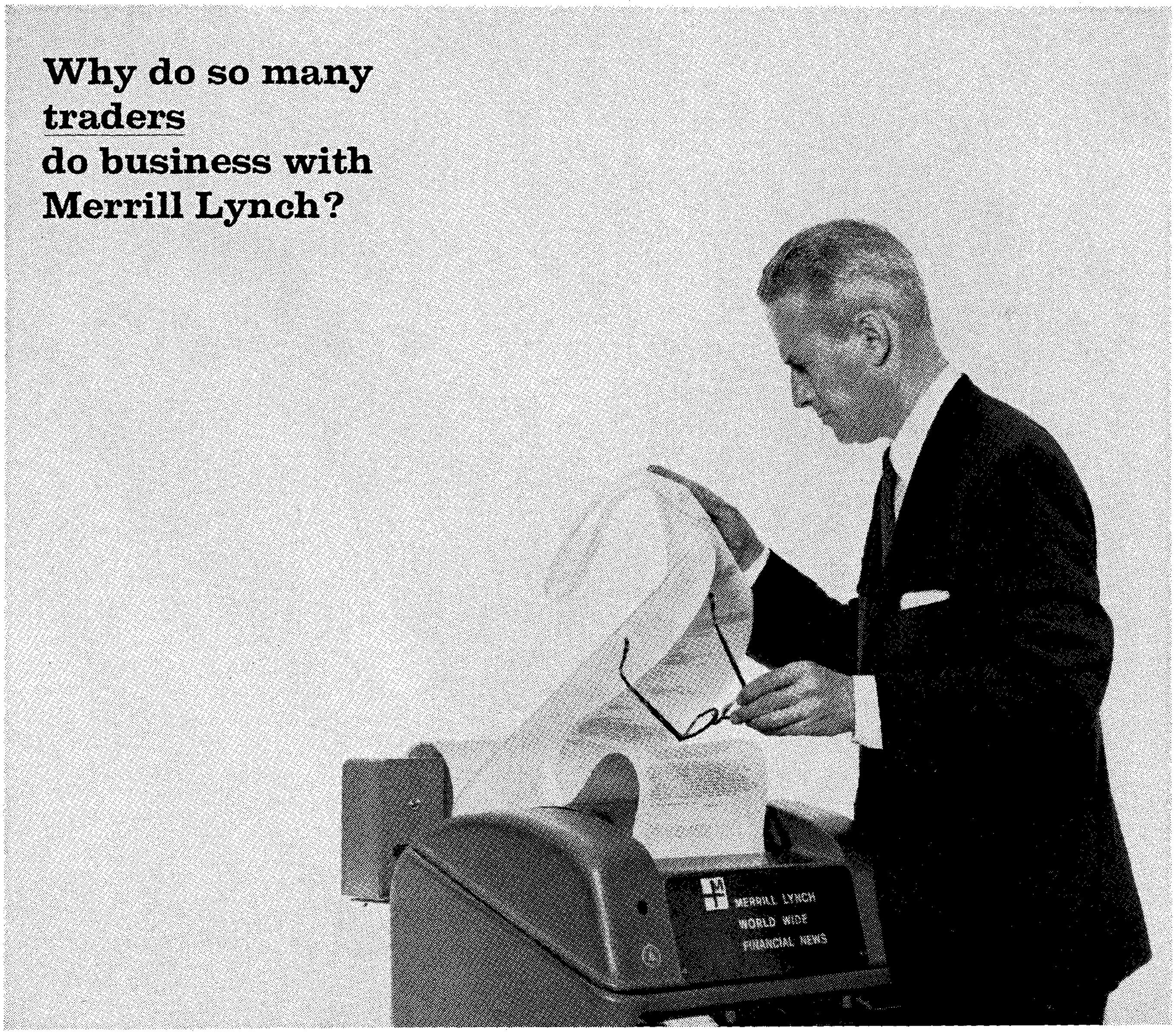
**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
**DARLING**; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 6: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
Jan. 7-10: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.
From Jan. 11: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
**THE KNACK.**



# Why do so many traders do business with Merrill Lynch?



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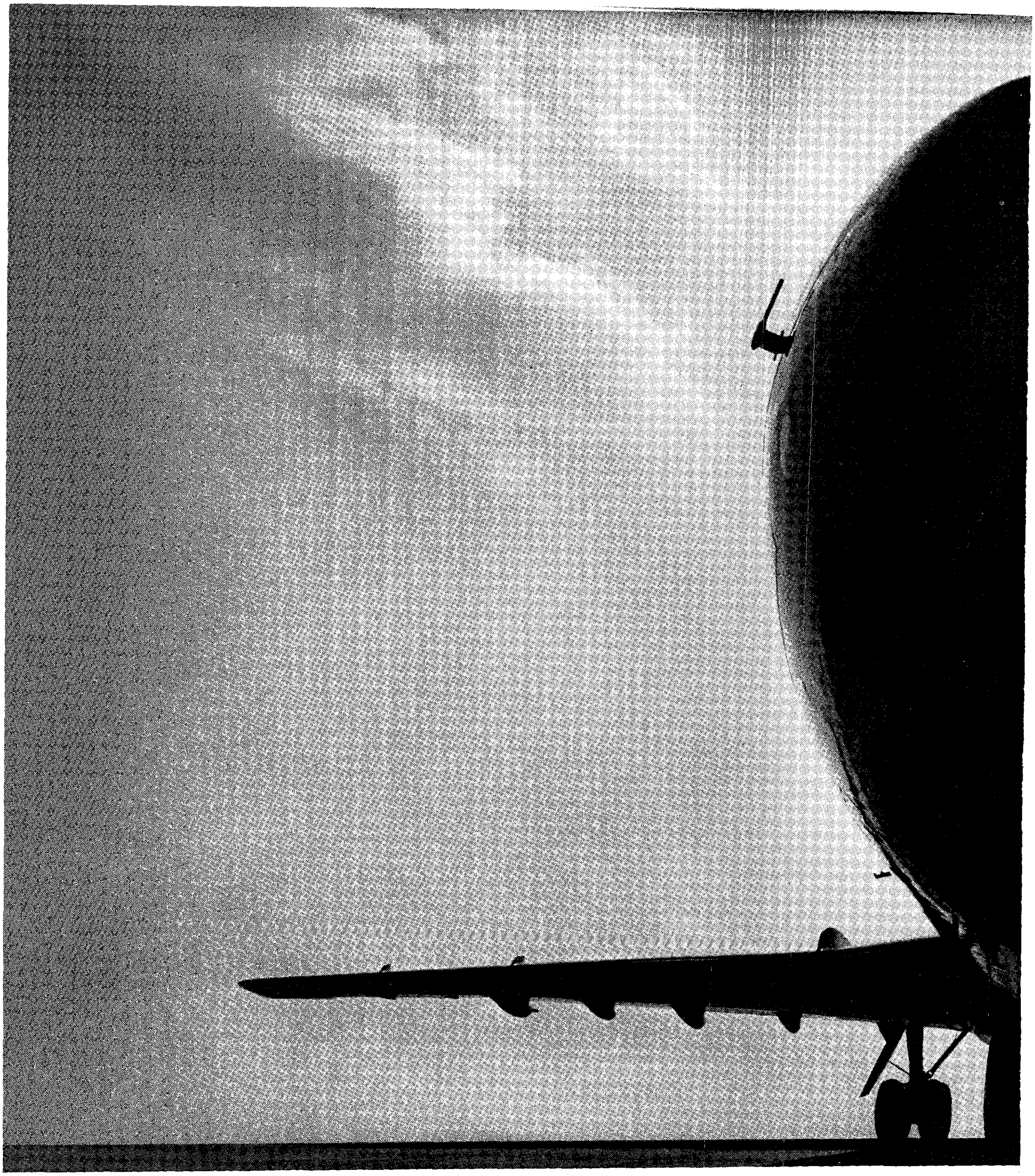

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In the meantime, the finest aircraft you can take across the North Atlantic (or down to Bermuda, Freeport, Nassau, Jamaica and Lima) is the Super VC 10. It is as superior to today's jets as the supersonics will be six years from now.

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The Super VC 10 flies daily from New York to London, Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica. Also three times a week to Lima. Once a week to Freeport. Also from Boston and Detroit to Lor

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erlain says it's the roomiest economy-
lass seat he's ever sat in.)

It has automatic controls so advanced
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It has a new kind of air-conditioning system that keeps the plane from ever getting stuffy. (Even when it's just sitting there, waiting around on the ground.)

It is, as any one who's ever flown on it will tell you, the most advanced commercial jet in the world. And it will be until 1972.

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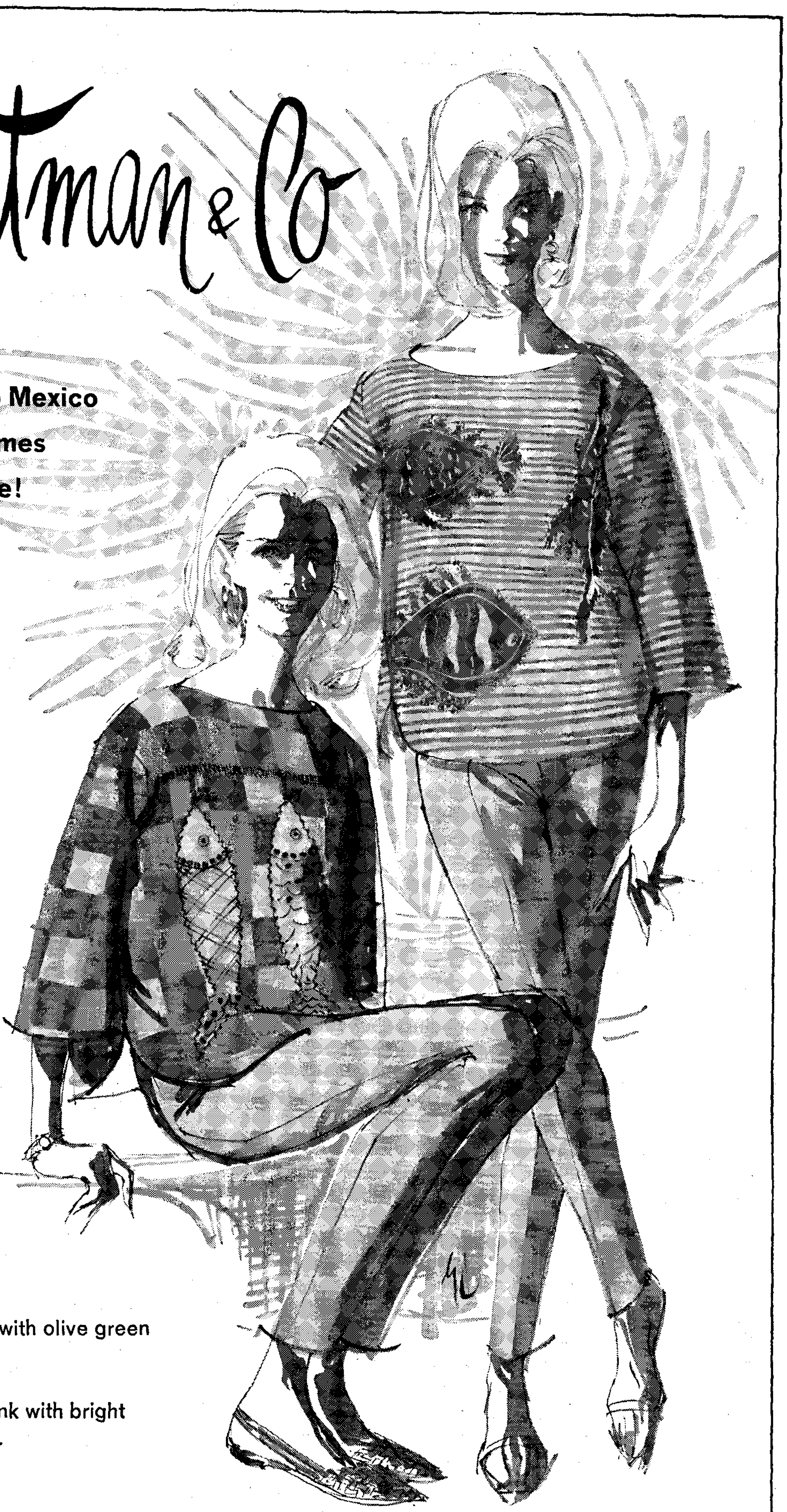
Sailfish: bright orange with olive green stripes, or bright blue with green checks.
Fish market: sulphur pink with bright green, or with sun gold.

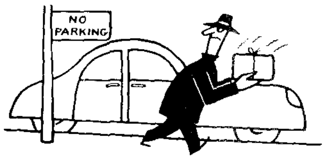


THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Notes and Comment*

WE don't know quite what to make of the situation at Rutgers, which has declined to appoint Mr. Norman Fruchter writer-in-residence because he refuses to sign the loyalty oath that is required of all its employees. There is no doubt that Rutgers was entitled—in fact, obliged by law—to act as it did. And if we were in Mr. Fruchter's position we would not stand upon the niceties of academic freedom but, rather, would swear, with great good humor, not to overthrow the government by "force, or violence, or other unlawful unconstitutional means." Indeed, our temperament is such that we would probably agree, if the university demanded it, never to kick our students or set the university on fire. However, we can't help doubting whether the Rutgers oath is in any degree wise or useful. Suppose, to go on with our hypothesis, we were asked to sign the oath, and suppose we *were* bent upon overthrowing the government by violence. We could, of course, then sign the oath, for much the same reasons that a man on his way to bomb a police station would not hesitate to park his car in a no-parking zone. Surely anyone who intends the bloody downfall of his country's government will not boggle at telling a few lies. Taken all around, a faculty loyalty oath amounts to nothing more than another useless form to fill out, in a milieu that is already too rich in useless forms. After all, most of us earn our bread without subscribing to a loyalty oath, and never feel the lack. There is no reason for imposing it on our professors.



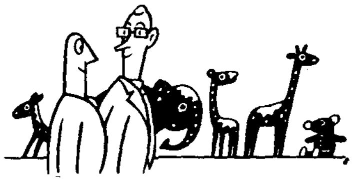
We also suspect that there is scant reason to fear a violent uprising by the recipients of Medicare, who make up the latest group to be required—under some circumstances, at least—to sign a disclaimer of Communist affiliation. Any legislator who fears that a cabal of sick old men and women may seize the radio stations in their palsied grasp and haltingly raise the Red flag over the post offices is, it seems to us, a legislator who really fears too much.

### *Baked*

SEVERAL days ago, we went over to the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, on Fifty-third Street, a few doors west of the Museum of Modern Art, to see an exhibition of the art of baking expressed in traditional breads and in modern dough sculpture. We were met at the door by the director of the Museum, Paul J. Smith, a tall and stooped young man wearing rectangular glasses with tortoiseshell rims, and a baggy brown tweed suit. Dangling from the ceiling above his head were bagels and small loaves of rye bread, suspended by nylon fishing lines and metal springs, respectively. "They make a noise," Mr. Smith said happily, knocking some of the bagels together to produce a harmonious series of rather dull clonks. He gave a couple of the rye loaves a pull, and they bounced up and down silently but affirmatively. The Museum, a small and cheerful place, looked like a setting for a fairy tale, with yellow, white, orange, blue, and pink walls in which were inset glass cases containing all sorts of breads and cookies. On the floor were low, circular display tables covered with transparent-plastic bubble tops. Inside the nearest bubble we saw three gingerbread men from Mexico.

"We've collected breads from all over the world," Mr. Smith said. "Bread is made for many purposes, you know—for rituals, ceremonies, and holiday festivities as well as for just plain eating. Throughout history, man has considered baking a magical and sacred process—a medium for expressing his beliefs and his fantasies, and just expressing himself. This exhibition is concerned with the visual power of breads and cookies as shapes and decorations. Cookies are the festive form of bread, and they're made from doughs that are more predictable than yeast doughs. Let's go upstairs."

Following Mr. Smith to the mezzanine, we found another dreamlike room, this one containing chess figures and marionettes, a carrousel, an airplane, a castle, a Victorian house, toadstools, stained-glass windows with sugar panes, and a menagerie of real and imagined animals—all concocted of cookie or bread dough or gingerbread and brightly decorated with colored icings. In one corner, there was a sculpture of three loaves of bread being squeezed by clamps of real wood ("A combination of opposing elements, the soft and organic with the hard and machinelike," said Mr. Smith), and nearby was a dough model of a gin bottle with a real label reading "Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin."



"You can't imagine the problems we've had in trying to keep the exhibition from falling apart," Mr. Smith said. "Fortunately, we've had the services of a very good cookie doctor, Helen Feingold, who prepares food for TV commercials. She came over and injected the exhibits with formaldehyde, using a hypodermic needle. Then we covered the surfaces with lacquer and sprayed them with plastic."

Downstairs, a child began crying.

"Hungry," Mr. Smith said. "Children get hungry as soon as they come in here. Adults, too. We've thought of having some sort of concession, but we had a thousand visitors the first weekend we opened, and we can't feed everybody. At our private opening, the guests came in formal dress and made cookies right here. Some beautiful things came out of that party, and we would have put them in the show if they hadn't been eaten."

Mr. Smith appeared earnest, distracted, and jolly as he led us down to the main floor. "The malleability and simplicity of dough invite the invention of forms," he said. "It can be kneaded and rolled, then cut or pressed into molds, and the heat from the oven puffs and colors it, creating surprising effects. The wonderful thing about dough is that it's inexpensive and available, and the baker—whether a housewife or a professional—can improvise easily and spontaneously. The sculptor is attracted to it because it expresses a permanent need of man in an impermanent form. That impermanence is especially frustrating to museum directors. Our knowledge of history in the area of foods is limited simply because the history is eaten. Now I'm going to show you some traditional forms of baking." He showed us gracefully braided Greek, Finnish, and Neapolitan loaves, some with colored eggs hidden in the braids; a Ukrainian wedding bouquet of tiny white bread birds mounted on green-paper-and-wire stems; Swiss *Schafböcke* cookies, formed like sheep lying in a meadow and symbolizing the Lamb of God; a gingerbread woman with three breasts (an ancient fertility symbol, from Italy); a *hallah*, or Jewish wedding loaf, about four feet long, dark, and braided; a large Czechoslovakian gingerbread heart with white frosting, red-and-yellow sugar roses, and a mirror in the center, sold at fairs as a present for sweethearts; and a collection of Ecuadorian bread dolls decorated with intricate flowers, leaves, and arabesques, and used as gifts for the living and the dead on All Souls' Day. At the far end of the room was a real gingerbread house, three feet high, with a roof of white frosting and trimmings of cherries, nuts, and candies. Three small figures—Hänsel, Gretel, and the Witch—stood in front of the house. A fly sitting on the witch's head flew away as we approached.

"There's something I want to show you in the basement," Mr. Smith said. "Some of John Fischer's sculpture—a bagel with a padlock through the hole, and a wounded bread." The basement turned out to be a chaos of cupboards and tables piled high with boxes of bread and cookies. Mr. Smith looked around with a bewildered air. "A lot of these are duplicates. Sometimes our exhibits crumble or melt under the lights, in spite of all we do to preserve them, so we keep duplicates down here, where it's cooler. Oh, here's the wounded bread." He held up a large Italian loaf with a bandage around its middle and a red spot on the bandage. "I don't know what happened to that padlocked bagel." His eyes travelled over the room. "I've got to have this basement straightened up. You know, I've been looking at all this stuff for months, and I've come to think so persistently of bread as an interesting object that when I go into a restaurant and see it on the table I don't know what to do with it."

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SIGN observed on a Seventh Avenue newsstand:

Libros en Español en Stock

## *Inauguration*

John Vliet Lindsay's first day as Mayor of New York City began, as everybody knows, in the turmoil surrounding the failure of the Transit Authority and the unions representing some thirty-five thousand bus and subway workers to agree on a contract—a failure that touched off the first comprehensive transit strike in the city's history. At 12:45 A.M. on January 1st, Mr. Lindsay went on television to issue instructions to the public for dealing with the crisis, saying, "This is a time for people to support their new Mayor, and I'll ask for their support. . . . The health, safety, and welfare of eight million people are at stake." After noting that negotiations were to resume a few hours later at the Americana Hotel, Mr. Lindsay added, "I will not be there. I'll be at City Hall, for my job is running the city, which is a struck city."

Later that morning, we set out for the Americana, where we hoped to learn how the talks were progressing before we started on the longer trek to City Hall. We managed to catch a cab, and midtown traffic looked almost normal. But any possibility of a quick settlement of the strike had vanished early in the day, we discovered, and by noon the words of the antagonists were becoming more acid. Michael Quill, the head of the Transport Workers Union, who earlier had said, "I blame the Transit Authority, not the Mayor," was now saying, "The people of New York have been plunged into a strike by the new Mayor and the editorial writers of the New York *Times*," and was calling Mr. Lindsay a "pip-squeak" and a "juvenile."

In Albert Hall, on the hotel's lower lobby floor, we found that tables covered with green cloths had been set up amid television cameras, lights, sound equipment, and miles of electric cables. Mr. Lindsay, who had allowed himself only two hours' sleep, had by now made two more addresses to the city, in the course of which he had taken cognizance of Mr. Quill's epithets by saying, "I don't mind what they call me personally, but I think that the office of Mayor of New York City is one that deserves respect. . . . The strike will, in the best of circumstances, impose untold hardships on the people of New York." Television crews, photographers, and newspapermen were churning about the Hall, a rather ornate, blue-carpeted assembly room, which now looked cluttered and utilitarian, and one reporter was hunched over a specially installed phone, saying, "All right, I'll start again, from the top: Mike Quill called Mayor Lindsay a dope today and said he wouldn't go to City Hall if the Mayor asked him. 'He had his chance yesterday,' Quill said. 'Now we don't need him.' Quill estimates the strike may last a month or more. . . ." Not far off, two men were deep in conversation with a girl who was wearing a hunter's red cap. One of the men said, "Wagner must be laughing his head off," and the other said, "Or crying his eyes out." The girl looked noncommittal. We found a huge urn of coffee and poured ourself a cup while a tape recorder played back part of Mr. Lindsay's latest address to the city: "I have been and I still remain committed to the principle that the public interest must be served. . . . This is an illegal strike, and the court has issued an injunction against it."

False alarms ("Is it Quill?" "Here comes Feinsinger!") swept periodically through the room, but at about two o'clock a commotion indicated that something really was about to happen. A television director began intoning, "Still in the clear, Dick? O.K., Billy? Not full lights, though—better. . . . One, two, three, four, checking. . . . We're going live. N.B.C. and I are going live. . . . Are you O.K., Billy?" In a few moments, Dr. Nathan Feinsinger, the mediation chairman, and his two colleagues on the mediation panel, Theodore Kheel and Sylvester Garrett, arrived and sat down in the glare of floodlights.

"The techniques in advance of a strike are one thing. The techniques *after* are another thing," Dr. Feinsinger said, somewhat wearily. "We'll have to adapt our techniques. . . . We have to see if we can pick up the pieces. We won't ask Mr. Lindsay to intervene until the appropriate time, and that time is not now. Everyone expects us to be Machiavelli, but we're not."

"Who?" a newsman called out.

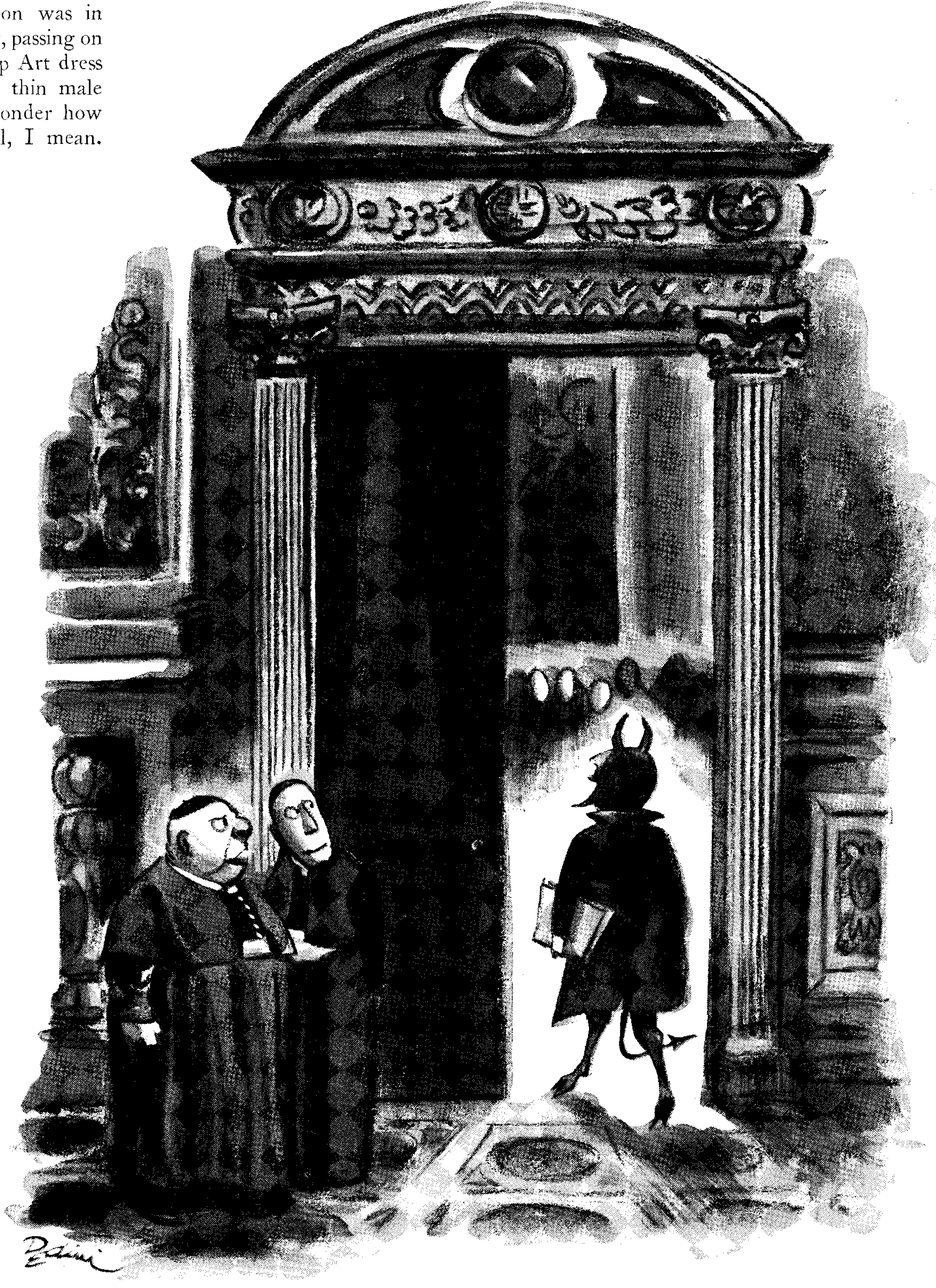
"Machiavelli," said Dr. Feinsinger. "He was an old mediator."

When the interview had ended, with a statement that no solution was in sight, we headed for the door, passing on the way a brunette in an Op Art dress who was talking to a very thin male companion. She said, "I wonder how he is in negotiations—Quill, I mean. He couldn't *possibly* be the way he is in public."

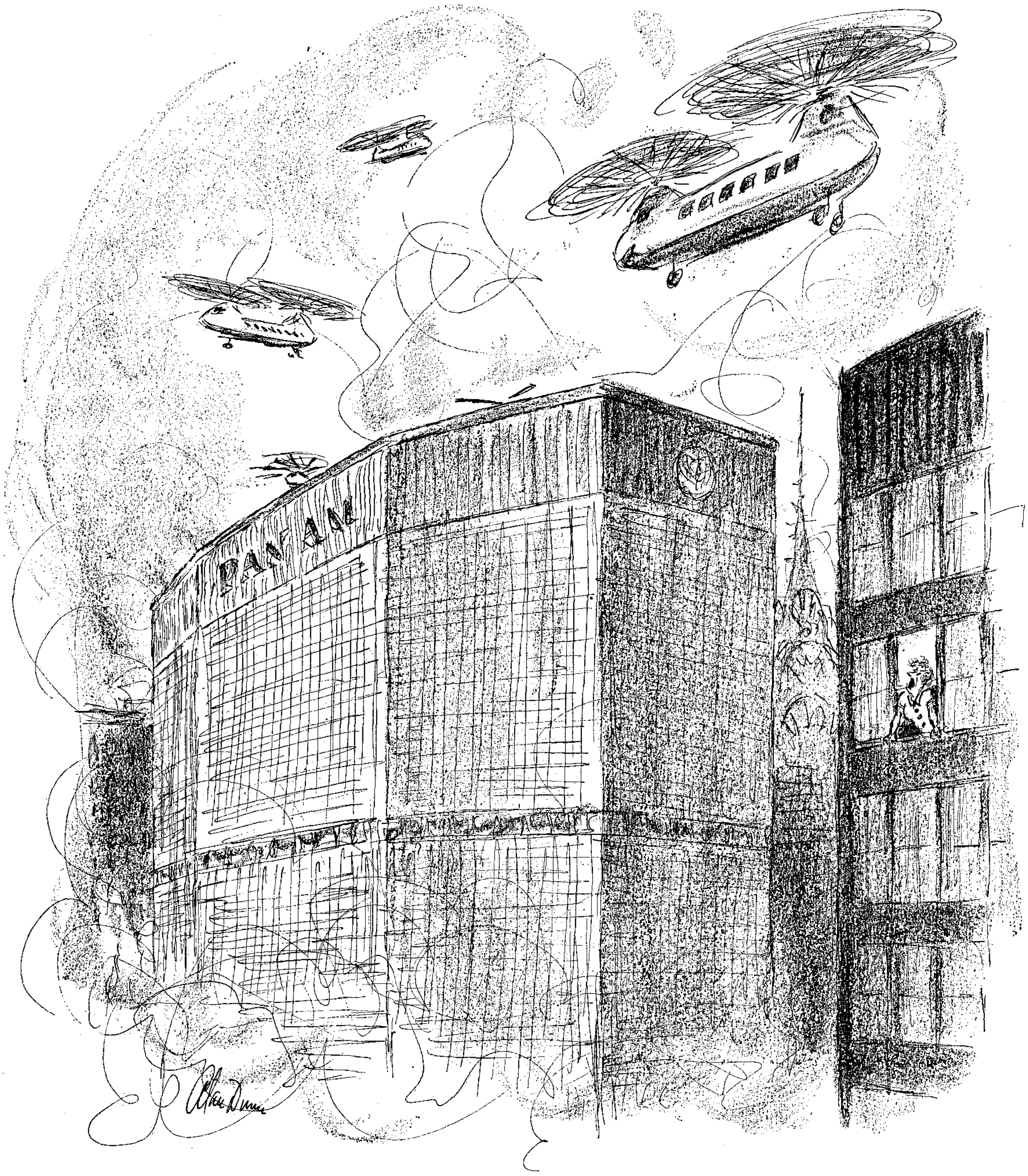
The thin man replied, "I think he is."

Outside the hotel, we found another cab and headed for City Hall. Our driver, who took us down the West Side Highway, told us, "Mayor Wagner—he's smart. He says, 'To hell with this thing, I'm going to Mexico.' You can understand it. Since he got married to that girl, he hasn't had even a minute to be happy. Troubles, troubles, troubles." We got out at Broadway and Warren Street, and walked the rest of the way to City Hall, where the inheritor of Mayor Wagner's troubles was said to be finishing his inaugural address behind locked doors. Mayor Lindsay had been officially sworn in at six o'clock the previous evening, but a more elaborate public ceremony is traditional in New York. Six ceremonies had been planned—two in Manhattan and one in each of the other boroughs—but now, because of the strike, they had all been scrapped except one, which would be held that evening on the steps of City Hall. Police barricades had been set up around the front of the building, and television cameras and floodlights were mounted on metal scaffolding some two hundred feet from its long portico. We climbed the steps of the portico and went into the City Hall foyer, which leads into two hallways. In one direction was the Mayor's suite, in which Mr. Lindsay was presumably preparing his speech, and in and out of which an assortment of people, most of them rather young, came and went, wearing perky—or, at any rate, confident—expressions. In the other direction was the pressroom, outside which Dick Levitan, who had been broadcasting the crisis news from City Hall over WINS all day, was briefing another announcer, Herb Humphries, who was about to relieve him. "Lindsay says that at the appropriate time the negotiators should come to City Hall," Levitan was saying. "Quill says he ain't goin' nowhere. So we've got a personality clash there. . . ."

We stepped inside the pressroom, which was small and smoky and overcrowded. Woody Klein, Mayor Lindsay's press secretary, was reading, very



"*Sometimes I wonder if we haven't carried ecumenism a bit too far.*"



*"Quiet!"*

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slowly, the first half of the inaugural address for the benefit of the assembled newsmen. (The second half, we were told, was as yet incomplete.) " '. . . honest disagreement and human error within the offices of our government.' Period. Paragraph," Mr. Klein was saying. " 'The New Yorkers of today will decide the destiny of the New Yorkers of tomorrow' dash 'by proving their readiness to accept the inconveniences and irritations' comma 'the hardships and responsibilities' comma 'that must accompany any transition.' Period. . . ." We made our way out of the pressroom as Mr. Klein continued his slow reading of Mr. Lindsay's speech: " 'Let those who exploit human addiction hear me clearly' colon 'New York will no longer be your marketplace.' Period."

We started down the other hallway and soon spotted Deputy Mayor Robert Price, who was wearing a white shirt with the cuffs turned up and looked about as vibrantly busy as anyone we have ever seen. Mr. Price was firing off instructions, answering questions, and appearing and disappearing through a number of doorways in the region of the Mayor's suite. As we approached him, he handed us a book from the top of a stack he was carrying, and, before we could thank him, disappeared again. The book was one that had been published during the campaign—"Lindsay: A Man for Tomorrow," by Daniel E. Button. We went out to get ourself another cup of coffee.

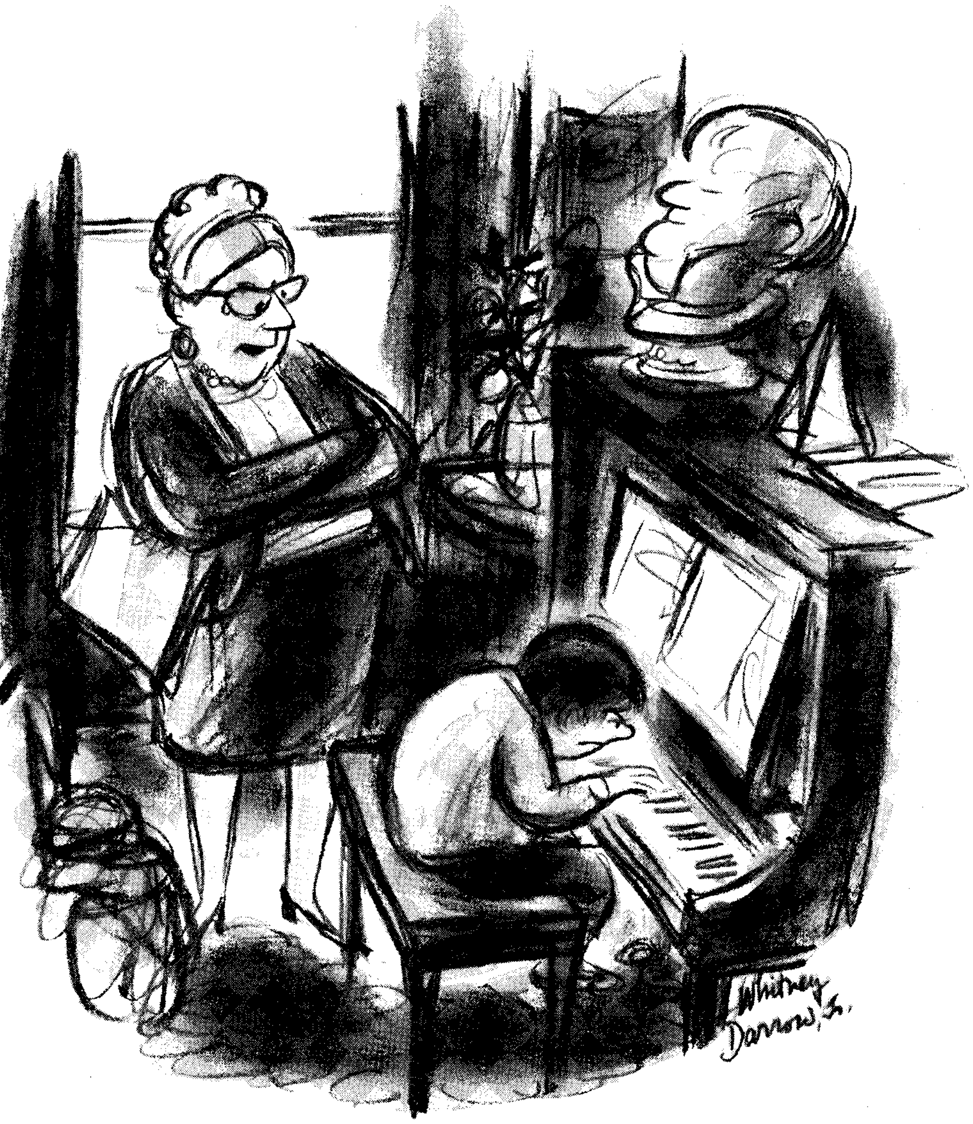
Returning to City Hall at around seven o'clock, we found that a large crowd had gathered in front of the portico. Dozens of United States and New York City flags were hung behind a long, bunting-draped dais, which stood out vividly in the white floodlights. The Manhattanaires Drum and Bugle Corps, in white coats, blue trousers, and black busbies, stood at attention behind the dais. The night was mild—the temperature had been in the sixties earlier in the day—and the moon, just entering the third quarter, was ringed with haze. Some fifteen hundred spectators were seated in folding wooden chairs, and a thousand or so stood behind them. They were all quite still. There was a murmuring and the crowd broke into applause as the inaugural party emerged from the front entrance of City Hall—Ethel Merman, Bennett Cerf, Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay, City Council President Frank O'Connor, Comptroller Mario Procaccino, Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller, Senator and Mrs. Jacob Javits, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, all the new city commissioners, and other officials. Mr. Cerf, who presided over the ceremony, said, "They said it would be a cold, wintry day when a Republican became Mayor of New York. We've got the winter, all right, but the cold has been dispelled by Mr. Quill." Everyone laughed. Miss Merman sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everyone applauded. The Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, gave the invocation, saying, "In the loneliness of great office, keep his heart serene. . . ."

Mayor Lindsay again took the oath of office (*it was identical with the one he had taken the previous evening*), and then, reading from notes and speaking in a strong, penetrating, and often fervent voice, he gave his inaugural address: "My fellow New Yorkers, New York City represents all that is exciting about our cities and everything that threatens to destroy them. New York symbolizes the traditional aspirations of man—power, fame, and wealth. Yet it magnifies every adversity of city living—the crowds, the noise, the dirt, the innumerable accommodations and sacrifices exacted from those who live in an urban society. It is a city in which individuals have been characterized by vigor and affluence; New Yorkers have always sought out the newest and best in their own lives. As citizens, however, they collectively tolerated a government possessing neither attribute—until now. Last November 2nd, the people of New York decided that their government was not good enough; that it must do better. They voted for a change in leadership, one which would promise to restore to this city the imprimatur of pride."

When the Mayor had finished his speech, Rabbi Max Schenk, president of the New York Board of Rabbis, read from the Bible, and the Drum and Bugle Corps swung into "A Foggy Day" and "Hey There." The Messrs. O'Connor and Procaccino spoke briefly, Mr. O'Connor predicting that this would be a "non-partisan, or bi-partisan, or tri-partisan, or ecumenical form of government for New York City," and Mr. Procaccino saying, "Maybe coalition government is a good thing.... Politics must end the moment public responsibility begins." Mr. Lindsay swore in the new city commissioners, and after the benediction, by the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, the inaugural party started back into the building, amid great applause. Hands appeared from all sides to shake the Mayor's hand, and Mr. Lindsay, smiling broadly, kept saying, "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

The Mayor's party was to dine in his suite at the Hotel Roosevelt, so we caught a cab in that direction, and we managed to get there at eight-thirty, just in time to see Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, their children—Katharine, Margaret, Anne, and John, Jr.—and a few friends enter the lobby, still wearing street clothes. They paused for a moment in the lobby, which was almost deserted, and then got into an elevator. About an hour later, the Lindsay party reappeared, having not only dined but changed into evening clothes. The Mayor had on black tie, Mrs. Lindsay was wearing a long light-blue gown, their daughters, too, were in formal dresses, and John, Jr., wore a navy-blue suit. We buttonholed Mr. Lindsay for a few minutes and asked him how he was holding up. "I'm managing to enjoy it, in spite of everything," he told us. "Last night, you know, I was working on the speech. Then, last night—disaster! I slept a little, and then got up today and worked some more, and then, at noon—again disaster! But I managed to finish the speech by about three o'clock today." He grinned, and we wished him luck as he went to join his party outside the hotel, where two limousines were waiting.

In another hour, we were back at the Americana, where the first inaugural ball in New York City's history was just beginning, in the mammoth Imperial Ballroom, on the second floor. Swarms of people were mounting two stairways to the ballroom as the Meyer Davis orchestra played "On the Street Where You Live," followed by "People." At eleven o'clock, the Lindsays arrived, and there were waves of applause as they tried to advance through a tremendous crowd. "John! John!" people cried, and "Mary! Mary!" Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay were jostled and swept through the crowd toward the bandstand, where Lionel Hampton's band, which had replaced Meyer Davis's, was playing "Oh, Johnny!" Smiling broadly, Mr. Lindsay managed to grasp most of the hands that were extended to him, saying "Hello! How are you? Nice to see you again! Happy New Year!" Mrs. Lindsay clutched a small beaded bag in one hand and looked courageous as she was shoved and buffeted, and Mr. Lindsay put an arm protectively about her. The children followed, John, Jr., riding on someone's shoulder. When the Mayor and his family reached the bandstand, they were lifted, or otherwise propelled, onto the platform, and Mr. Lindsay threw an arm about Mr. Hampton. "No speech," Mr. Lindsay said into a microphone, his smile intact. "I just want to give my thanks to all of you who have allowed yourselves to be compressed into this condition. My thanks to all those who are providing entertainment for us tonight. My thanks to all of you. And my thanks to the City of New York."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"I'm sure Glenn Gould didn't slouch until after he'd mastered the essentials."*

# THE MUSIC OF THE TREE

JIMMY and I had been together in a crummy bar downtown, drinking whiskey sours. It was Christmas, and we had both come home to Bayport for the holidays, I from a teaching job, my brother from the Army. He's ten years younger than I. We walked back to the house and fell in the snow in the driveway, and I had to pull his skinny frame up and haul him in. I got him into the kitchen and looked at his pink, almost beardless face, and into his big gray-green eyes. Staring at him, I could see Mama, but I said nothing, to avoid being maudlin. His blond hair was cropped so short that I called him Hans Hun. He let out a cowboy yelp.

Somewhere in that big, echoey tomb of a house, Father cleared his throat, and we both put our fingers to our lips and went over and shut the kitchen door so he wouldn't hear us. Neither of us would have been able to survive our big-muscled, silver-haired, iron-gray-mustached father standing there in his shorts saying, "Get the hell to bed—will there ever be peace?" My father is a strong man of noble character. He might have said, "Goddamit, no one asked either of you to come home, Christmas or not. Go back to California, you, Professor. And you, go back to the Army. They may teach you some manners and some dignity."

Jim and I devoured salami sandwiches and were about to go to bed when Jim's girl came to the front door. Two o'clock in the morning. She is so weird—blonder than he is, with a large head and good lips, but there is fear in her almond eyes. She trembles and quivers, and she is aesthetic. She has the best body I ever saw on an eighteen-year-old girl. Her name is Sylvia. She said, "David, I'm sorry to bother you. I want to see your brother."

I went to the kitchen and told him. He grinned. "Again?" He put on his ski parka and said, "I'll be right back."

I fell asleep on the couch with the lights on, and when I woke up they were all off. I thought I dreamed of a giant in underwear shutting off the lamp at my feet and saying, "Bums. I raised two drinking bums. Look at you—thirty-three years old, with your shoes on the couch." He curled his lip back just before the relief of total darkness.

What startled me into wakefulness was Jim stumbling in. I jumped up to turn on the lamp, nearly toppling the huge Christmas tree that he and I had struggled to put up that morning. Steadying it, I grappled with its fat, furry branches. The needles pricked me, and the tree made a noise like music—scores of bulbs and ornaments clinking together, a hushed tinkling in the dark. When the tree had stopped shuddering, I put my fingers to my nostrils and inhaled the gummy, sticky smell of a Christmas tree—resin and tangerine. Incense. It was full of the delicately whipping memories of childhood—toys and baths and bedtime stories and laughter. I felt tears come to my eyes. There were Mama and Daddy and my two big sisters. I could have gone on like that, but I mustn't be sentimental, I told myself—why romanticize the past? It was probably just as bad as the present but had been smoothed and sweetened by the passage of time.

Jim whispered loudly, "What the hell are you doing, for Chrissakes?" We both reached for the lamp in the dark at the same time and our hands touched. We withdrew them with alacrity. Jim turned on the light. He sat across from me in Father's reading armchair, scrunched down with his chin in his neck, his nicotine-stained fingers holding his head up. His long legs were stretched out straight. "We just broke up," he said in his nasal, heavy voice.

"Again?" I said. "What about last year, when you flunked out of college and hitchhiked out to San Diego?"

"Yeah, but we really didn't break up then. It's got something to do with it, though, because I didn't care about her and went away to live with you and left her—she said so tonight. She thinks I'm rotten and mean. When she was all finished with her speech, I didn't say a word. I just got out of her precious little Porsche and slammed the door, and she drove off like a son of a bitch."

Jim stared at the tree. "Remember how it was here when Mama was alive, when there was Susie and Lisa and you, Mama and Dad? You were all a lot bigger than me, but there was fun. The train running around the tree, Mama running around in the kitchen fixing dinner. When I was little, when she wasn't a drunk. Even if he *was* a tyrant."

At first I wanted to punch him, but then I wanted to laugh at the soap opera of it all. I could almost hear the radio in 1938: Hammond-organ music, soap-flake ads, noises of cozy shutting doors, footsteps, "Merry Christmas!"es, and a warm, hearty voice asking, "Will John survive the crisis of his paraplegic mother, the wealthy and landed Marcia Bradstreet, lurching in a wheelchair down the maids' stairs with the insurance man?"

Jimmy frowned and fell silent.

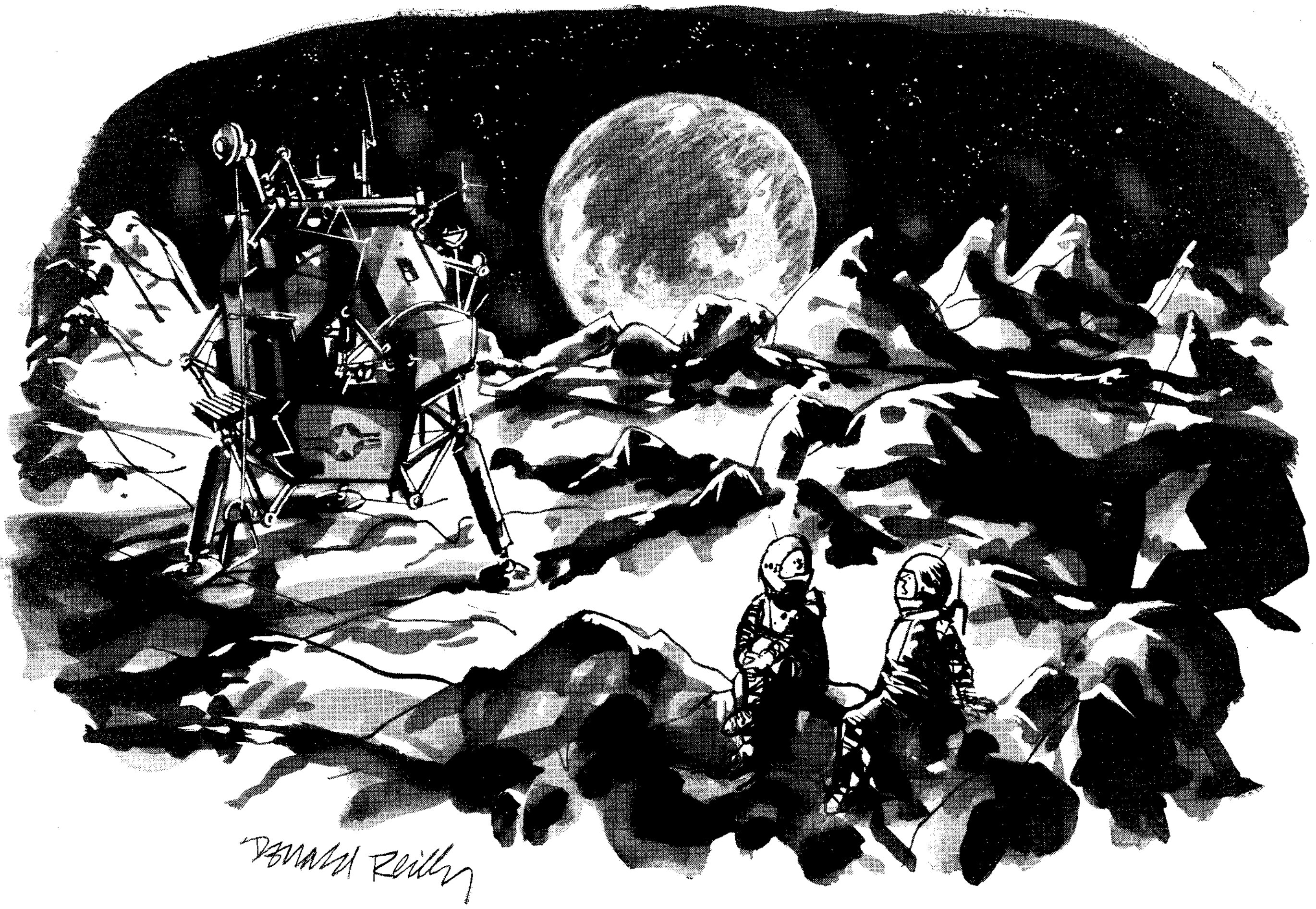
"What are you thinking of?" I said.

"Sylvia."

"Don't let it get you. It's only temporary. You'll be together before the cock crows thrice."

"Aw, c'mon. None of that Shakespeare jazz."

Then there were two of us frowning in silence



*"And if the restaurant deal doesn't work out, I'm going to stick the whole wad into tax-free municipals."*

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in our living room, which might have been made of all the empty living rooms of America, of families grown and gone.

"That was terrible, last December," Jimmy said. "When I said goodbye to her before going to California. We went out to a party and got half tanked. When I took her home, we parked. You could see the ocean shivering down the end of her road. There was a moon. I told her not to worry, that I'd write. We got out and stood by the car for a long time, looking at the water down there. Everything was so black and quiet. Then she started crying. Sobbing. She was hanging on to me, her head on my shoulder. I looked up at the stars, and they were clear as ice. I could see my breath moving around her head. And I looked down and there were her tears on my black wool coat, clear and sparkly like some of the stars fell from the sky and landed there, right on my coat. I thought all the way to California, This was the benediction of our love. I should have written her that, but I couldn't. It was too corny. We went into her house. Her drunky Stella Dallas mother was still up. She came over to us and said, 'Dahlings!' and waved her cigarette holder through the air. Then she says to me, 'Won't you have a drink?' and she looks at me, honest to God, like she's hot for me. It scared me, with her eyes slanty like Sylvia's, only worse, and I said, 'No, thanks, I have to go.' And we're standing there in the foyer. Sylvia puts her arms around me and starts sobbing again, and says, 'Goodbye, and write to me. There'll always be only just you, Jimmy.' The payoff is, her mother comes over and says to me, 'Why aren't you crying, young man? What's the matter that you never cry—don't you care? Why aren't you crying, too?' I went to give Sylvia a kiss goodbye, and it landed half on her mouth and half on her wet cheek, and I left. Outside, the air was all like—like old Mexican silver. My breath was coming out in clouds, and my heart was beating like a bastard. Everything was clear—the whole world. On the shoulder of my coat I could still see her tears. Stars."

"Shut up!" a muffled voice said. "Quiet! Animals!" There was a fist pounding on the wall.

"Better go to bed," I said. "He's getting mad."

Jimmy stood up and stretched. His mouth had melted from its usual bitter, turned-down corners to a mouth tasting the salt of tears. I looked at his eyes. They were perfectly dry. I said, "It'll be O.K."

"Will it?"

"I mean with Sylvia."

"Oh, that," he said. "Yeah. Well. Good night." He glided through the still house like an eddy of wind.

I SAT for a long time looking at the Christmas tree, at the furniture that had been used for thirty years, at the melancholy chocolate walls, at the two prints I had put up when I was in college: one a Chagall rooster, the other a Dufy paddock scene. Their brightness and vigor and beauty of form and color were spectacularly depressing.

Mean and rotten. I thought about last September, just after Jimmy had been drafted. I was eating lunch in a coffee shop downtown. One of our neighbors named Dillon—a kid who, while growing up with him, was Jimmy's "best buddy to the death"—came in and sat next to me. I had the pre-school-week teacher's blues. When Dillon started talking about how it was too bad Jim couldn't settle down and finish college, I said, "Don't talk to me about that kid."

"Why, what's wrong with him?"

"He doesn't care about anybody but himself. He went off and left all kinds of long-distance-telephone and dry-cleaner and car bills for my father, and he's got about three girls breaking their hearts over him, and he doesn't give a damn about a thing. He's insensitive, that's what."

"He is like hell," Dillon said. He was all freckles, a lot of teeth, big black eyes, and an intensity that was overpowering.

"What do *you* know?" I said.

"More than you ever did about him, that's for sure."

I didn't answer.

"He's cool," Dillon said. "Everyone knows that. You know what's eating him—what makes him like he is—as much as I do."

I should have shut up right then. I should have been mature, dignified, and got up and left. Instead, I said, "What *is* eating him?"

"Why, that time with your mother," Dillon said, with such naïveté I had to forgive him on the spot.

"What about it?"

"Don't get mad. *You* know, the day they took her away."

That August afternoon. I hadn't been there. I was twenty years old and in the Army myself at the time—four hundred miles away—but my sister Susie had written me all about it. The sun that Mama had so detested was out strong. A white ambulance from the county hospital crept into the yard. Mama didn't know. She was upstairs in a stupor in her dark room. Father was at work. Susie had had to do the whole thing—Father had washed his hands of it. The two men who came in the ambulance went up, in their white clothes. There were coaxing words, a scuffle, and screams. They carried her to the back of the ambulance tied down on a stretcher. Her blond hair was dripping off the stretcher, like honey. Her face was wet; her eyes stared madly. She moaned. In the background were Father's flowers—his gladiolas and bright-orange zinnias. She asked for some. One of the attendants grabbed a zinnia, ripped it up out of the earth, broke off the clumpy root, and placed the flower—a miniature sun—on her bosom as they slid her into the back of the ambulance and shut the doors. Lisa was married, so Susie was the only one there. She was crying and shaking. The men were telling her it would be all right, that Mama would be cured and that she would get the best of care, that she would be home and well again, not to cry—there, there. When the ambulance had left, pulled slowly out of the driveway, all the neighbors silently slipped back into their houses from their porches and steps and yards.

No mention had ever been made of Jimmy in all this silent frenzy. I had never considered him in it before, never felt his presence in it at all. I said to Dillon, "Where was Jimmy that day they took her?"

Dillon said, "Remember that shack that me and him built down in back of your house and mine in the woods—the one your father went nuts about because Jimmy took and ruined his tools in the rain? Well, I was watching with my mother from my kitchen, and just when the ambulance was pulling out of your place I saw Jimmy run out the cellar door, through your back yard, and down into the woods. He was in his red bathing suit, and I could see him through the trees, and he disappeared in the shack, and he stayed there for an hour inside that dark little shack. I kept looking out the window where my mother hangs the clothes, and he never came out for one solid hour. I never told him I saw him and I never asked him about it, but he wasn't the same afterward—he began to say things so bitter none of us guys could believe it. It wasn't when your mother died in that hospital that made Jimmy like he is."

I SAT in the living room, staring, until I was alone with the insoluble Chagall and the Dufy, the brown walls, the worn furniture, the Christmas tree. Then I shut off the lamp. My eyes became used to the dark, and I sat in the room for a long time. Finally, I got up and grabbed a branch of the tree and gently shook it. The ornaments clunked. I pulled off a couple of needles, crushed them between my fingers.

I went up to Jimmy's room. Vaguely, I could see him sprawled in a tangle of bedclothes. The place smelled of sour-mash breath, cigarette butts, and perfume. I sat on the bed, listening to long, rhythmic breaths. After a few seconds, I put my fingers to his nostrils.

He struggled in his sleep, said, "Nnhnh," turned away, and was still again.

In the shadowy bathroom, I washed my hands with soap thoroughly under quiet-running cold water, then went to bed. —H. L. MOUNTZOURES

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## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

I have played all the symphonies of Brahms
  On a cracked record-player.
This is one of life's lifeless calms;
  I have known times that were gayer.

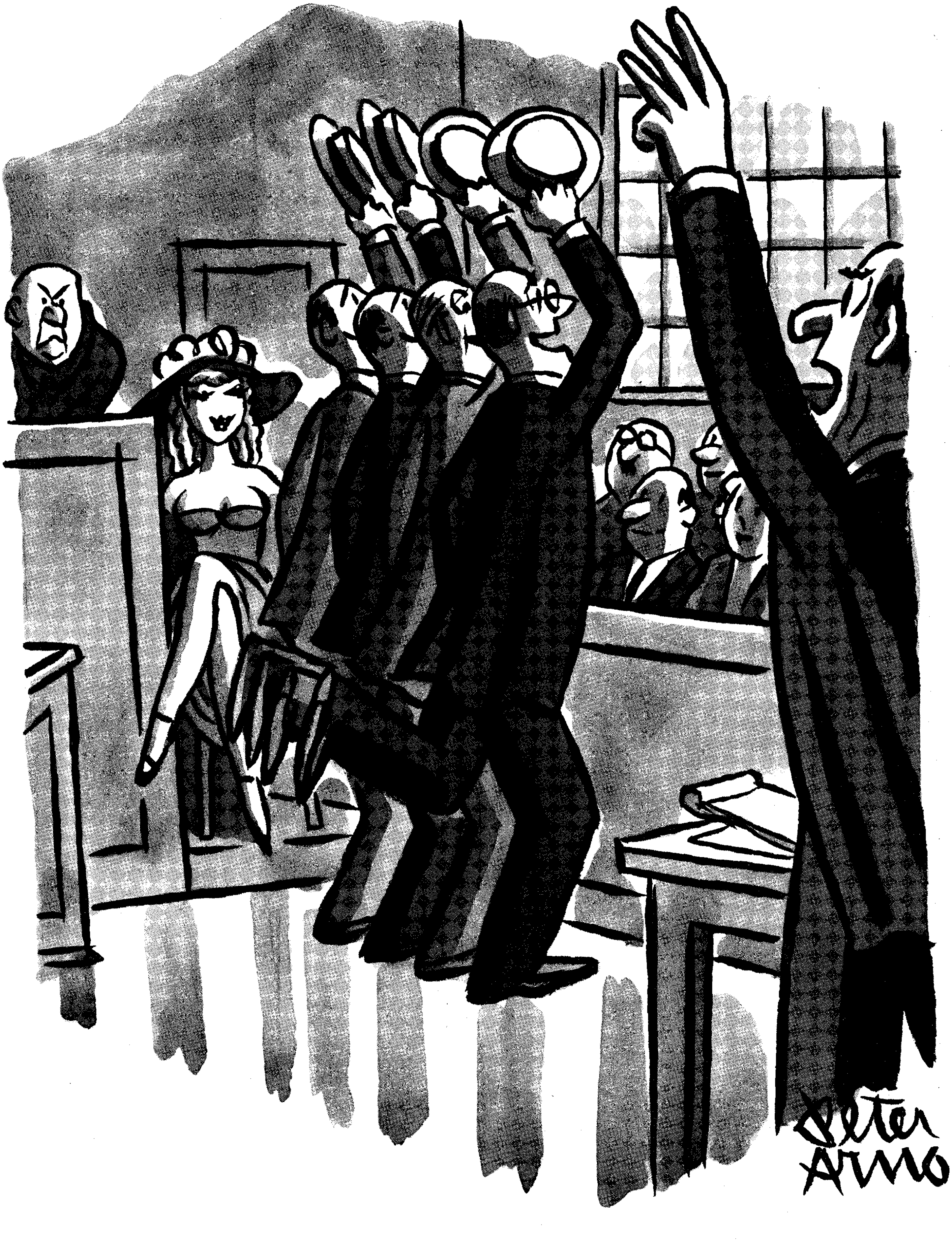
How is it that on Sunday afternoons,
  In London or Llandovery,
The spirit swoons
  Beyond all apparent hope of recovery?

Is it the same, I ask myself,
  In Bangkok or Brindisi?
Does the soul curl up on a shelf,
  Feeling querulous? Or queasy?

In Marrakesh or Martinique,
  Does the brain behave like a water softener
Not only on winter Sundays, once a week,
  But even oftener?

If I should live in a warmer clime,
  Should I greet Sunday afternoon rhapsodically?
I might, of course, feel like this all the time,
  Instead of only spasmodically.

—R. P. LISTER



"*Your Honor, I object to the tactics of Lattimore, Finchley, Wilburn & Hatch!*"

# THE SPOILER

Stephen Drew saw the shaggy-haired skiers when he was riding up the chair lift for his first run of the day. They came hurtling toward him over the lip of a steep face—three of them, strung out across the trail that plunged down the mountain beside the liftline. Hatless, wearing tattered Levis and baggy sweaters, and not deigning to make the slightest speed checks, they came straight on, skiing powerfully and gracelessly, bounding high into the air from the tops of moguls and landing heavily and often wavering off balance until, exploding off other moguls, they seemed miraculously to regain their equilibrium in flight. Stephen turned his attention to one skier who was racing perilously close to the steel towers that supported the chair-lift cable, and saw the wind-burned face of a young man in his early twenties—a blunt, openmouthed face that was surrounded by a thick mane of red hair, which, covering his ears and most of his forehead, was kept out of his eyes only because it was streaming backward in the wake of his tremendous speed. The red-headed skier was past him in an instant, yet Stephen had the sensation that he had not passed beneath him but over him, like an avalanche or a jet plane. Turning in the chair, he watched the youth and his companions disappear over the lip of another face, emerge again as specks far down the mountain, and finally pass from view behind a screen of fir trees.

Stephen saw the shaggy-haired skiers again half an hour later, when he was halfway down the mountain. He had stopped to rest and was looking back to watch an instructor—a model of skiing grace—lead his class of students over a tortuous series of moguls when he heard a joyous shout from far above him and, glancing up the mountain, saw the red-headed skier silhouetted, arms outflung and skis apart, against the blue January sky as he came over the lip of another face. This time, however, the youth caught an edge when he landed and, teetering out of control, plunged into the midst of the skiing class, narrowly missing a girl in yellow stretch pants before he finally righted himself and came to a ragged stop a few yards below Stephen. Now, ignoring his two companions, who, whooping at his plight, swept past and disappeared, the red-headed skier leaned forward, thrust his weight against his poles, which bent in protest, and, shaking his head as if to clear it, spat into the snow between the tips of his skis. An instant later, Stephen's view of him was interrupted as the ski instructor passed between them with a straight downhill plunge and two quick finishing waggles. Placing himself directly in front of the red-headed youth, the instructor also leaned forward on his poles and, in a shrill German accent, began to scream slowly spaced words that seemed to ricochet off the hard-packed snow.

"If . . . I . . . effer . . . shall . . . see . . . such . . . foolishness . . . again . . . you . . . shall . . . be . . . taken . . . from . . . this . . . mount-a-a-ahn!" he shouted in a rising crescendo of outrage. "Haff . . . you . . . a-ahnderstood . . . me?"

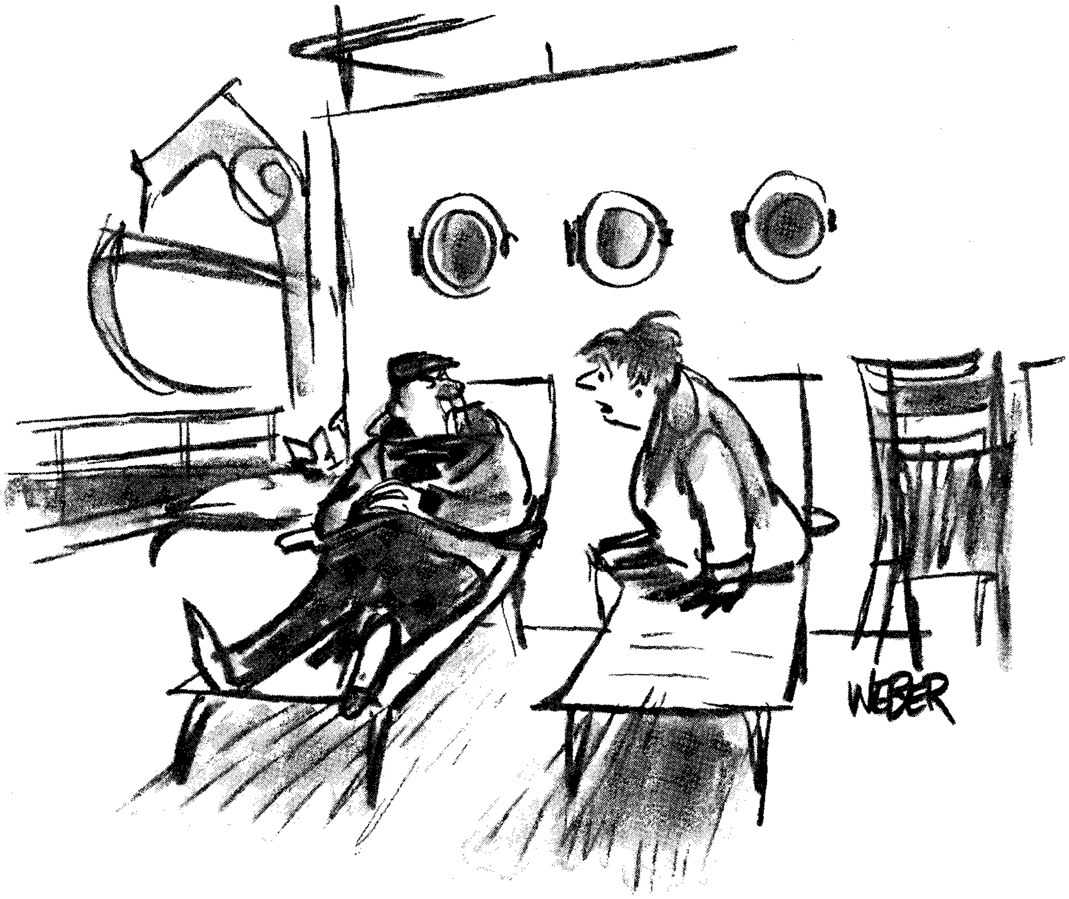
For a moment, the two figures remained motionless, bent toward one another like a pair of stags locked in combat; then the shaggy-haired skier lifted his head and looked the ski instructor in the face. For a long time, he simply stared at the instructor without the slightest expression, but just before he pushed off down the mountain he gave a faint grin that Stephen interpreted as a smirk of contempt.

With a surge of energy that seemed to be the residue of anger, the ski instructor began sidestepping briskly up the mountain to rejoin his class. When he drew abreast of Stephen, however, he paused for breath and, in a voice still full of rage, shouted, "They care not for any thing, this kind of people! They haff no idea what means responsibility! If he has fallen, that one, he can only haff badly hurt this girl in my class!"

Stephen nodded in agreement, but made no reply. There was something in the instructor's shrilly enunciated Teutonic anger that seemed improbable and out of place on this tree-covered mountain in Vermont. Besides, Stephen had been watching the shaggy-haired skier, who was plummeting down the mountainside with the same reckless abandon as before, and, remembering that he himself had skied with a certain abandon at the age of twenty, had been thinking with regret that the sensation of such speed was something he would never come close to experiencing again. He had, in fact, been in the process of acknowledging to himself that there were certain things he was past doing, because of fear. Not that he really wanted to ski beyond the brink of con-

trol, but to admit that he was past it and afraid to try was something else again, for, at thirty-five, Stephen considered himself a young man whose courage was still intact. Now, resuming his train of thought as the instructor resumed his climb, he realized that he envied the shaggy-haired youth who, envying no one and emulating nothing—not even the grace of ski instructors—skied only against himself, and in so doing conquered fear. Was it just a question of age? Stephen wondered. But once again the voice of the instructor intruded upon his reverie. It was a calm voice now, completely under control, and fading away as he called soothingly back to the students, who trailed him down the mountain.

"So remember, always in our linked turns we lock the knees together, and we dip up . . . and then down . . . and so-o-o-o . . ."



*"Just because you didn't like Europe doesn't mean it isn't any good."*

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STEPHEN did not see the shaggy-haired skiers on the slopes again. At three o'clock, he took a final run down the mountain and found his wife, Marilyn, waiting for him outside the base lodge. She was sitting in the afternoon sun, looking very pretty in the new blue-and-white ski outfit he had bought her for the trip, and Stephen paused to admire her. Then, as he bent over to release his safety bindings, he realized that she had not brought the baby with her. "How's little Petey?" he asked.

"I left him with the sitter," Marilyn said proudly, as if she were announcing an achievement. "He's fine."

Stephen kicked his boots free of the bindings. Afterward, he strapped his skis together, placed them on his shoulder, and followed Marilyn through a parking lot to the place where she had left their car.

"Can we ski together tomorrow?" she asked, smiling.

"Of course!" he replied with a laugh. "Isn't that why we came up here—to ski?"

Marilyn nodded, but the smile had left her face. "The girl seems very good," she said sombrely. "Her name is Janice Pike. She's got funny bleached hair, but she's intelligent and competent, and Petey took to her right away. I spent the whole morning and most of the afternoon with them, and I've given her careful instructions about everything. I really don't think we have to worry."

"Then we won't worry," Stephen replied lightly. "Does the girl know we'll want her for the next few days?"

"Yes, and she's delighted about that. Evidently she needs the money."

They had reached the car, and after fastening his skis to the roof rack Stephen got inside, opened the door on Marilyn's side, and started up the engine. As they drove through the valley that led south, toward Worthington, Marilyn continued to tell him about the sitter.

"I've given Janice the telephone number at the base lodge so we could be paged if we were needed," she went on. "She, of course, knows all the doctors in the vicinity. Oh, and she's familiar with the house we're staying in, which makes me especially happy because of the stove and everything. It turns out the caretaker often hires her to clean up the place after weekends."

"I'd say we were lucky," Stephen said, glancing carefully at his wife. She has become more and more like me, he thought. She tries to think of all the awful possibilities.

"One thing worries me, though," Marilyn was saying.

"What's that?"

"Where the house is," she replied. "I mean it's so isolated. Not that I think anything would happen, but what if it did?"

Stephen reached across the seat and touched her arm. "Don't give in to that, baby," he said gently. But as they drove on through the valley, he realized that his words of admonition were a form of self-address. They had lost their first child—a boy of two—in an absurd accident, a year before. Little Peter had been born five months later, at the end of June, and except on rare occasions, when he had been safely tucked into his crib for the night and their neighbor, Mrs. Murphy, could come over to sit for them, they had never left him with anyone. Now, having been lent the use of a small chalet by friends in Boston, they had come skiing with the idea of spelling one another at the task of caring for the baby. (He would ski in the mornings and she in the afternoons—not an ideal solution, perhaps, but all they hoped for.) When they arrived in Worthington, the night before, they telephoned the caretaker, who came to open up the house. The caretaker was

## FROM UNDER THE HILL OF NIGHT

Disturbed from dreams—the cry of the great horned owl
furring the dark, as if the throat of night
had opened and given sound; a child's cries
slicing the black transparencies of sleep—
I wait, dark-watching, still half pooled in dreams.
His body trembles; huge with dark, his eyes
reflect a world where, through the close-meshed screen,
winged on its own voice and feathered white
in the moon, a vision comes—a horned owl,
gliding immensely in, circles the room
and draws all sleeping children into its deep-
set eyes—a world of marvels lit by the moon.

Upon an owl's back our house once flew
over the snow-blanched woods, and, peering down,
I saw the silver-glinting eyes of ponds,
the quilted backs of hills hunched under fear,
and plunged with the taloned sky's ferocity.
Watching our children while the mastodons
march the playroom floor, we fail to see
the fern leaves spill their giant cups, the ground
quake under colossal feet—and fail, too,
to look outside the cloistered walls of truth
where the horned tiger thrashes in our tears;
we smile at the games of innocence and youth.

Sleep has an owl's eyes and conjures forms
unseen by the blinding vision of the sun,
strange forms that live under the mushroom leaves
of the brain, swarming stalks of shadows. Down
the dark stairs it comes, and, grovelling in the ears
of terror, we see, arising from its graves,
the incommensurable image, till it shears
the hasps of sight—and still we cannot run
except from the land of dreams. In fathers' arms
sons die. Unnatural desires flaunt
themselves. Masks scramble the face of clowns.
With the red moon beasts arise and hunt.

The youth of man was passed under the hill
of night, hearing the wings of fireflies
as big as owls, the anguished wings of trees,
and watching hooded lanterns search the air
above the tangled brush in swaths of death,
and, in the ground, feeling beneath his knees
the heart of earth quick-beating, the earth's breath
respiring in and out, while in the sky
the head of God hung, bloody-cheeked and still,
plotting the luminous fractures of all wars.
The past lives on. We are the things we were,
although we probe the head of dark like stars.

So much to master under the cloak of man—
such phallic wounds, abortions of the light,
such foiled hopes, such caricatures of grief.
They walk the moon-washed corridors of dreams,
wagging misshapen heads—blunt hooks for hands—
mute-tongued and pleading for the doors of life.
Must the darkness be affianced for its lands?
The owl glides down the scale of dreams. Tonight
descend with the falling bird and claim again
the children you abandoned to the deep;
comfort the nightmare, sobbing in your arms,
that the sun arise out of the grave of sleep.

—Paul Petrie

• •

friendly and garrulous—a country handyman whose dealings with the winter sporting crowd had coated his native astuteness with a certain veneer of assurance.

"Your wife ski, too?" he asked, glancing at the baby.

"Yes," Stephen answered.

"Then you're goin' to need a sitter, ain't you?"

"Yes," Stephen replied, though he and Marilyn had scarcely bothered to discuss the possibility. "It would be nice if we could ski together," he added, glancing at her.

"I know just the girl," the caretaker said. "She's nineteen and real experienced. Lives in town. Why'nt I have her call you in the morning?"

"Fine," said Stephen. "I'd appreciate that."

After the caretaker left, he turned to Marilyn. "There's no harm in trying her out, is there?" he said.

Now, turning off the highway at a point midway between the mountain and the town, Stephen drove over a dirt road that wound up the side of the valley through thick stands of spruce and pine trees. The road was a washboard affair, bordered by high snowbanks that had been thrown up by plows, and the heavy growth had plunged it into premature shadow. There were half a dozen forks and turnoffs on the way to the house, and, realizing for the first time that none of them was marked, Stephen suddenly found himself wondering how the girl could possibly give directions to summon help. He imagined her trying to remember all the twists and turns as precious minutes slipped away. "Don't give in to that," he had told Marilyn, sitting beside him. But he had merely been talking to himself.

The chalet, a prefabricated structure with two sides consisting of panel picture windows, was hidden from the road by a wooded knoll, and was reached by a narrow, rutted driveway that first passed before a similar dwelling, fifty yards away, which was unoccupied. The driveway ended in a cul-de-sac at the second house, where Stephen turned the car around and parked it. When he and Marilyn came through the door, they found the sitter watching television and Petey playing happily on the tile floor at her feet.

TEN minutes later, Stephen set out to drive Janice Pike home. As they descended over the washboard road toward the valley, the girl lit a cigarette, stubbed it out, and immediately lit another. To make conversation, Stephen asked her if she had always lived in Worthington.

Janice Pike shook her head, which tossed the bleached, teased mop of hair that crowned it, and blew out a cloud of smoke. "For a year after high school, I worked over to Brattleboro," she replied. "Waitressing."

"How did you like Brattleboro?"

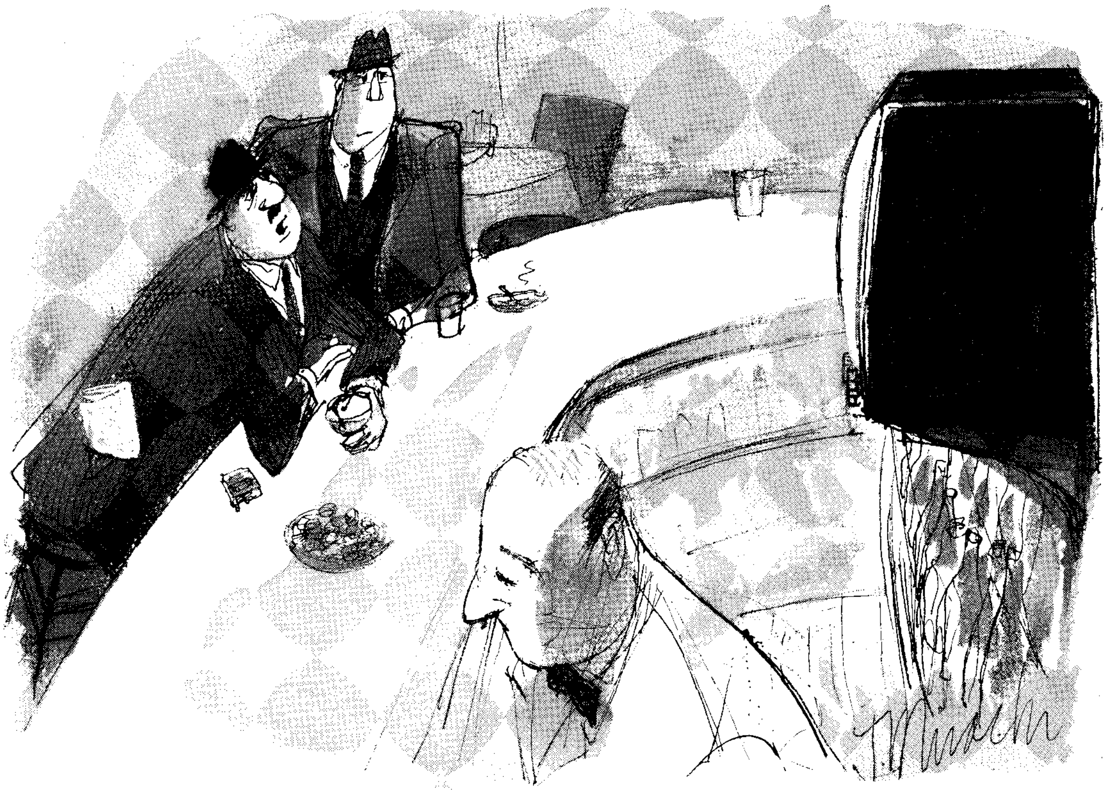
"I liked it a lot. I have a boy friend there."

"What made you come back?"

"My family," she replied. "They want me to settle down, you know?"

"What about your boy friend?"

"Oh, he drives over to see me weekends. He's a plumber's apprentice and he got himself a car this year."



*"That Bill Moyers makes me feel one hundred and eighty years old."*

• •

They had reached the valley highway and were driving past a series of ski lodges, restaurants, and roadhouses. "I suppose there's a lot doing here on weekends," Stephen said.

"Yeah, but we just seem to drive around," replied the girl morosely, and looked out the window. "Saturday night, we were driving around and I never saw so many cars parked out in front of these places," she went on. "I guess people must really be having a swell time in them. I mean little bitsy joints with just a guitar player or something and about twenty cars out front!"

Stephen glanced sidewise at Janice Pike, and decided that her hair was teased into its absurd pile as an antidote to boredom. Now he imagined her having worked over it for hours, only to drive around and look wistfully through the windshield of the apprentice plumber's car at lights in the windows of ski lodges. "You should get your boy friend to take you dancing in some of these places," he said.

"Yeah, but they're supposed to be kind of wild," she replied, with more yearning, however, than disapproval. "I mean a lot of the fellows who come skiing here are real maniacs, you know?"

"No kidding," Stephen said.

"Look, I wasn't going to say anything because your wife seems awful worried about leaving the baby and everything, but a whole carload of guys drove up to the house this afternoon. They sat out front awhile, honking and waving at me. Then they went over to the other house and left some skis and stuff inside and drove away. I'm pretty sure the caretaker doesn't know they're there, and I was a little worried 'cause they looked kind of wild, you know, but maybe they were just out for fun."

"Sure," Stephen said. "Probably a lark of some kind."

"Yeah, well, I kept the door locked anyway."

"That's a good idea," Stephen replied.

They had arrived in Worthington, a village built at the conjunction of two roads that crossed through the mountains, and packed with shabby frame houses. Following the girl's directions, Stephen drove to the lower end of town, where, next to a small stream and the gutted remnants of a factory that had once been used to manufacture wooden boxes, there stood a particularly ramshackle dwelling with a sagging roof, peeling shingles, and a veranda that was evolving into debris. For a moment, Stephen studied the house in silence; then, embarrassed, he took out his wallet and turned to the girl. "How much do we owe you, Janice?" he asked.

"Your wife picked me up at ten o'clock, so that would make about six hours I worked," she replied.

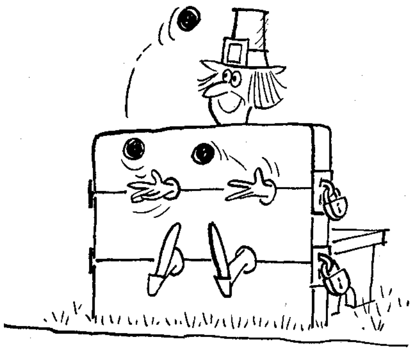
"And what do you charge by the hour?" Stephen asked.

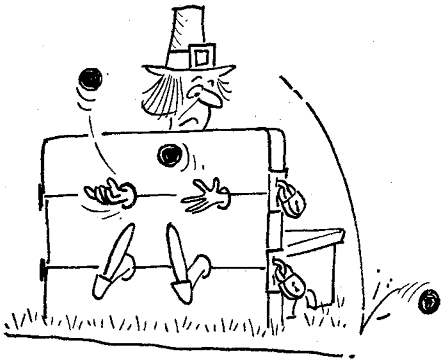
"Fifty cents?"

Stephen looked again at the decrepit house, and winced. "Tell you what, Janice, let's call it eight hours," he said, handing her four one-dollar bills. "I'll come by for you tomorrow morning at nine."

"Oh, lovely!" she cried. "Thank you!" Now, jumping out of the car, she climbed the porch steps and, skirting a large hole where several rotten planks had fallen through, waved at Stephen and went into the house.

"Thank *you!*" Stephen called after her. A child of Appalachia, he thought as he turned the car around and headed back through town. He drove more quickly on the return trip, anxious to take a bath, have a drink, and play with Petey before his bedtime. He was happy with anticipation. For the first time in a year, he sensed that he and Marilyn were on the brink of resuming life. He told himself that it was a good thing they had decided to come skiing, and that they had been able to bring themselves to leave little Petey with the girl. They must not give in to the temptation to overprotect him. Yes, above all, they must not allow his life and theirs to be forever colored by tragedy. Entangled in these thoughts, Stephen was surprised when, fifteen minutes later, he came upon a black





Volkswagen sitting in the driveway that led up to the house. The Volkswagen was badly battered at the fenders and wore a bent Florida license plate, and it had been parked carelessly, in such a way that it half blocked the drive. Putting his car into second gear, Stephen drove slowly around it; then, glancing toward the porch of the other house, he saw that there were three young men sitting on it in deck chairs. The young men were drinking beer from cans, and, looking closer, Stephen saw that one of them was, unmistakably, the shaggy, red-headed youth he had seen on the mountain. None of the young men bothered to look at the passing car, but as Stephen drove by the redhead gave a flip of his wrist that sent his beer can over the porch railing and into a snowbank.

When he drew up before the house of his friends, Stephen parked the car, got out, and stood beside it for several minutes as he tried to decide what the three shaggy-haired skiers were doing in the other chalet. Perhaps the caretaker is allowing them to stay there in return for some chores, he thought. Or perhaps the caretaker is making money on the side with an illicit rental. But what if, as Janice Pike seemed to imply, the young men had simply broken into the place? Stephen thought of them catching sight of Janice's bleached hair through the picture window, and for a moment he toyed with the idea of telephoning the caretaker. Then he decided against it. Their honking at Janice was like their skiing, the parking of their car in the middle of the driveway, and the red-headed youth's disposal of his beer can. It was thoughtless, nothing more—just thoughtlessness. You're getting old, Stephen told himself. What's the point of spoiling other people's fun? But when he went into the house, he did not mention the presence of the shaggy-haired skiers to Marilyn.

IN the morning, the sun was shining brilliantly in a cloudless sky. When Stephen left the house to pick up Janice Pike, the black Volkswagen was still parked before the other chalet. It was there when he returned with the girl, half an hour later, so he asked her if it was the same car that had honked at her the day before.

She took a deep drag on her cigarette, and nodded. "Yeah, that's the one," she replied. "I know from the dented fenders. They must be wild drivers, huh?"

Stephen looked quickly at Janice Pike. Had he detected a slight note of admiration in her voice, or was it his imagination? Everything was "wild" to this country girl, or was it simply that, out of sheer boredom, she hoped her life might become so? "Look, Janice," he said. "I don't want to mention anything about this to my wife, but on the other hand I don't want to spend my day worrying, either. So I'll speak frankly to you—O.K.?"

"Sure, but you don't have to worry, Mr. Drew. I'll keep the door locked—you can count on that."

"Fine," Stephen said, and glanced at her hair. "But maybe you'd better stay away from the window as much as possible. I mean, just don't be sitting too conspicuously next to it."

"Oh, sure," the girl replied. "O.K."

"And I'll phone you every couple of hours from the base lodge," Stephen said. "Just to make certain things are all right."

When they went into the house, Marilyn went over a list of things she had made out for Janice to do. "Petey's lunch is on the stove," she said. "You'll just have to heat it up. If he balks at eating the beef mush, dip each spoonful into his banana-dessert mush. It sometimes works. He woke up at seven this morning, which means he'll be ready for his nap any time now. After lunch, of course, he'll take another nap. If it's still sunny when he wakes up from that one, bundle him into his snowsuit and take him outside for some air."

"No," Stephen said quickly. "Don't have him go out today."

"But if it's nice and sunny—"

Stephen shook his head, picked up an armload of jackets, poles, and ski boots, and started out the door. "A day or two won't matter," he said over his shoulder. "And I'll feel better if he stays inside."

When Stephen reached the car, he put the jackets, poles, and boots into the back and climbed in behind the wheel. He was about to start the engine when he heard the sharp crack of a rifle. The report sounded close by, but in the cold, dazzling brilliance of the morning light he could not be sure how close. Leaving the car door open, he listened intently, heard several more shots, and recognized the explicitly neat sound of a .22-calibre rifle. The shots seemed to be coming from the far side of the next house, but he could detect no movement there. When Marilyn climbed into the car, he started up the engine and drove slowly down the driveway.

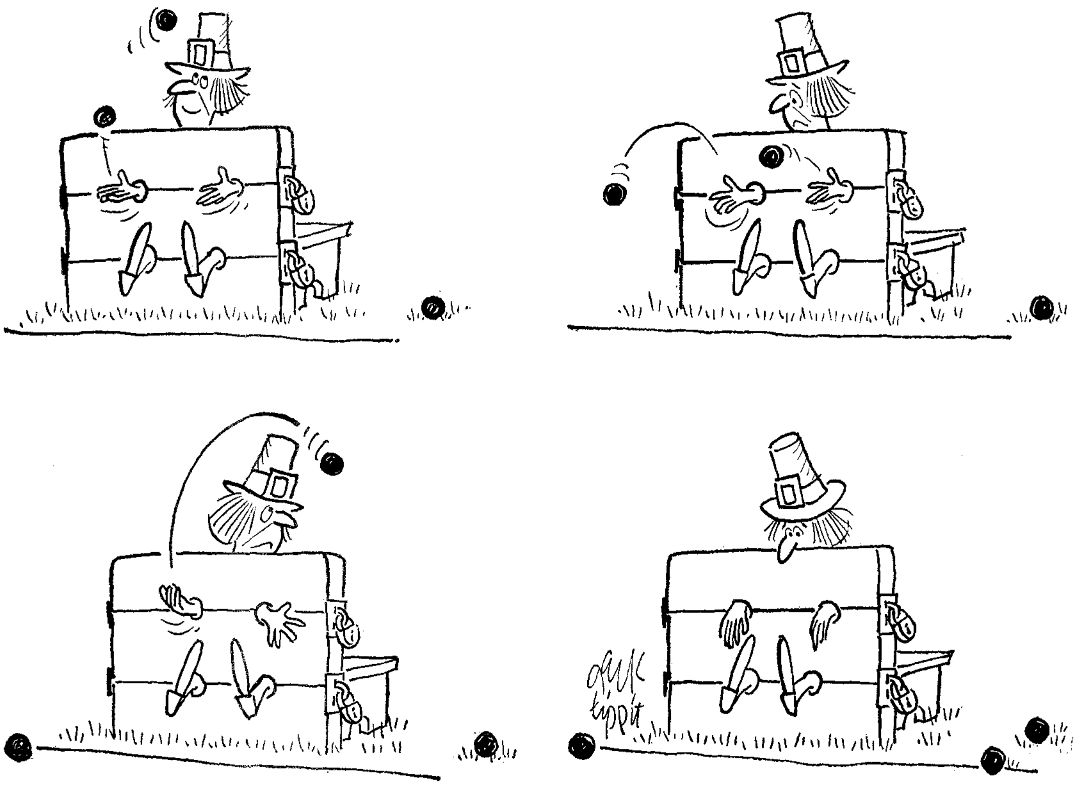
"Really, Stephen, you shouldn't interfere that way," Marilyn said. "Why on earth shouldn't the girl take Petey out for some air?"

"There's a reason," Stephen said absently, but they were drawing abreast of the other house, and he was not paying Marilyn any real attention, for at that moment the three young men, led by the shaggy red-headed youth, came around a corner from the back. The redhead was carrying a rifle, which, when he saw the car, he seemed to thrust out of sight between his body and the wall of the house. They must be there illegally, Stephen thought. He wondered if Marilyn had seen the weapon, but a moment later he realized that she had not.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "Who are *they*—beatniks?"

Stephen nodded his head, and turned to study the young men as he drove past. Unshaven and bleary-eyed, they seemed to have recently risen after a night of heavy drinking, and now they gave the car bold looks of appraisal that, because of their brazenness, also seemed to be defensive. Looking back, Stephen saw them duck quickly into the house. He was more certain than ever now that they had broken into it, but as he continued down the drive it was the rifle that stayed in his mind. He knew that it was against the law in almost every state to shoot a rifle so close to inhabited places. He wondered if he should not call the police.

"What's the matter?" Marilyn asked.



"Nothing," he told her.

His mind, however, was in ferment. The harsh vibrations of the washboard road that descended into the valley triggered his brain into conjuring up visions of catastrophe. Helplessly, he imagined the young men firing at a beer can, the bullet ricocheting off a rock, piercing the picture window behind which little Petey sat playing, or, perhaps, striking the girl and causing one of her interminable cigarettes to fall, smoldering, upon a scatter rug. . . . "They haff no idea what means responsibility," the outraged ski instructor had said. The sentence repeated itself within him endlessly.

"You're awfully silent," Marilyn remarked when they reached the highway.

"It's nothing," he told her again, and, stepping hard on the accelerator, drove quickly toward the mountain, already planning to telephone Janice Pike the moment they arrived. The miles seemed to pass slowly, however, and soon they found themselves behind a line of cars bearing other skiers to the slopes. When finally they reached the parking lot at the base lodge, he jumped from the car, unstrapped Marilyn's skis, and handed them to her. Then, as he reached inside the car for her boots and poles, he deliberately pushed his own boots out of sight beneath the seat.

"Damn!" he said, straightening up. "I've left my boots behind."

Marilyn made a grimace of sympathy and pain.

"Why don't you take a few runs on the beginner's slope," he told her. "It'll get you in the swing of things. I won't be more than half an hour—forty minutes at the most."

He scarcely waited to hear her assent, but, jumping into the car, started the engine, threw it into first gear, and tore away. There was no traffic on the road leading from the mountain, but the sun, rising higher in the sky, shed a brilliant light that, rebounding from the snow and glinting off the hood of the car, found its way into his eyes. The light—a sharp, metallic intrusion—cut into him, exposing his fear as a surgeon's scalpel lays open tissue to disclose a nerve, and now, as the valley broadened, so did the range of awful possibilities that haunted his mind.

When he swerved into the driveway, twenty minutes later, he jammed the car into second gear, topped the knoll with a roar, and swept past the first chalet and the Volkswagen, which was still parked, half blocking the road, before it. He was squinting through the windshield, hoping to get a glimpse of Janice Pike's massive blond coiffure in the picture window, when, dead ahead, walking toward him down the middle of the drive, he saw the shaggy red-headed youth. Stephen slammed on the brakes and brought the car to an abrupt halt; then, taking a deep breath, he was amazed to find himself filling with a curious kind of relief—the kind of relief that comes when the worst is apparent and no longer in the realm of fantasy—for the shaggy-haired youth, who was standing just ahead of the front bumper and looking at him without expression, was holding a rifle over his shoulder with one hand and the hind legs of a blood-spattered snowshoe hare with the other. Stephen's gaze travelled along the barrel of the rifle that, draped carelessly over the young man's shoulder, was pointing in the direction of the picture window, where he could see Janice Pike, holding little Peter. He got out of the car, walked toward the red-headed youth, and stopped directly in front of him.

"Is the rifle loaded?" he asked. He was looking into the young man's eyes, which were deep blue, and the sound of his voice came back to him as an alien presence—a cold breath that was still as the icicles hanging perilously from the roof of the house.

The shaggy-haired youth made no reply, but gave the snowshoe hare a shake so that—as if gore were in itself sufficient answer—its bloody carcass was swung ever so slightly in Stephen's direction.

"Look where the rifle's pointing," Stephen said. Every instinct in him wanted to make a lunge for it, but fear of causing the weapon to discharge deterred him, and this terrible fear, plus the studied unconcern of the young man's face, unnerved him. He felt his control unravelling like a ball of twine. "Damn you," he said in a hoarse whisper. "*Look where it's pointing!*"

The shaggy-haired youth gave a quick sidewise glance toward the picture window; then he looked at Stephen again and shrugged. "Relax," he said. "The safety's on."

Cursing him, Stephen told him to take the rifle off his shoulder.

For a moment, the shaggy-haired youth looked at Stephen with the same detachment with which he had stared into the face of the angry ski instructor; then, with taunting slowness, he swung the rifle from his shoulder in a lazy arc and rested the tip of the barrel against the top of his shoe. "Man, you've gone and lost your cool," he told Stephen, and calmly pulled the trigger. Afterward, he gave an insolent grin and, to further affirm the fact that the safety was on, allowed the weight of the rifle to be suspended from his forefinger, which was still curled around the trigger.

Stephen looked at the unafraid, contemptuous face before him and, a second later, struck it. The blow—a roundhouse swing—landed just in front of the ear on the sideburn and knocked the shaggy-haired youth into a sitting position in the middle of the driveway. The rifle fell to the ground, and, stooping quickly, Stephen picked it up and pushed the safety button off.

The shaggy-haired youth had not uttered a sound, but when he saw Stephen pick up the rifle and push the safety button off his mouth fell open, and the look of fear that Stephen hoped to see—desperately *wanted* to see—came over his face and filled his eyes. Sitting there, rubbing the side of his head with one hand and still clutching the bloody hare with the other, he suddenly looked like a small boy about to cry.

"Listen, man," he said in a voice that croaked. "Like we're low on funds, you know, and the rabbit's just for eating."

"Shut up!" Stephen replied. He wanted silence simply because he was trying to figure out what he should do next.

"So maybe it's out of season," the young man went on. "What d'you care? You're not a game warden."

"Shut up!" Stephen said again, but as he looked down at the youth he felt some of the anger and hatred draining out of him.

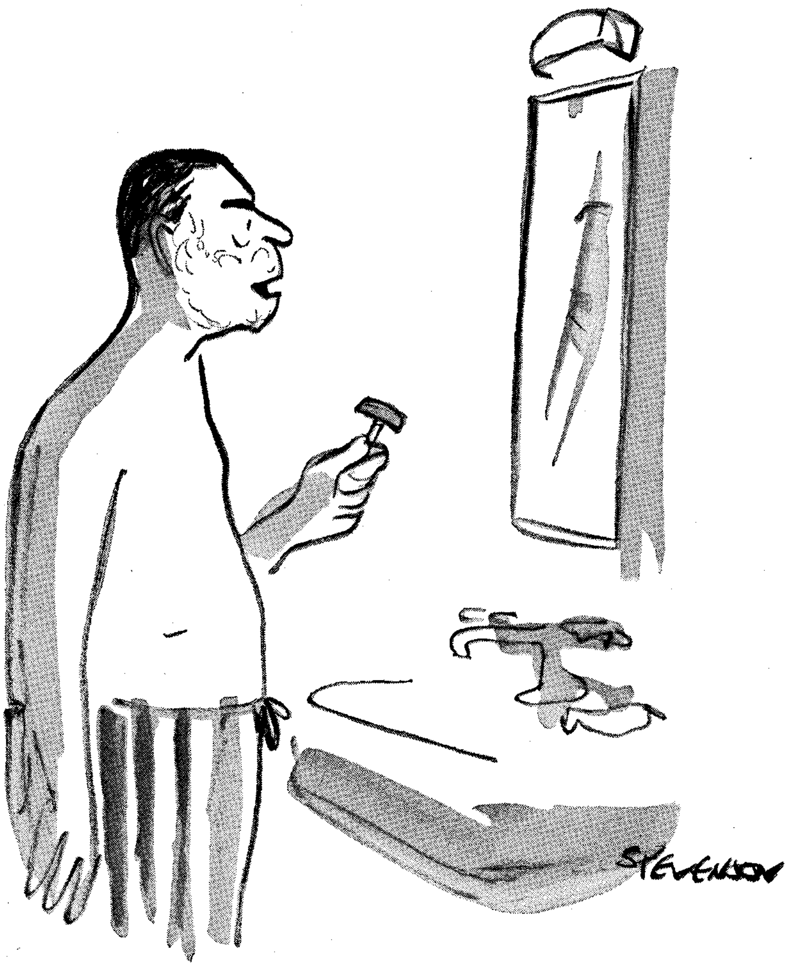
"Look, the house wasn't even locked! It was just sitting there, like waiting for us, and the rifle was standing in the corner behind the door."

"The rabbit and the house have nothing to do with it," Stephen told him. "It's my *child*, you fool! You were pointing the rifle at my *child!*"

"But nothing *happened!*" said the shaggy-haired youth, shaking his head in puzzlement and protest. "I mean, like, if nothing's happened—"

"Something's going to happen now," Stephen told him quietly. "Here's what's going to happen. You and your friends are going to pack up and be out of here in five minutes. You are only going to have five minutes—d'you understand?—and if you are not, the lot of you, out of here for good in five minutes, I am going to make damn sure you'll be here when the state police arrive. Now get on your feet and get moving."

The shaggy-haired youth did as he was told and, still clutching the snowshoe hare, stumbled off down the driveway to the other house. A moment later, Stephen saw a curtain being parted in the kitchen window and a pair of disembodied faces looking out at him. Suddenly he felt immensely weary. Glancing at his watch, he leaned against the fender of his car and waited.



*"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most successful regional manager of computer-systems analysis in East Orange, New Jersey?"*

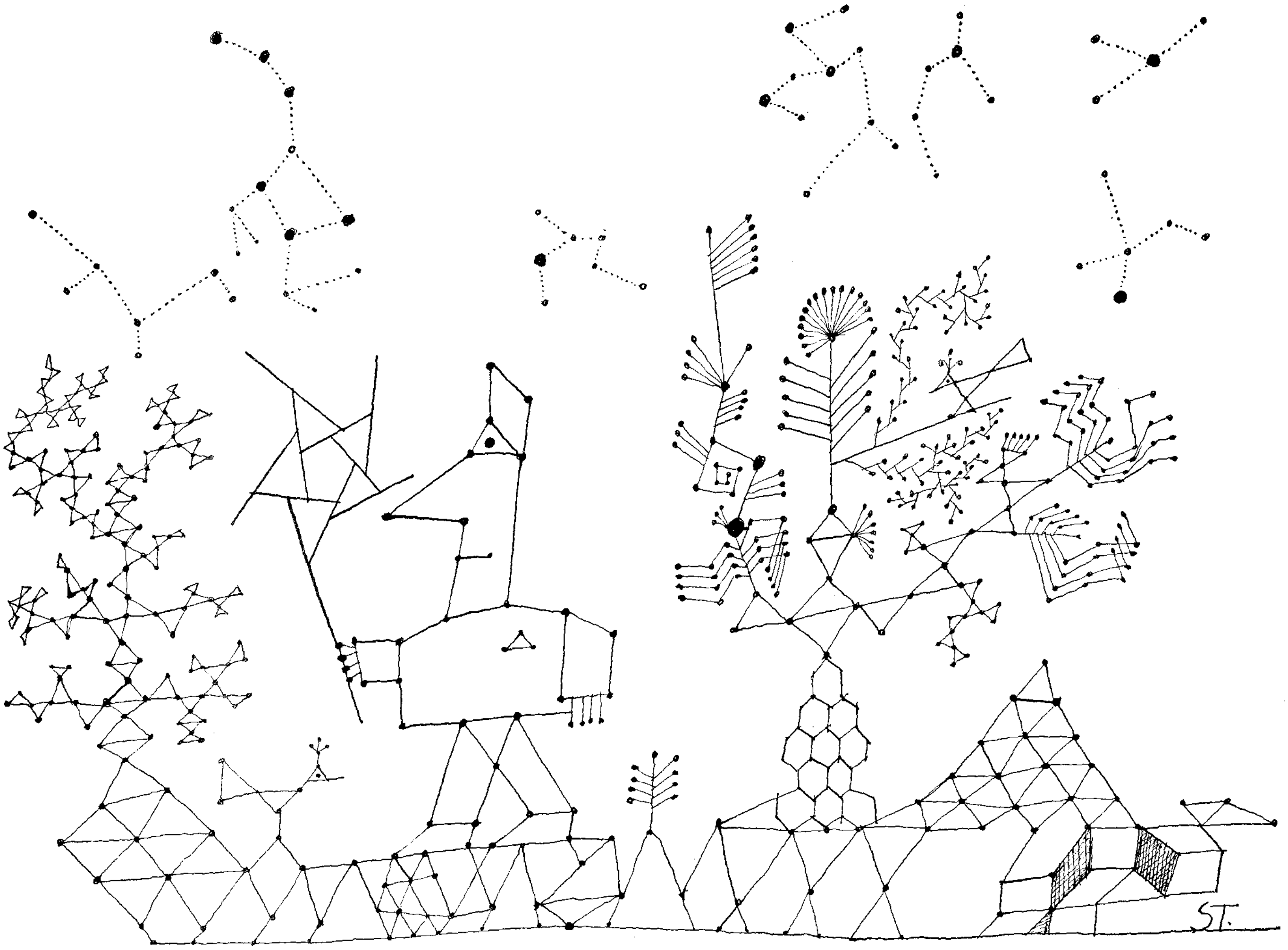
Five minutes later, the young men had finished packing the Volkswagen. Stephen watched them in silence as, casting nervous glances in his direction like hired men anxious to please, they threw the last of their belongings into the back of the car. He was struck by the idea that they, who had skied without fear, were now dancing to the macabre tune of his own fear, but he derived no satisfaction from it. Presently the red-headed youth came out of the house, closed the door behind him, and, picking up the hare from the porch, walked around the front of the car to the driver's side. At this point, he hesitated, as if debating with himself; then he tossed the hare into some bushes and looked toward Stephen. For several moments, he stood there, gazing at Stephen with profound reproach, as if what had happened between them was caused by a gulf of misunderstanding that was far too deep to ever be bridged. Then, with a sad shake of his head, he got in behind the wheel, started the engine, and drove away.

Leaning against his car, Stephen listened as the Volkswagen growled toward the valley in second gear. He continued listening until the sound of its engine faded into silence; then he turned and walked toward the house where Janice Pike, still holding the baby at the picture window, was looking out at him with horror and awe. He was thinking that he would not return the rifle to the other house until he and Marilyn and little Peter left for good. He was trembling slightly as he reached the door, but he did not know whether it was with the aftermath of rage or with a mixture of relief and regret. He told himself, however, that even now the shaggy-haired skiers were probably heading for some other mountain, where, bounding high into the air with arms outflung and whoops of joy, they would continue to escape from care.

—Paul Brodeur

# PROFILES

## IN THE OUTLAW AREA

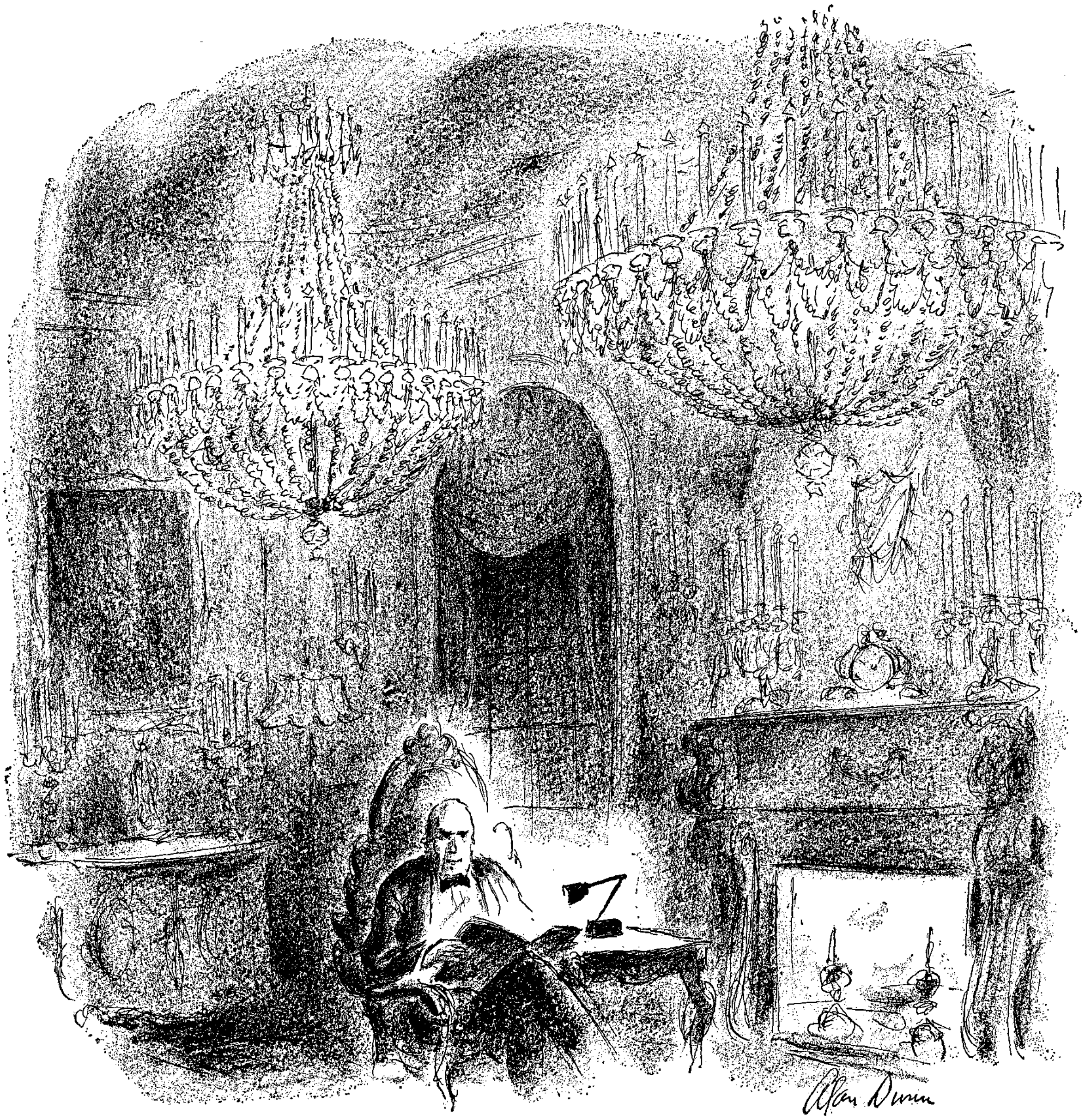


WHEN Richard Buckminster Fuller was in New Zealand a year ago, he spent several rewarding hours at the University of Auckland with a friend of his, a cultural anthropologist who also happens to be Keeper of the Chants of the people he belongs to, the Maoris. These chants go back more than fifty generations and constitute, in effect, an oral history of the Maoris, and Fuller, a man who is intensely interested in almost everything, undertook to persuade his friend that it was high time they were recorded on tape and made available to scholars, himself included. The anthropologist said that he had often thought of recording them, but that, according to an ancient tradition, the Keeper of the Chants was allowed to repeat them only to fellow-Maoris. Fuller thereupon launched into an extensive monologue. It was buttressed at every point by seemingly irrefutable data on tides, prevailing winds, boat design, mathematics, linguistics, archeology, architecture, and religion, and the gist of it was that the Maoris had been among the first peoples to discover the principles of celestial navigation, that they had found a way of sailing around the world from their base in the South Seas, and that they had done so a long, long time before any such voyages were commonly believed to have been made—at least ten thousand years ago, in fact. In conclusion, Fuller explained, with a straight face, that he himself had been a Maori, a few generations before the earliest chant, and that he had sailed off into the seas one day, lacking the navigational lore that gradually worked its way into the chants, and had been unable to find his way back, so that he had a personal interest in seeing that the chants got recorded. We have Fuller's assurance that the anthropologist is now engaged in recording all the chants, together with their English translations.

THE somewhat overwhelming effect of a Fuller monologue is well known today in many parts of the world, and while his claim to Maori ancestry must remain open to question, even that seems an oddly plausible conjecture. An association with the origins of circumnavigating the globe would be an ideal background for his current activities as an engineer, inventor, mathematician, architect, cartographer, philosopher, poet, cosmogonist, and comprehensive designer whose ideas, once considered wildly visionary, are now influential in so many countries that he averages a complete circuit of the globe each year in fulfillment of various lecture and teaching commitments. Fuller, who was seventy last July and whose vigor seems to increase with his years, gives every indication of enjoying to the hilt his more or less constant "toing and froing," as he calls it. He often points out that man was born with legs, not roots, and that his primary natural advantage as a species is mobility. Fuller has adapted himself so well to the extreme mobility of his present life that he considers it preposterous to be asked where he lives. A New Englander by birth and heritage, descended from eight generations of Boston clergymen and lawyers, he has had his official base of operations since 1959 in Carbondale, Illinois, where he is a professor at Southern Illinois University in what he has designated as the field of "design science," and where he and his wife occupy a plywood geodesic-dome house built according to the patented specifications of the best known and most successful of his many inventions. By agreement with the university, though, he spends only two months of the year, at most, in Carbondale, and much of that is in brief stopovers between jet flights to other cities, often on other continents. Perpetual mobility, he feels, is a perfectly satisfactory condition for a "world man," which is what he firmly believes all of us are rapidly becoming.

The worldwide enthusiasm for Fuller's ideas is by no means confined to university students, though they are currently his most fervent supporters. Professional mathematicians will undoubtedly question some of the premises of his "Energetic-Synergetic Geometry" when he finally gets around to publishing the definitive book on it that he has had in preparation for thirty-five years, but it is no longer possible to question the practical application of these same principles in such eminently satisfactory structures as the geodesic dome, which has been recognized as the strongest, lightest, and most efficient means of enclosing space yet devised by man. Over the last decade, moreover, scientists in other fields have been finding that Fuller's research into nature's geometry has anticipated some important discoveries of their own. Molecular biologists have now established that his mathematical formula for the design of the geodesic dome applies perfectly to the structure of the protein shell that surrounds every known virus. Several leading nuclear physicists are convinced that the same Fuller formula explains the fundamental structure of the atomic nucleus, and is thus the basis of all matter. As more and more people discover the comprehensive relevance of Fuller's ideas, he finds himself increasingly involved in all sorts of new areas. The government, for example, recently appointed him a "Distinguished Scientist" at the United States Institute of Behavioral Research, in Washington. While this sort of recognition is highly gratifying to one who has always been something of a maverick, working outside the scientific Establishment, it has come as no particular surprise to him. Fuller long ago reached the conclusion that nature has a basic coördinate system, and he has been convinced for a good many years that the discovery of that system would eventually reunite all the scientific disciplines.

To the younger generation, the most stimulating thing about Fuller is probably his exhilarating contention that we have arrived at the threshold of "an entirely new philosophical era of man on earth." For the first time in history, he argues, man has the ability to play a conscious, active role in his own evolution, and therefore to make himself a complete success in his environment. According to Fuller, this dazzling prospect was opened to us by Einstein's concept of energy as the basis of the universe. "Einstein shattered the Newtonian cosmos," he said recently. "In the famous first law of dynamics, Newton had said that a body persisted in a state of rest or constant motion except as it was affected by other bodies; he was assuming that the normal condition of all things was inertia. Einstein realized that all bodies were constantly being affected by other bodies, though, and this meant that their normal condition was not inertia at all but continuous motion and continuous change. The replacement of the Newtonian static



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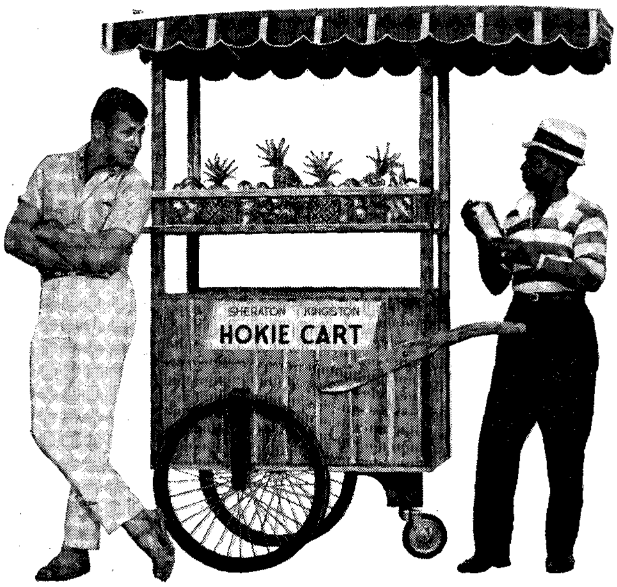

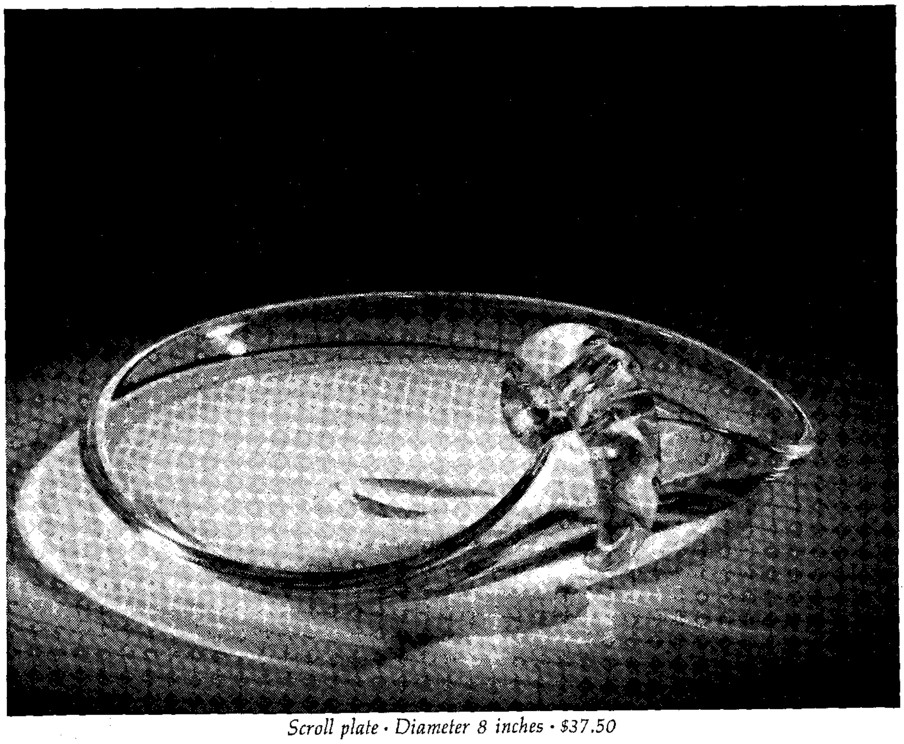

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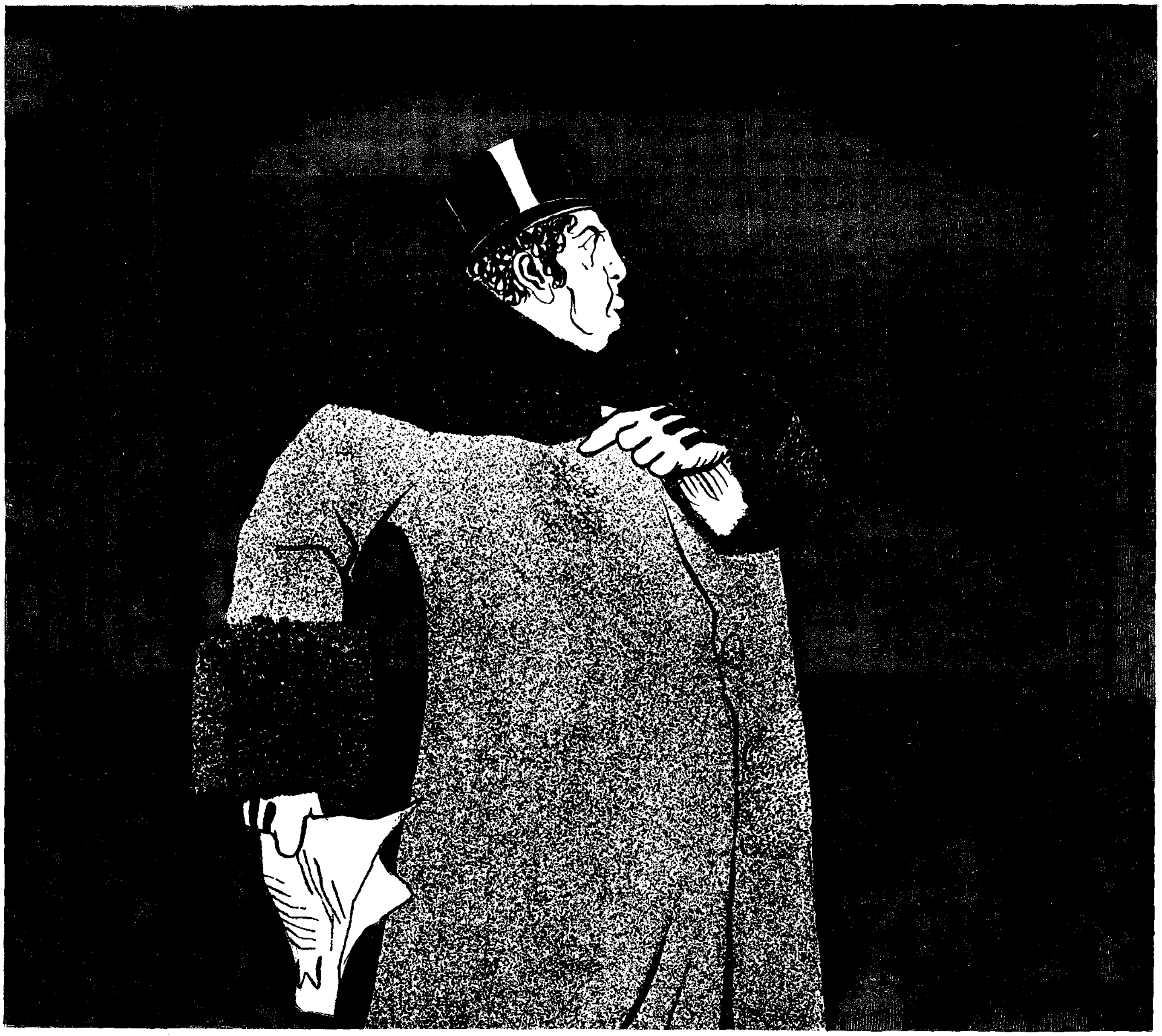
norm by the Einsteinian dynamic norm really opened the way to modern science and technology, and it's still the biggest thing that is happening at this moment in history."

More specifically, the new era was made possible by the phenomenal acceleration of science and technology in the twentieth century—a process that really began, Fuller says, during the First World War, when industry suddenly moved, in his words, "from the track to the trackless, from the wire to the wireless, from visible structuring to invisible structuring in alloys." A good example of this process can be found in the performance of chrome-nickel steel, an alloy that was used for the first time in the First World War, to make cannon barrels more durable; because of an invisible molecular pattern that is created when chromium, nickel, and iron are combined, the resultant alloy held up under conditions of intense heat that would have quickly melted all three of its components separately. Most of the major advances in science and technology since 1914 have been in this invisible realm, which Fuller calls "synergy"—a term that can be defined as the behavior of whole systems in ways unpredictable by the individual behavior of their sub-systems. So far, Fuller maintains, the newest technology has been applied principally to the development of military power, or weaponry, rather than to housing and education and other aspects of what he calls "livingry." Nevertheless, the shift of industry to the new invisible base has brought about such spectacular gains in over-all efficiency, such demonstrated ability to produce more and more goods and services from fewer and fewer resources, that mankind as a whole has inevitably profited. According to a statistical survey that Fuller made some years ago for *Fortune*, the proportion of all humanity enjoying the benefits of the highest technology had risen from less than six per cent in 1914 to twenty per cent in 1938. Today, Fuller places forty-four per cent of mankind in the category of technological "have"s, and it is his frequently stated conviction that by devoting a larger share of their industrial budget to world livingry the "have"s could very quickly bring the entire human race into contact with the highest technology, at which time the weighty problems that oppress us now—war, overpopulation, hunger, disease—would simply cease to exist.

To achieve this utopia, Fuller proposes a worldwide technological revolution. Such a revolution would not be



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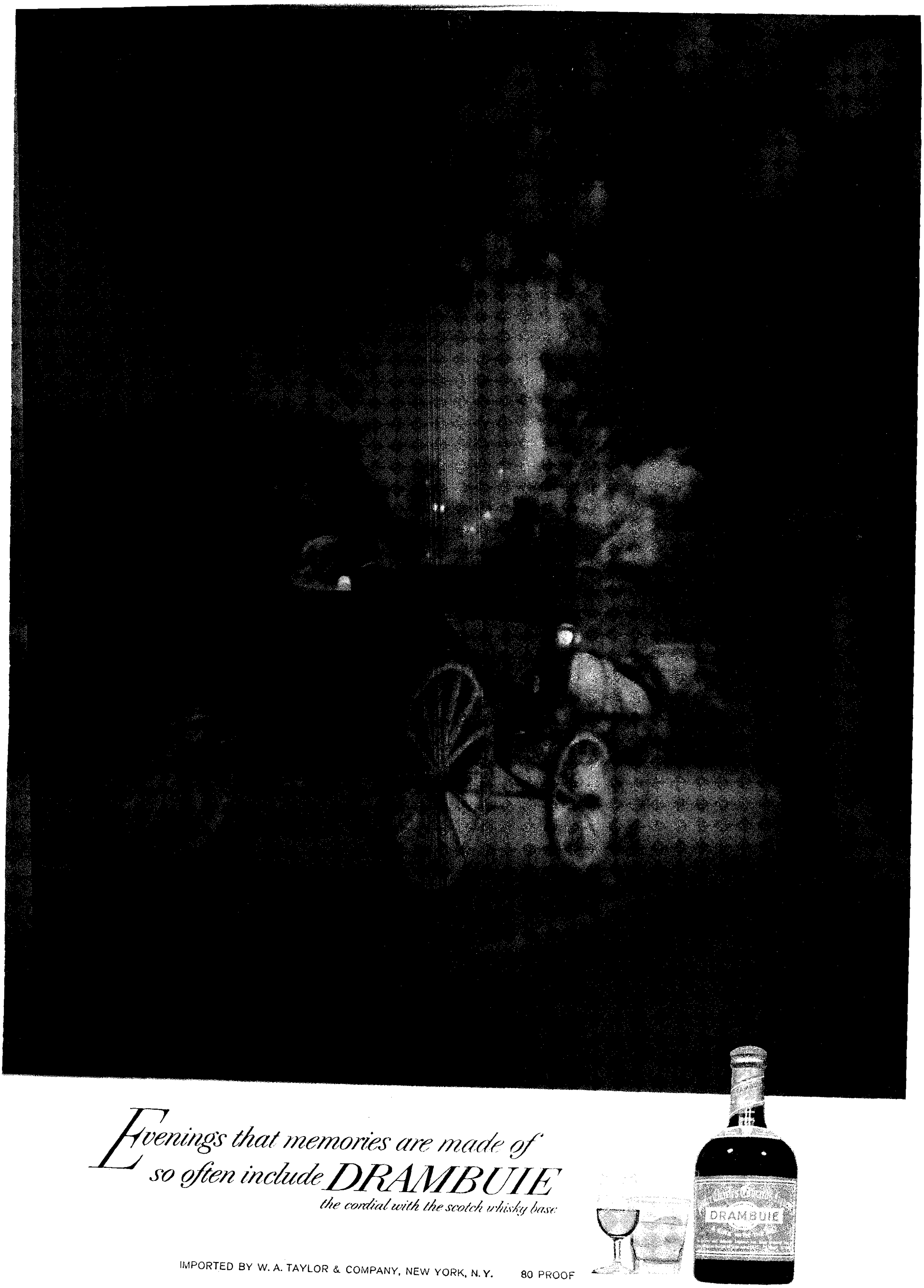
led by politicians, and, in fact, would take place quite independently of politics or ideology; it would be carried out primarily by what he calls "comprehensive designers," who would coordinate resources and technology on a world scale for the benefit of all mankind, and would constantly anticipate future needs while they found ever-better ways of providing more and more from less and less. One big question, of course, is whether the political and economic convulsions of the present era will allow the comprehensive designers time to carry out this kind of revolution. Fuller thinks that there is still time, but he also thinks that time is rapidly running out for humanity, and it is this belief that keeps him in virtually constant motion around the world, talking to students and training them to think comprehensively as they continue his search for nature's basic patterns.

IT is probably fitting that Fuller, as a true world man, should have no real home these days—or, rather, that he should feel at home wherever he happens to be. There is, however, one spot on the globe that comes reasonably close to being a fixed point in his life. Whenever possible, he tries to spend some part of each summer in Maine, on Bear Island, which has been owned by members of his family since 1904, and he has often referred to this place as the source of most of his ideas. "My teleological stimulation first grew out of boyhood experiences on a small island eleven miles off the mainland, in Penobscot Bay of the state of Maine," he writes of Bear Island in the first chapter of "Ideas and Integrities" (Prentice-Hall), a recent volume of essays that constitutes his intellectual autobiography. With this statement in mind, I wrote to Fuller last spring in England, where he was just completing a one-month visiting professorship in the Department of Architecture at Bristol University, to ask if I could spend a few days with him on Bear Island. He wrote back immediately, inviting me to select a date in August for my visit.

Bear Island, I knew, has been preserved in virtually the same state of development as when Fuller's grandmother bought it, in 1904—no telephone, no electricity, no running water—and this strikes some of Fuller's friends as an odd setting for a man whose life is devoted to making the highest technology serve a hundred per cent of humanity. At the same time, I thought, it could be an ideal



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*so often include* DRAMBUIE
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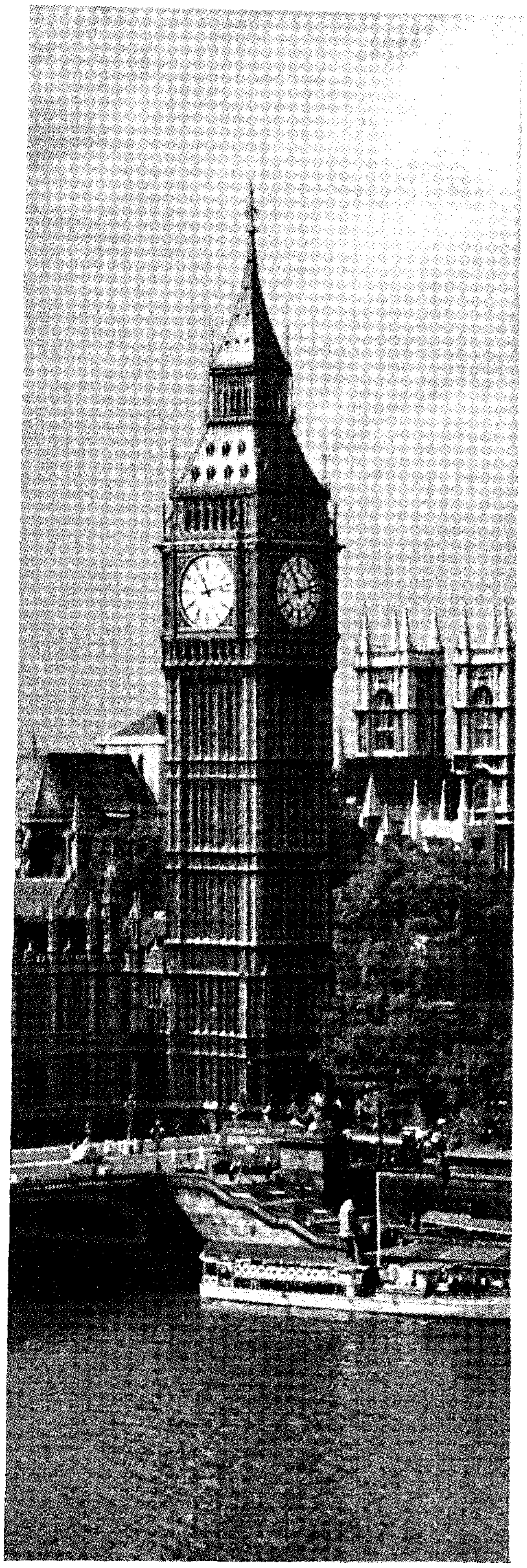

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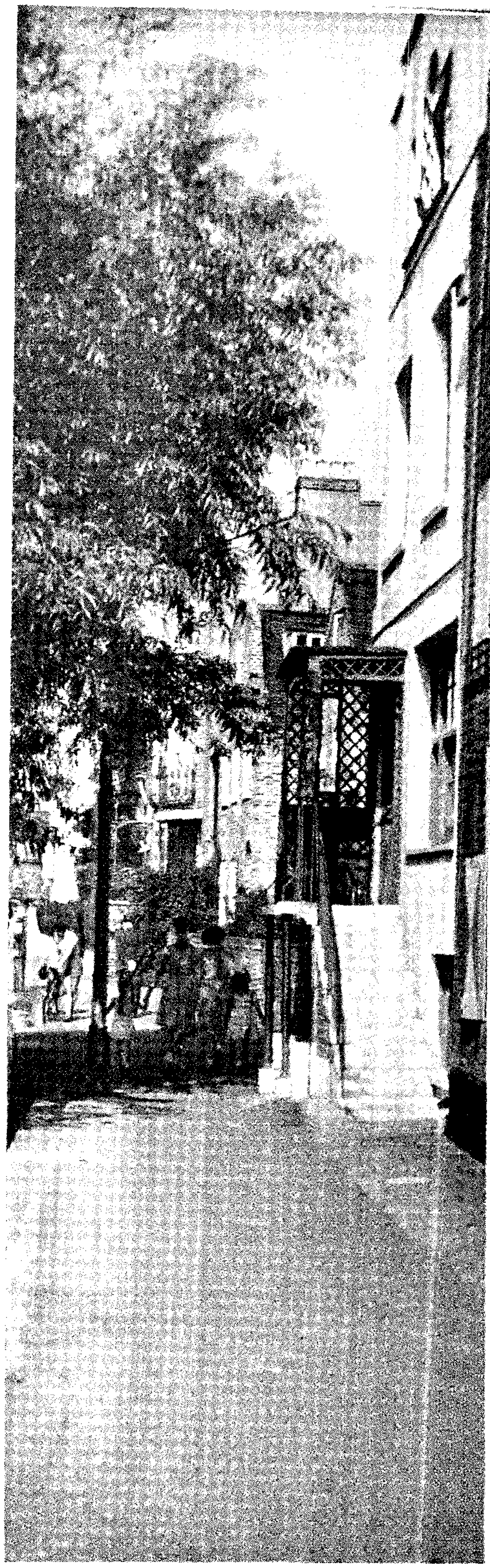
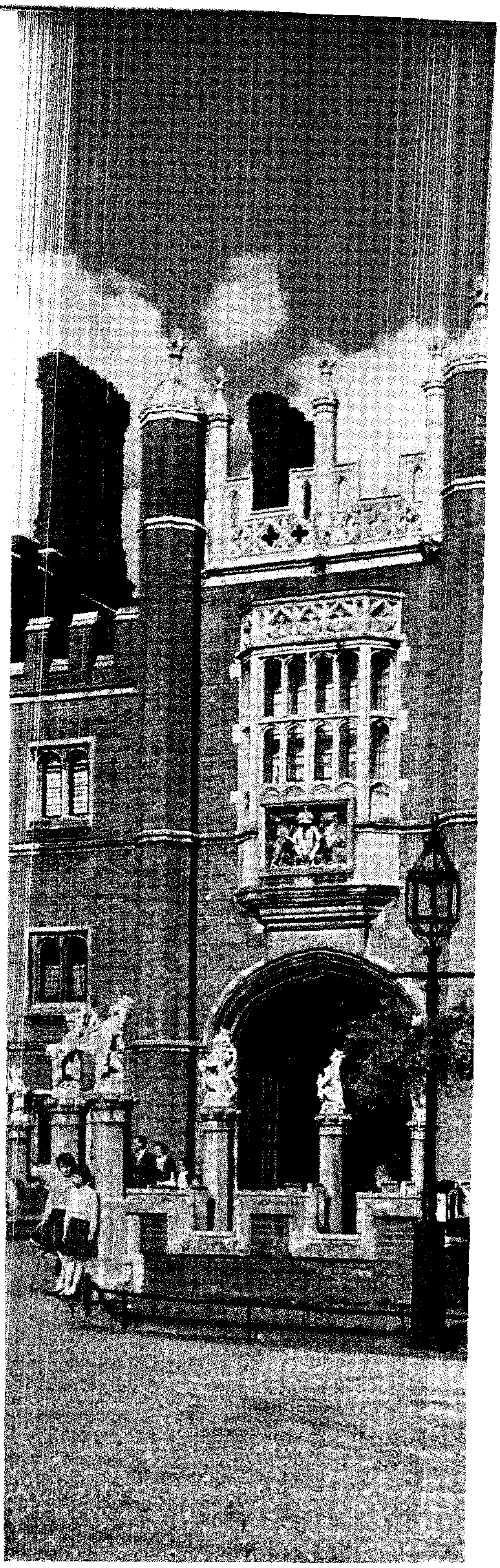


Strand-On-The-Green, one of London's riverside villages.



Hampton Court Palace, showing the Queen's heraldic "beasts."

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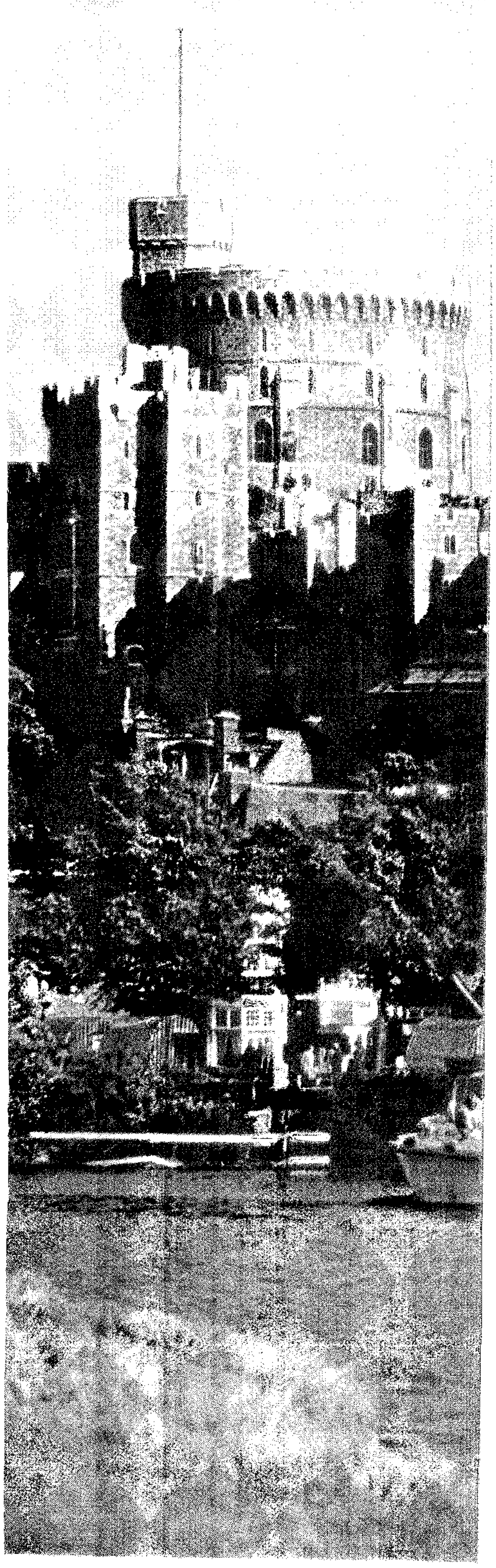
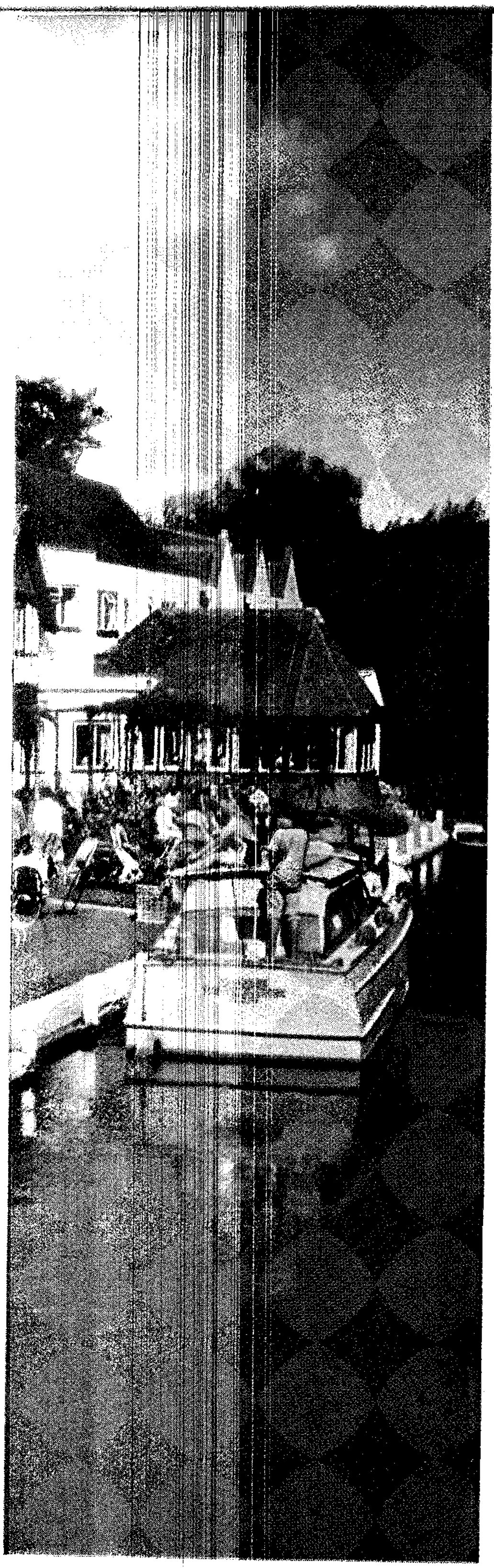


Windsor Castle, [illegible] castle in the world.



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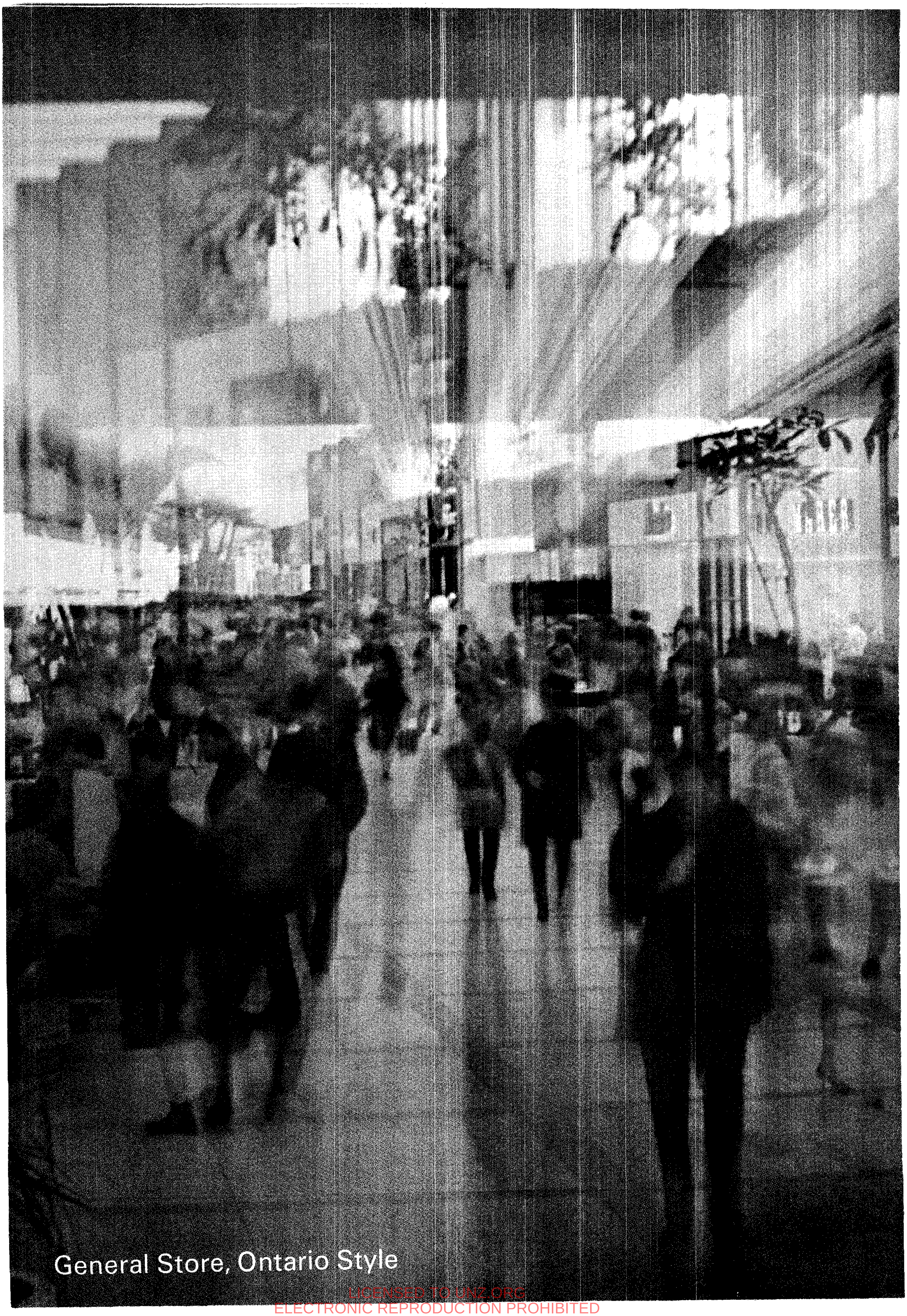
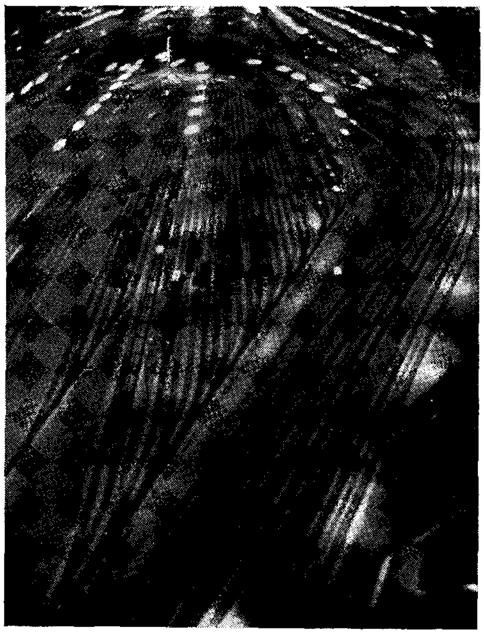


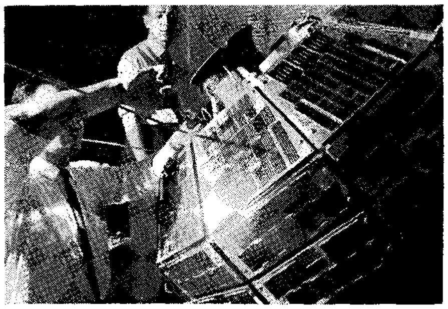
General Store, Ontario Style

# Americans who know us scoff at the myth that Ontario is a province of little shops. People come from all over the world to study our merchandising methods

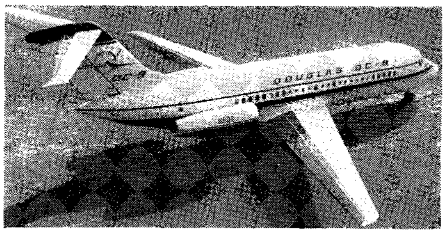
Let's scotch the rumour right now that Ontario, Canada, is a province of mines, trees and general stores. We are, in fact, an aggressive province with fast-growing cities joined by multi-laned freeways. And, although we are widely known for our pulp and paper, we are actually an industrial society (Gross Provincial Product almost $20,000,000,000). Perhaps a close look to the left will help prove our claim. You see a small portion of Yorkdale Plaza, *the world's largest indoor shopping centre.* Visitors come from all over the world to study the merchandising methods that help shopping complexes like this one grow. Some of the other things which make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity are pictured below.

Computers, radio, radar, teletype and old-fashioned gravity work together classifying cars in the world's most advanced freight handling facilities at the Canadian National Railways Toronto Yard. 6000 cars a day can be classified.

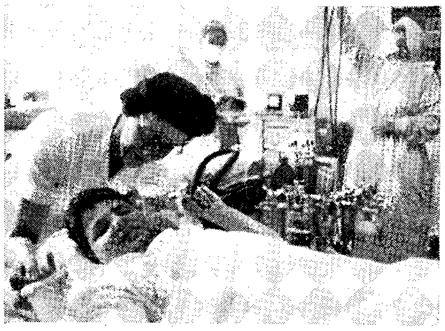




Canada's second satellite, Alouette B (pronounced Al-oo-et B), is now in orbit. Canada's first satellite, also made in Ontario, is still performing flawlessly after almost three years—exceeding even our own expectations. Interesting aside: the Gemini Space Capsule had antennae designed and built in Ontario.



The wings and tail assembly of the new Douglas DC-9 are made in Ontario. Many American firms demanding a high degree of technical skill shop in Ontario for components.



12-year-old Paul Kapsalis of Greece can walk for the first time in his life after a series of three operations performed at the Hospital for Sick Children—the world's largest centre for research in and treatment of children's diseases.

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setting for someone like Fuller, who has always been interested in finding out how nature really works. The island lies approximately in the middle of East Penobscot Bay, about twelve miles east of Camden. Visitors usually take a boat over from Camden, on the mainland, but I had been staying with friends farther Down East and had therefore arranged to come over from the town of Sunset, which is only five miles from Bear on Deer Isle and can be reached by bridge from the mainland. Fuller and several members of his household had spent the afternoon buying groceries and other provisions in Stonington, the nearest town of any size on Deer Isle, and I met them all on the Sunset dock. In addition to Fuller, there was Mrs. Alphonse Kenison, a younger sister of Fuller's, who has missed only three summers of her life at Bear Island, and who, more than anyone else, has kept the place going through the years; his niece Persis and her husband, Robert Alden, a young New York radio-network executive, and their two children; another niece, Persis's sister Lucilla Marvel, and two of *her* children; and Pearl Hardie, a Maine native who lives for much of the year on Bear Island, where he acts as caretaker of the half-dozen buildings on the island and man of all work, as his father did before him. For the first time in years, Fuller's wife, Anne, had not come to Bear Island this year; she was visiting their daughter, Mrs. Robert Snyder, in California.

Fuller put down a carton of canned goods he had been carrying, and came to greet me, smiling warmly and exposing what looked like a recently chipped front tooth. He is a rather stocky man, powerfully built, and with a massive squarish head and a stubble of white hair cut so short that it stands straight up, and he looked, I thought, about twenty years younger than someone who had celebrated his seventieth birthday the month before had any business looking. His face was almost unlined, and it was also deeply tanned from a recent Aegean cruise. Somewhat heavy features and owlish eyes, magnified enormously by thick lenses, which he has worn since boyhood, can make him appear a bit severe, and at times even forbidding, but that impression is immediately dispelled by his open, toothy, and utterly ingenuous smile.

Fog began rolling in as we finished loading the supplies aboard a motor launch, which was operated by Mr. Hardie, and by the time we had left Sunset Harbor, it was too thick for us to see much of Penobscot Bay. During

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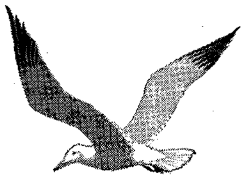

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the trip over, though, Fuller enthusiastically identified each landmark as it materialized through the mist. "There's Eagle," he told me, pointing out a large, wooded island. "And there's John Quinn's boarding house, where we stayed that first summer of 1904—the summer my father fell in love with Bear Island and talked his mother-in-law into buying it for the whole family. Nothing changes here, you see—that house looks exactly the same as it did then. I really think if my grandmother were to come back tomorrow she'd recognize almost everything." He went on to say that his grandmother, Caroline Wolcott Andrews, had also bought two neighboring islands, Compass and Little Spruce Head, which formed part of the same deed, but that it was on Bear, with its fine natural harbor, that they had built a large house in 1905, bringing in all the necessary materials and labor from Boston aboard the schooner Polly, a hundred-year-old vessel that had served as a privateer in the War of 1812. "I used to row over to Eagle and back every day for the mail when I was a boy here," Fuller said. "Four miles a day, often in very bad weather. It made me awfully tough—something I've never lost, by the way."

Although he scarcely looked it, Fuller admitted to me that he was feeling a little run down at the moment. His schedule had been particularly demanding lately, and he had arrived only the day before—several days later than he had planned. From Bristol he had gone to Paris, to address an international assembly of architectural students, and from there to Athens, where he took part in a symposium sponsored by Constantinos Doxiadis, the Greek city planner, on board a chartered cruise ship; then he had flown back to the United States for a round of engagements, the most recent of which had been a conference at Princeton on how to improve the level of scientific education in the nation's secondary schools. Fuller told me that for the first time in his life—perhaps because he had turned his ankle rather badly one evening on the Greek yacht while dancing the Twist—he had actually begun to feel his age. "I gained twenty pounds on this last trip," he added confidentially. "It's one of the really big problems on this kind of schedule—big, rich dinners everywhere, and all that airline food. I really need a few weeks of this Bear Island atmosphere."

Approaching Bear Island in the fog, we could catch only occasional glimpses of its rocky shoreline. The island is

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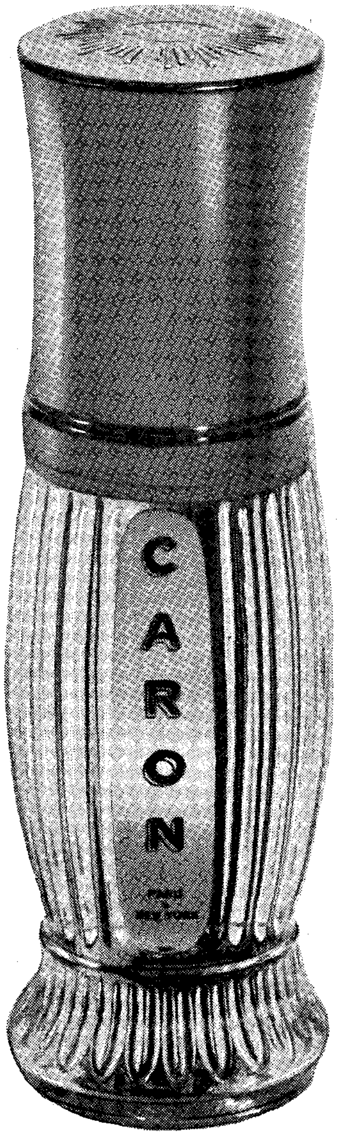

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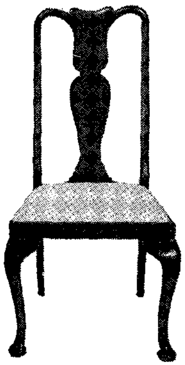
about a mile long and half a mile wide, and is heavily wooded with spruce, pine, and white birch. Rounding the northernmost point, where the land rises sharply to a high bluff, we caught sight of the shingled roof of a large house, and a minute or so later Fuller pointed to an opening in the trees where we could just make out the shadowy arcs of an unfinished geodesic dome that had been, I was told, a family summer work project two years before. "I think it's marvellous coming in with the fog this way," Fuller said as we nosed slowly into the quiet harbor. "With any luck, it will clear tomorrow, and then you'll be able to see where you are. We have a seventy-five-mile sweepout here, so there's quite a lot to see." (Like many other unfamiliar words that crop up in Fuller's casual conversation, "sweepout" is a term borrowed from one of the scientific disciplines—in this case, astronomy; he used it to mean the range of activity that the eye could take in on all sides of Bear Island on a clear day.)

On the dock to meet the boat were a number of small children, most of them members of Mr. Hardie's family, and several adults, including Mrs. Leslie Gibson, another niece of Fuller's, and Professor Sidney Rosen, from the University of Illinois, and his wife. Professor Rosen, a science teacher who also writes biographies of great scientists for young readers, had been assigned by his publisher to write one of Fuller, and he was there to gather material for it. All the small children immediately began clamoring for Fuller's attention. (They all called him Uncle Bucky, and I have observed that nearly all adults who have spent more than five minutes with him find it natural to call him Bucky.) He had to ask the children to repeat their questions several times into his ear, which he cupped patiently with one hand—his hearing, damaged during the First World War, has deteriorated quite a bit in recent years. This difficulty did not appear to discourage the children in the least, or to make even the youngest ones shy of him. After a certain amount of confusion, the supplies were transferred from the launch to a weathered jeep driven by Fuller's sister, Mrs. Kenison, and the rest of us walked up to the main house, on the bluff.

WHEN most of us had assembled in the big house before dinner, Fuller came downstairs carrying a large blue bullhorn, which he had purchased during his stay in England. He explained that he had found it a great



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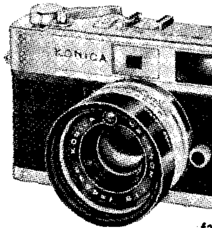

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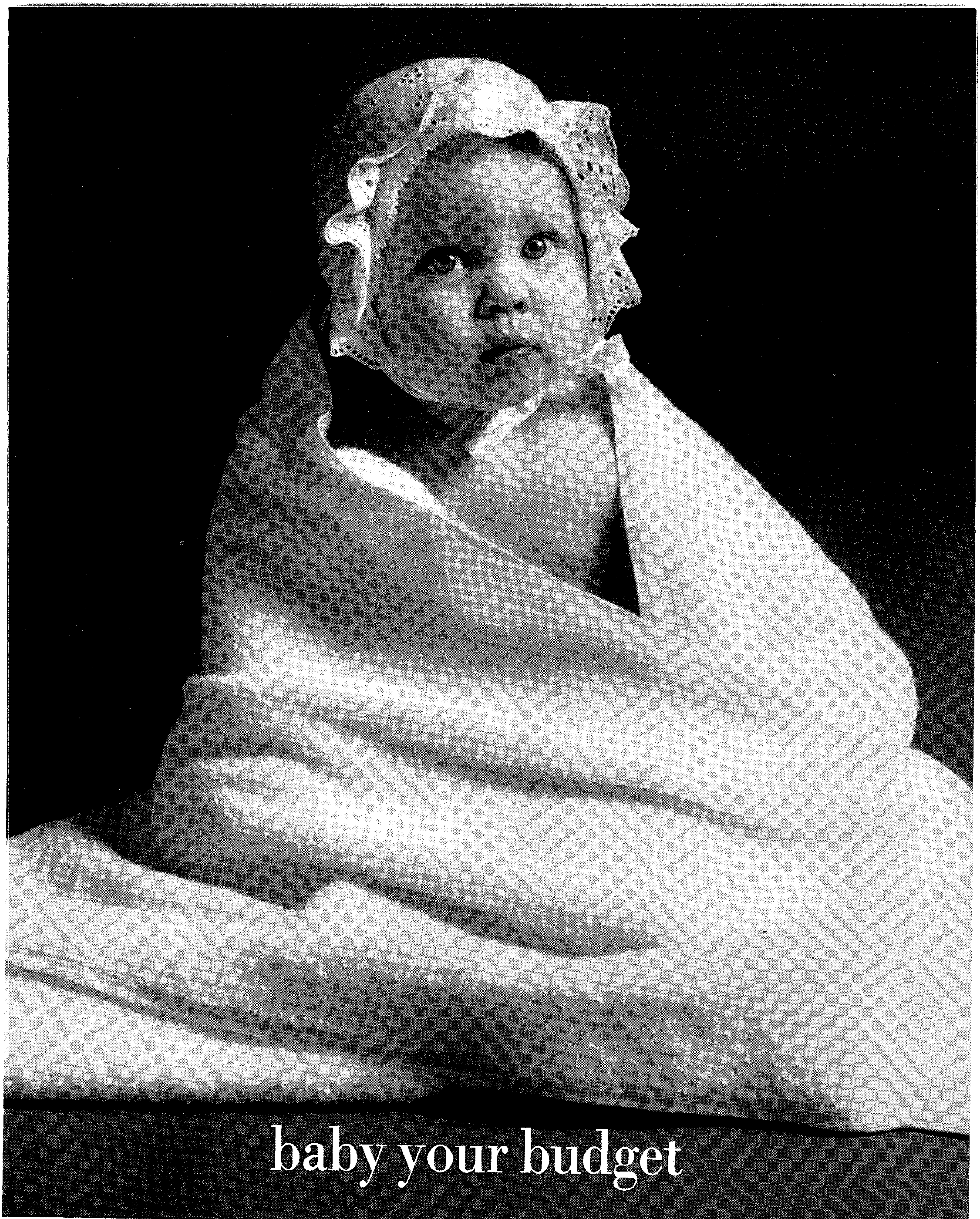

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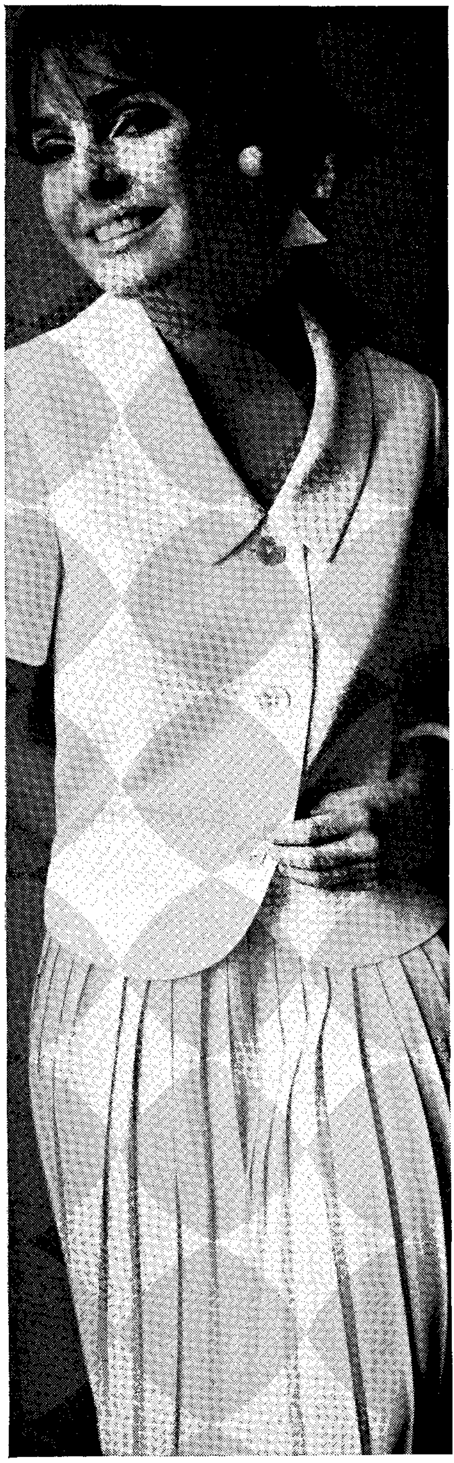
boon at conferences and seminars, where he used it not as a loudspeaker but as a directional antenna; the horn had an electronic amplifier that worked both ways, he said, and by pointing the cone at a speaker across the room, holding the voice box near his good ear, and pressing the amplifier button, he could hear perfectly. "I used to be a real menace at conferences," he told us. "I had to have everything repeated. People kept telling me I should get a hearing aid, but, you see, I've tried that several times, and it has convinced me that nobody really knows anything about how we hear. Hearing aids are non-selective—they just amplify *all* sounds. But I hear some sounds perfectly well—maybe even better than you do—and when those are amplified for me, it's actually painful. With this marvellous device, though, I can be selective. I can pick up sounds just by pointing." He held the horn to one ear and pointed it at Professor Rosen, across the room. "Say something in your normal voice, Sidney," he demanded. Rosen said something too low for me to catch. Fuller said he could hear him perfectly. He passed the bullhorn around the room, so that everyone could try it out, and he slung it around his neck on a white cord when we went to dinner, which was served, like all meals at Bear Island, a few hundred feet from the main house in a farmer's cottage that was on the property when Fuller's grandmother bought it. It turned out that there was not enough room at the crowded table to use the bullhorn comfortably, so he soon gave up trying. The sound of many voices reflected off a low ceiling apparently made it almost impossible for Fuller to hear what anyone said, and, sitting at one end of the table watching the others but taking little part in the conversation, he looked, in the flickering light of kerosene lamps, a little sombre and withdrawn.

When dinner was over, though, he suggested to Professor Rosen and me that we stay on at the table and listen to a few things he had to tell us. As I knew from previous meetings, there is no such thing as an ordinary conversation with Fuller. One question is enough to set him talking for an hour or more, and often a question is not even necessary. His talk follows a process that the cyberneticists call "positive feedback," in that each idea sets off a whole flock of related ideas in something like geometric progression; Fuller seems never to have forgotten anything he ever knew, and his command of statistical detail is awe-



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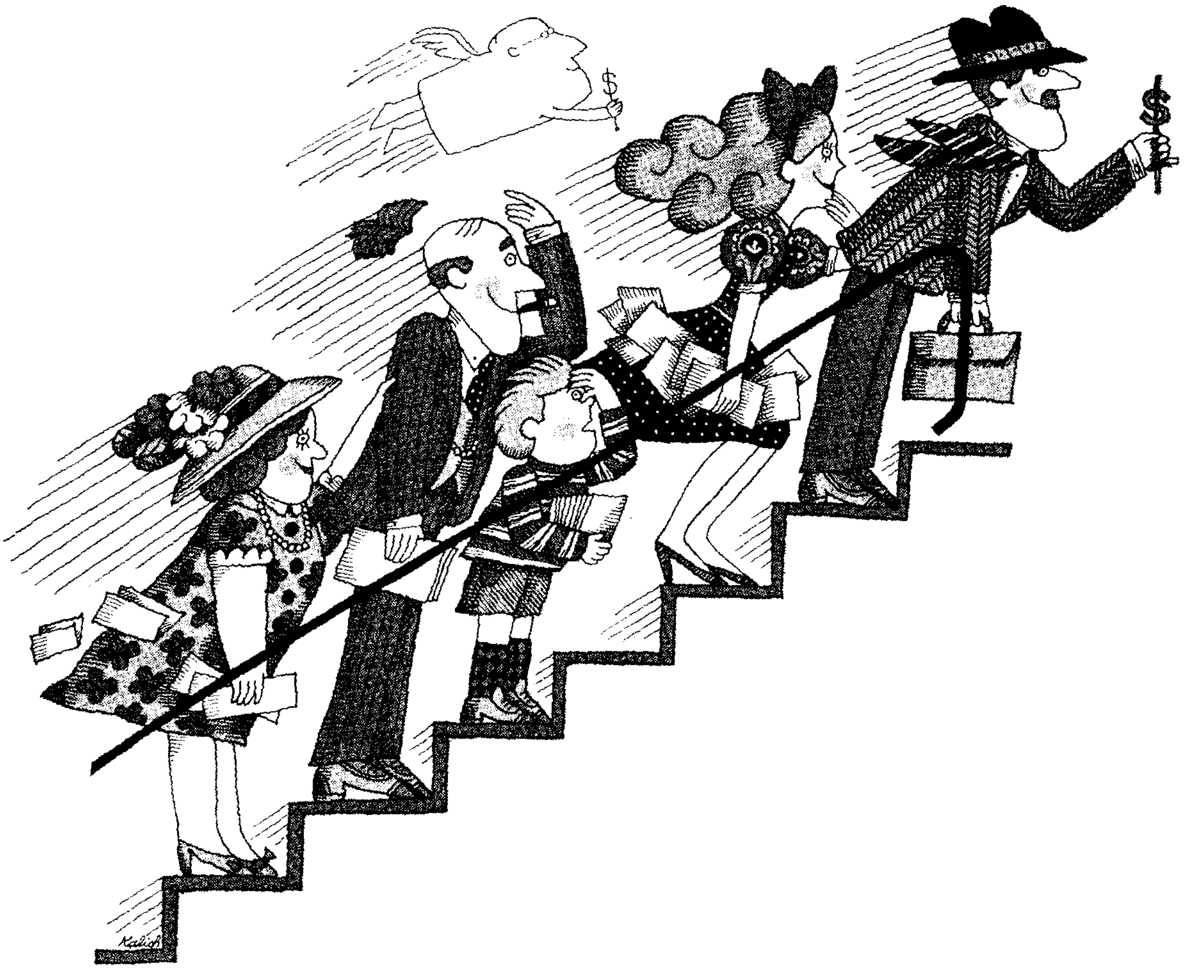

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inspiring. Perhaps the most amazing aspect of these monologues is that, no matter how long and labyrinthine the digressions that crop up along the way, he invariably returns sooner or later to the primary subject of his discourse, and everything turns out to have been relevant. On that particular evening, he talked for a little longer than three hours. His voice gathered strength and momentum as he went along, and he could clearly have continued for another three hours if his listeners had been up to it. The main subject was his own system of mathematics, which he has been evolving for nearly half a century, and which underlies all his work in other fields.

Fuller began by telling us about meeting C. P. Snow in England two years ago. He said he was sympathetic to Snow's view that there is a gap between the "two cultures"—the sciences and the humanities—but he did not agree that this gap had been caused by a spontaneous aversion to industrialization on the part of literary men. In Fuller's opinion, scientists had caused it. Soon after the discovery of electromagnetics, in the nineteenth century, he said, scientists had decided that because electrical energy was invisible, it could not be represented to the layman in the form of models, and so they had decided to stop trying to explain what they were doing in terms that the layman could understand. "That's really the great myth of the nineteenth century," he said. "I told Snow the basic reason for the split was that science gave up models."

Having made sure that this point was firmly established, Fuller set off on a survey of his self-education in mathematics. "At Milton Academy, in Massachusetts, where I went to school, I just loved mathematics," he said. "I found I could get A in it whether or not they liked my face. I was severely cross-eyed then, and not a favorite student ever, and I really believed I was getting bad marks in my other subjects because the teachers didn't like me. But they couldn't do that in mathematics. At the same time, there were certain things that the mathematics teacher was saying and doing that I didn't think were really valid, but it was a game you could learn to play, and you could do it right and get your A. For example, we'd been taught fractions, and one day the teacher—it was a woman—said, 'I am now going to teach you a better way. It's called decimals.' She didn't say why she hadn't shown us the better way to begin with. She showed us

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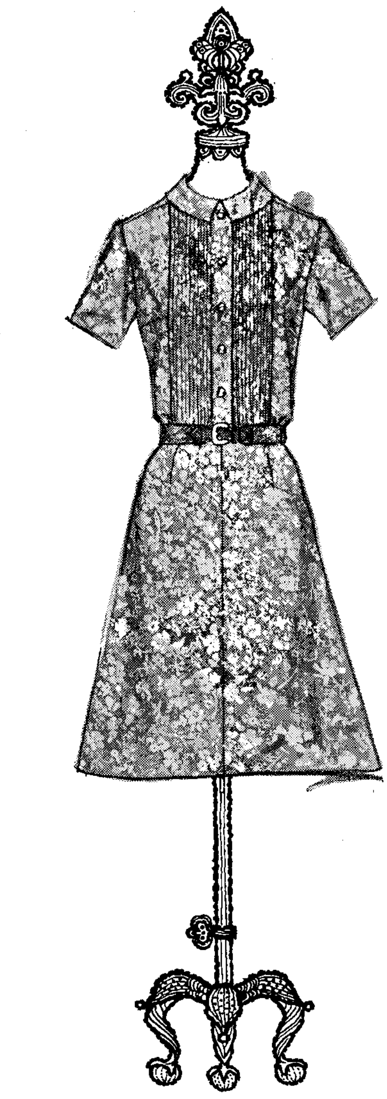

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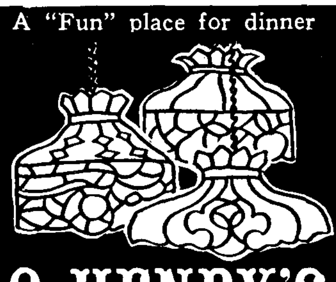

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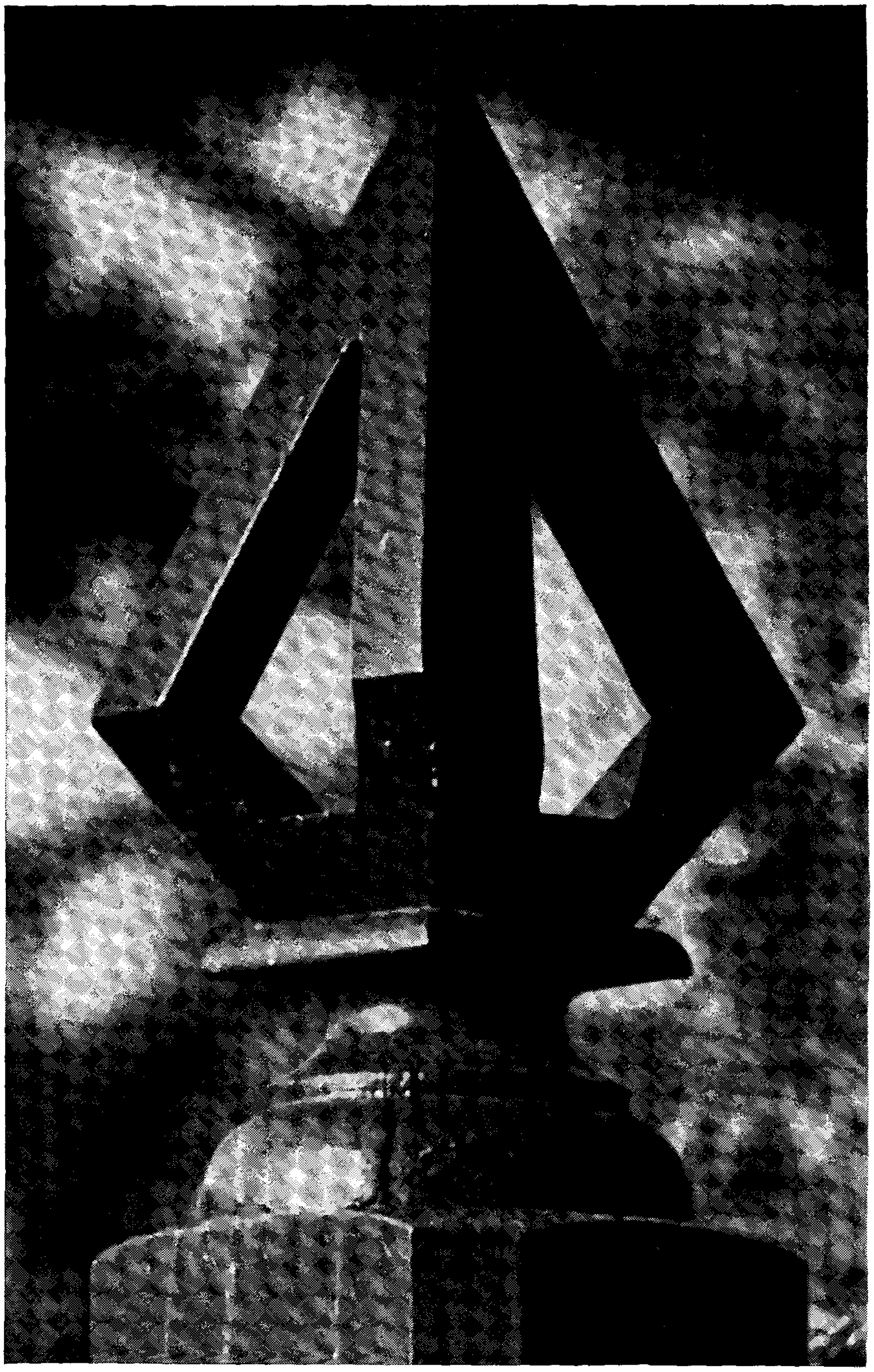
that an eighth is point one two five, and a quarter is point two five, and a third is point three three three, and so on with threes, out the window and over the hill. I noticed that some of these numbers went out the window and others stayed in the classroom, and I didn't think she really knew what she was talking about. I thought she was very pretty and appealing, and if that's the way she wanted to play the game, I'd play it her way, because I'd been brought up to believe that adults knew all the answers and that you were just supposed to shut up and learn, but I also thought she wasn't on any very profound team.

"Later on, we came to geometry. The teacher made a point on the blackboard, then erased it and said, 'That doesn't exist.' She made a row of points, and said, 'That's a line, and it doesn't exist, either.' She made a number of parallel lines and put them together to form a plane, and said it didn't exist. And then she stacked the planes one on top of the other, so that they made a cube, and she said that existed. I wondered how you could get existence out of nonexistence to the third power. It seemed unreasonable. So I asked her, 'How old is it?' The teacher said I was just being facetious. I asked her what it weighed and I asked how hot it was, and she got angry. The cube just didn't have anything that I thought was existence, but I thought I was probably being unfriendly, and so I shut up. I got A's in all my science work, and when I got to Harvard I didn't go on with mathematics, because it was so easy—just a sort of game you played. I thought I'd take something really difficult, like government or English.

"I was kicked out of Harvard. I spent my whole year's allowance in one week, and I cut classes and went out quite deliberately to get into trouble, and so naturally I got kicked out. I was sent to work in a factory in Canada making cotton-mill machinery, and I did very well there. It was a very important phase of my life, for I met shop foremen and machinists, and got to know a lot about their tools and about metals in general. I did so well that Harvard decided I was really a good boy and took me back the following year, but obviously I couldn't stay at Harvard very long. [In his autobiography, Fuller wrote that what really bothered him at Harvard was the social institutions.] So I cut classes and got fired again. This time, I enlisted in the Navy, where again I began to do very well. Well, one day in 1917 I was



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standing on the deck of my ship looking back at the wake—it was all white because of the bubbles—and I began wondering idly how many bubbles there were back there. Millions, obviously. I'd learned at school that in order to make a sphere, which is what a bubble is, you employ pi, and I'd also learned that pi is an irrational number. To how many places, I wondered, did frustrated nature factor pi? And I reached the decision right at that moment that nature didn't use pi. I said to myself, 'I think nature has a different system, and it must be some sort of arithmetical-geometrical coördinate system, because nature has all kinds of models.' What we experience of nature is in models, and all of nature's models are so beautiful. It struck me that nature's system must be a real beauty, because in chemistry we find that the associations are always in beautiful whole numbers—there are no fractions. And if nature can accomplish all those associations in beautiful whole numbers to make all her basic structures, I thought, then the system will turn out to be a coördinate system and it will be very, very simple. And I decided then, in 1917, that what I'd like to do was to find nature's geometry."

Instead of using points and lines and planes, which had no objective existence, Fuller decided to see what would happen if he started with vectors, or lines of force, which had appealed to him very much when he studied Galileo's diagram of forces in school. He liked vectors tremendously, he said, because they were descriptions of actual physical events. "Your vector has a length that is proportionate to the product of the velocity times the mass," he explained. "Vectors represent energy events, and they are discrete. All my geometry would therefore be discrete geometry, and you wouldn't have to worry about infinity and things going out the window all the time. I was interested in exploring a geometry of vectors, which always represent energy events and actions in respect to other energy events and actions. The vector has velocity, and time is a function of velocity, so such a geometry would automatically have a time dimension. The *qualities I had wanted in* the Greek cube which the Greek cube didn't have—of heat and weight and age, and so forth—would be implicit in the velocity and the mass that would be translated into energy. . . . Can you fellows go on taking this, or are you getting too tired? You're going to get awfully sleepy in this Bear Island atmosphere."

"No, no," Professor Rosen said. "We're fine."

What followed was a detailed account of the mathematical steps by which Fuller, through his study of vectors, came to the conclusion that nature's geometry must be based on triangles. "The triangle is a set of three energy events getting into critical proximity, so that each one with minimum effort stabilizes the opposite angle," he said. "Now, I found that a quadrilateral—a square, for example—will not hold its shape. No rubber-jointed polygon holds its shape except one that is based on the triangle. So I said, 'I think all nature's structuring, associating, and patterning must be based on triangles, because there is no structural validity otherwise.' *This is nature's basic structure, and it is modellable.*"

Fuller had been picking up steam right along, and by this time he was talking very rapidly. Pausing to take a Japanese felt-tipped pen from his pocket, he proceeded to illustrate the next phase of the lecture with vigorous drawings on a white pad. "Now, if I'm going to subdivide the universe with triangles, how many triangles will it take to give me a system that will have both an inside and an outside?" he asked. "I found that two triangles just fall back on each other and become congruent. I found that it takes a minimum of three triangles around a point. When you put in three triangles, with three common sides, around a point, they form a fourth triangle at the base and what you get is a tetrahedron. We know that nature always does things in the simplest and most efficient way, and structures based on tetrahedrons are the structures that nature uses—these are the only babies that count. All the metals are made up of some form of tetrahedron. All the other shapes you find in nature are only transformable states of the tetrahedron. This is what nature is really *doing*.

"All right, getting back to Snow, then, I showed him how I could make *a model of any of nature's structural* relationships by using triangulation as the basis. Everything was now back in modellable form, I told him. And soon after that Snow said on the radio that he believed that the chasm between the

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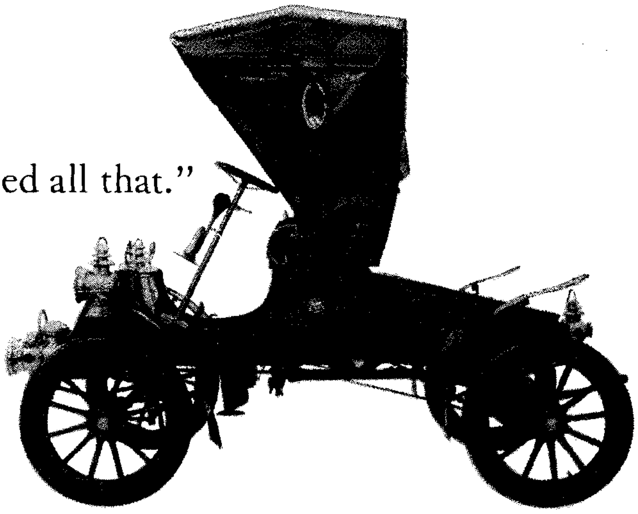
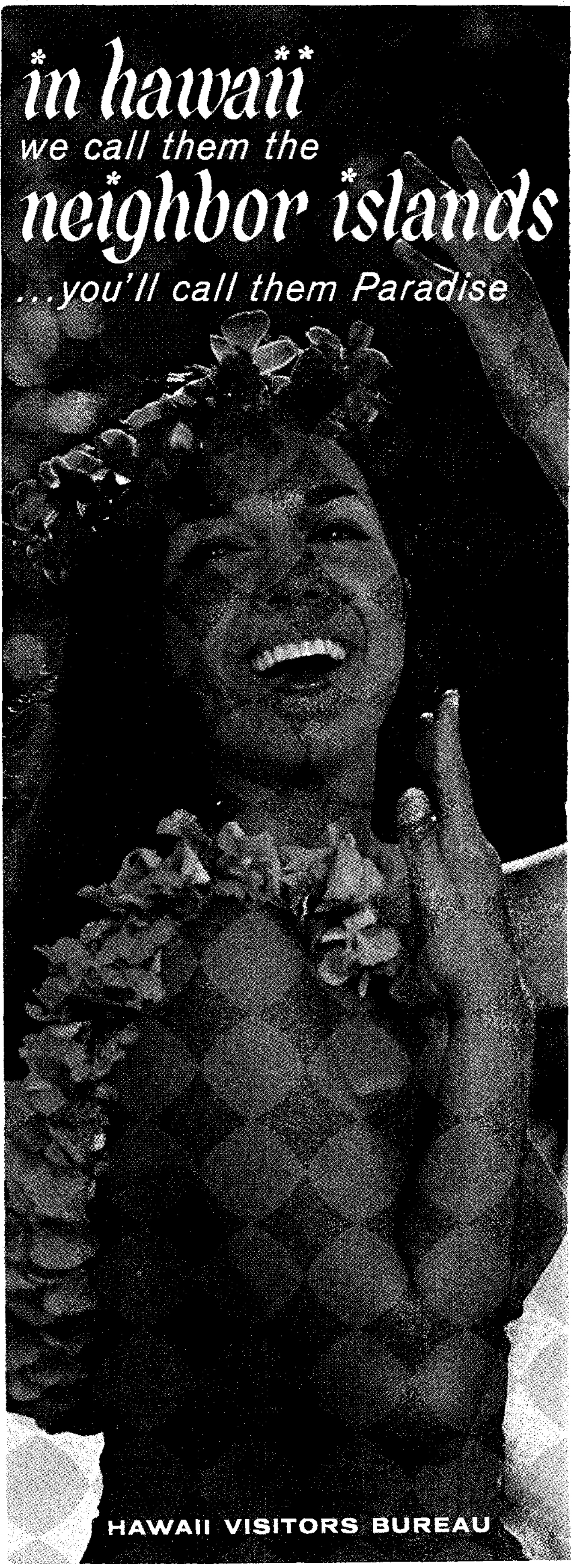


"And to think I started all that."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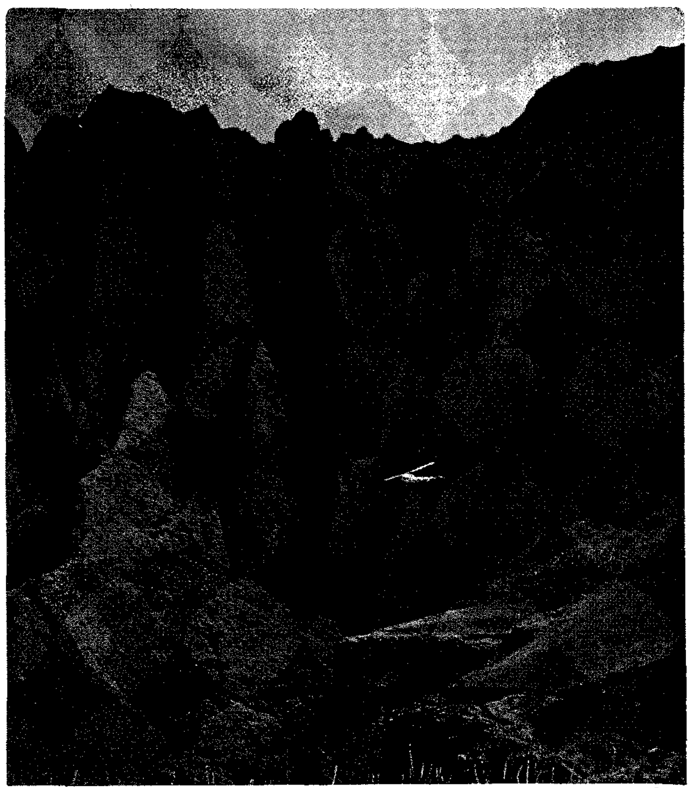

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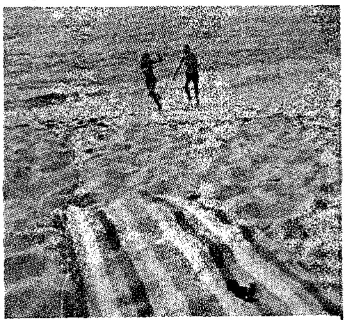

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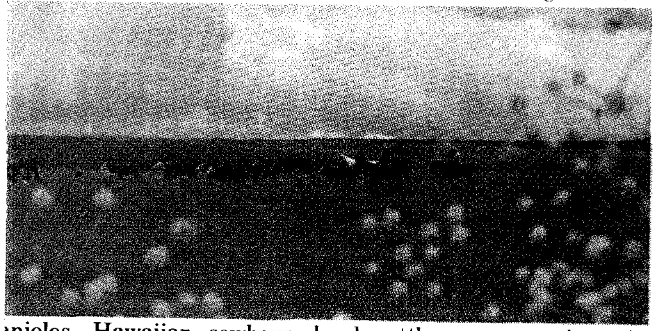

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sciences and the humanities could be closed—that the conceptual bridge had been found."

A gust of wind buffeted the cottage, throwing open the doors on both sides and scattering the loose sheets of paper that Fuller had torn from the pad. It was eleven o'clock. When the doors had been secured again, Fuller poured himself a cup of tea from a large pot he had been working on ever since dinner. It was quite clear that the Bear Island atmosphere was not making *him* sleepy. He talked for a while about the immense changes that were taking place in the world, and how the really significant developments were going on quite independently of politics, and this brought him to the subject of the fourth Dartmouth Conference, held in Russia the previous summer, which he had attended.

"The Dartmouth Conference was instituted several years ago," he explained. "The first one was held at Dartmouth College, and this one, the fourth, was in Leningrad. It's supposed to be a meeting of prominent Soviet and American citizens, in a wide variety of different fields, to talk over any and all problems. There were twenty-one Russians at our last meeting and sixteen Americans, and that's the way it's been right along—the Russians have been more thorough in appointing people from all parts of their society, most of them the top men in their field. We had some very exciting people, though. We had Paul Dudley White—the Russians told me they considered White the world's greatest cardiologist, and that they trusted him more than any other American; the poor man is so trusted by both sides that he hardly has any time to himself anymore—and we had James Michener and John Kenneth Galbraith and David Rockefeller. One of the Russians got up during a seminar and said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, I'm an old Bolshevik, and I must say you're very different from what I'd always thought of as a capitalist.' They liked him very much. It was a wonderful meeting, and it was decided that it would end with a prognostication by a Russian and a prognostication by an American.

"We had talked very frankly and freely, and we were all somewhat aghast to find that whatever we wanted to do or thought should be done about the problems between us would inevitably be defeated by the bureaucracies on both sides. The Russians, though, were convinced that they had one fundamental advantage over us. They kept saying, 'We have a single-

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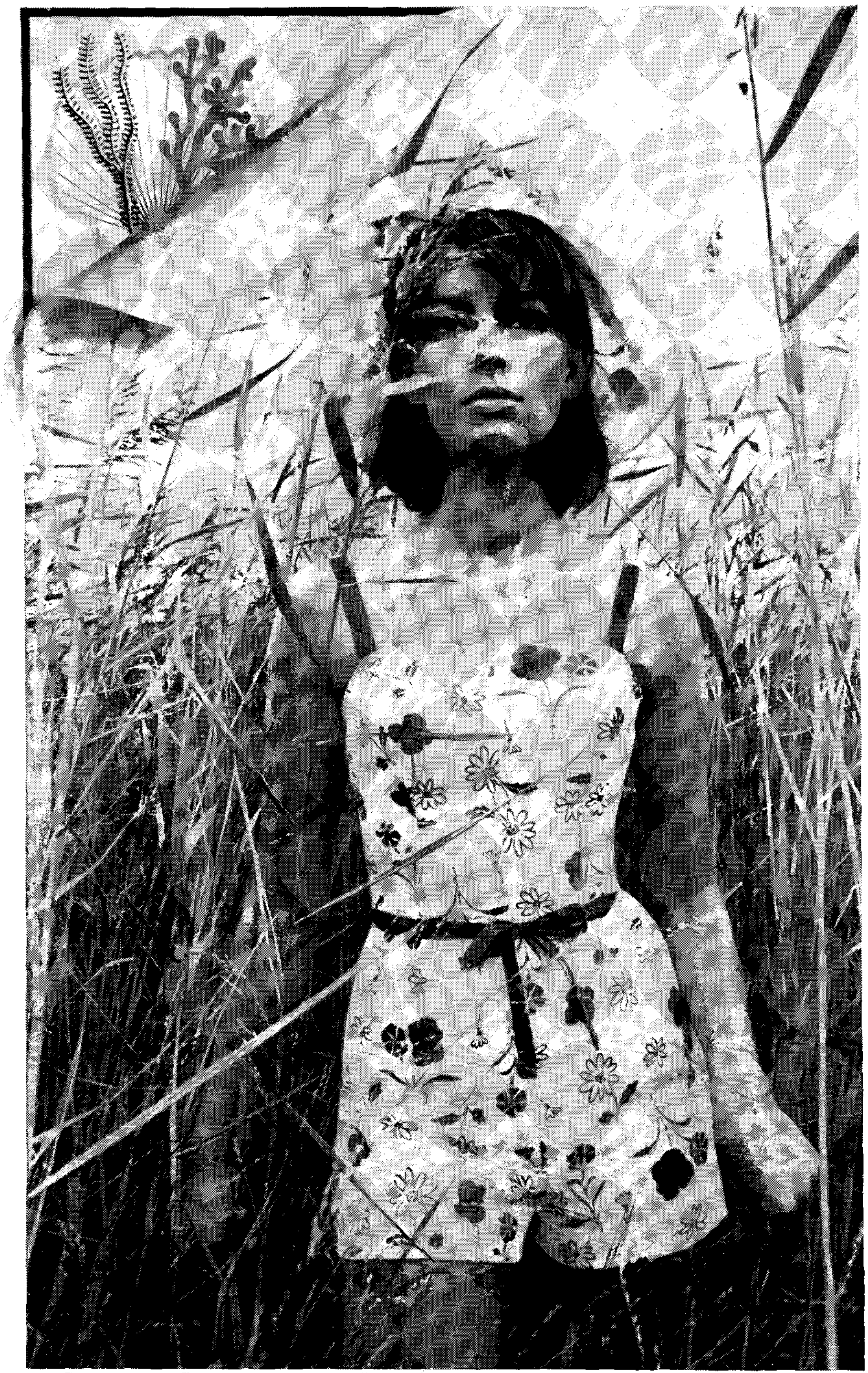

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ness of purpose in Russia, while in America you're completely competitive and you're always cancelling out each other's good effects.' They said it with such earnestness—they were really convinced it was true. And some of the Americans were not able to answer right away whether it was true or not.

"At any rate, I was chosen to give the American prognostication. The Russian one took up the whole morning, and I had the whole afternoon—fabulous. I always speak spontaneously, because I've found that it really is possible to think out loud. Although I seemingly go over and over the same inventory of thoughts and experiences, I find that each time I do, I learn something new, and that I have to change or rearrange what I've learned, and that I'm not allowed to carry out yesterday's myths. Anyway, I found myself standing up and talking in the following way. I said, 'I don't know why I'm talking to you here, because you're all so ignorant.' Well, they were surprised by that, and I was surprised, too. But then I had to make good on it, so I said, 'Many of you think of yourselves as scientists, and yet you go off on a picnic with your family, and you see a beautiful sunset, and you actually *see* the sun setting, going down. You've had four hundred years to adjust your senses since you learned from Copernicus and Galileo that the earth wasn't standing still with the sun going around it. I've made tests with children—you have to get them right away, before they take in too many myths. I've made a paper model of a man and glued him down with his feet to a globe of the world, and put a light at one side, and shown them how the man's shadow lengthens as the globe turns, until finally he's completely in the shadow. If you show that to children, they never see it any other way, and they can really understand how the earth revolves the sun out of sight. But you scientists still see the sun setting. And you talk about things being "up" or "down" in space, when what you really mean is *out* and *in* in respect to the earth's surface. And you say that the wind is blowing from the northwest, which means that there must be a place called northwest that it's blowing from—being blown, I suppose, by one of those little fat-cheeked zephyrs that used to be drawn on maps. When you scientists say the wind is blowing from the northwest, what's actually happening is that there's a low-pressure area sucking it toward the southeast, pulling the air

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Vacation Tips

COSTS – The Neighbor Islands lie only a few minutes away from Honolulu. Frequent inter-island flights cost from $25.14 to $38.28 roundtrip. Jet fares from Pacific Coast to Honolulu are as low as $200 roundtrip; luxury ocean liner economy class from $280, first class from $414 roundtrip. Modern hotel rooms on all islands start at just $5 a day per person double occupancy. And Hawaii's best attractions are free.

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past you. So why don't you say the wind is sucking southeast, which is what it's really doing?' Well, by this time the Russians were all laughing. They were off their high horse. Next, I told them that young people were always wondering what it was like to be on a spaceship, and that my answer was always, 'Well, what *does* it feel like? Because that's what you're on.' The earth is a very small spaceship. It's only eight thousand miles in diameter, and the nearest star is ninety-two million miles away, and the next star after that is billions of miles away. This spaceship is so superbly designed that we've had men on board here for about two million years, reproducing themselves, thanks to the ecological balance whereby all the vegetation is respiring all the gases needed by the mammals and the mammals are giving off all the gases needed by the vegetation, even though they may think they're just making hot air. The bees go after the honey, which is all they're interested in, and quite inadvertently their little tails knock off the pollen that fertilizes the vegetation. And so I said that in America we're all bees, and we're all after our honey, and inadvertently our little tails knock off quite a lot of pollen, and inadvertently we've made some contributions. Well, the Russians really had a good sense of humor. They realized they were all just after honey themselves, and that their whole argument about singleness of purpose was pretty silly, and that the whole thing was working quite independently of politics.

"And so I said, 'I don't know any man who really knows anything about himself. I don't think anybody in this room can stand up and tell me what he's doing with his luncheon. And no one can stand up and say that he's consciously pushing each of his hairs out of his head in preferred shapes and colors, and I doubt whether anyone even knows why he has hair. In fact, I don't know anybody who really knows anything. But it's very important to recognize what we don't know, and to realize that so far man has been moderately successful in his environment despite his ignorance.' Then I went into Hoyle's prediction that hundreds of millions of planets are going to be discovered, and that not all the human beings on all the planets will have lived to fulfill their functions, and I said, 'I think we have a very borderline case here, and it's about time we began to make some sense.' That's where I really started my talk. My main prognostication was based on the point that,

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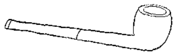
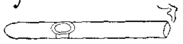
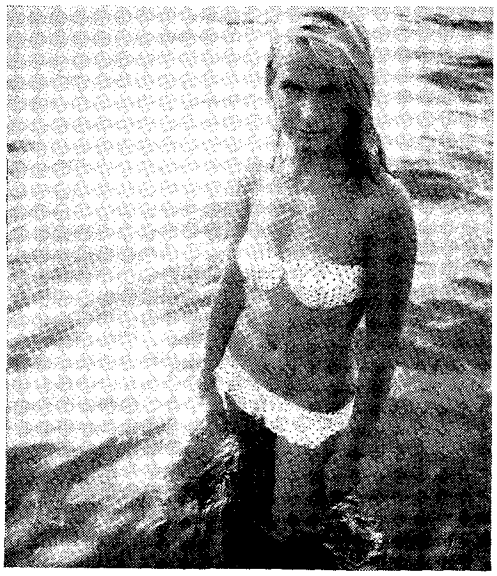
He starts right in with "bonjour" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between une pipe  and un cigare . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Je préfère la pipe au cigare."



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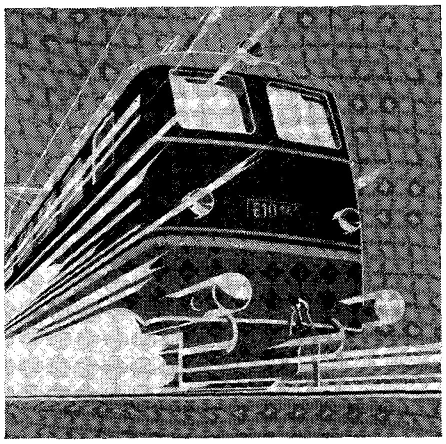

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for the first time in the history of the world, man is just beginning to take conscious participation in some of his evolutionary formulations. And from this point on we're not going to be allowed to be innocent anymore. From now on, we're going to have to be very responsible, or the show is not going to work."

Fuller broke off and looked from Rosen to me and back, a sudden smile illuminating his face. "You must find it strange to sit here all this time and hear me talk about me," he said. "But the fact is I really am pure guinea pig to me. I set out many years ago to see what would happen if an individual did certain things. Back in 1927, just after our second child was born, I committed myself to as much of a fresh start as a human being can have—to try to go back to the fundamentals and see what nature was really up to. But I was all alone, and up against the massive corporation and the massive state. 'Can the unsupported individual really get anywhere?' I asked myself. Because I'm not impractical, I'm not a blind idealist. How could I work in the system without capital backing? And I came to the following conclusion: In the universe, everything is always in motion, and everything is always moving in the directions of least resistance. That's basic. So I said, 'If that's the case, then it should be possible to modify the shapes of things so that they follow *preferred* directions of least resistance.' I made up my mind at this point that I would never try to reform man—that's much too difficult. What I would do was to try to modify the environment in such a way as to get man moving in preferred directions. It's like the principle of a ship's rudder, which is something I thought a lot about as a boy here on Bear Island. The interesting thing about a rudder is that the ship has already gone by, all but the stern, and you throw the rudder over, and what you're really doing is to make a little longer distance for the water to go round; in other words, you're putting a low pressure on the other side, and the low pressure pulls the whole stern over and she takes a new direction. The same in an airplane—you have this great big rudder up there, with a little tiny trim tab on the trailing edge, and by moving that little trim tab to one side or the other you throw a low pressure that moves the whole airplane. The last thing, after the airplane has gone by, you just move that little tab. And so I said to myself, 'I'm just an individual, I don't have any capital to start things with,

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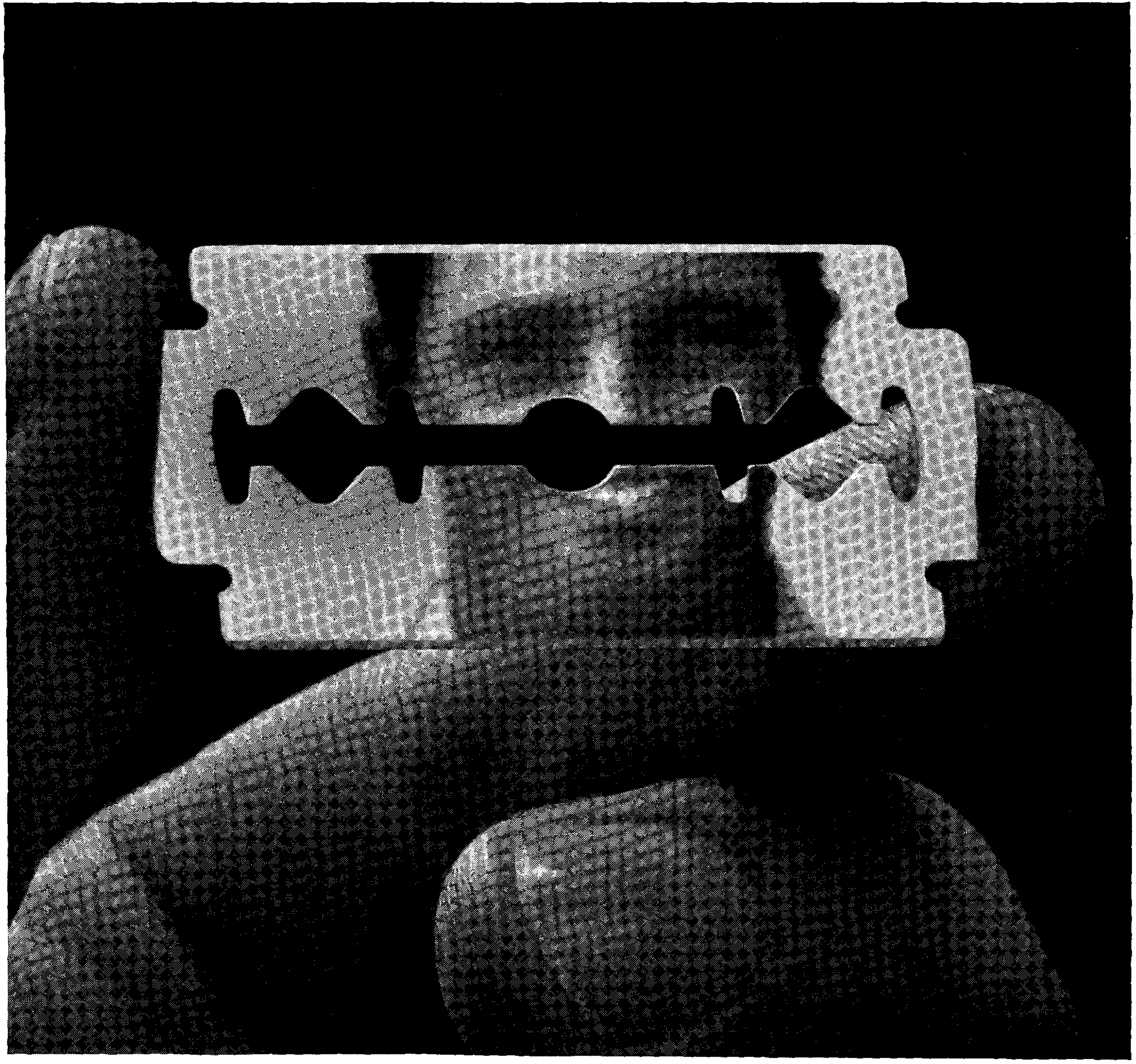

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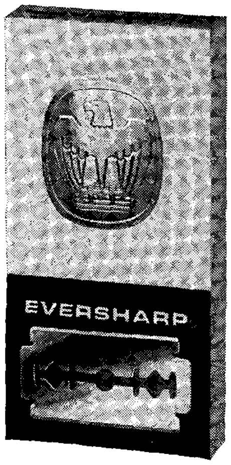
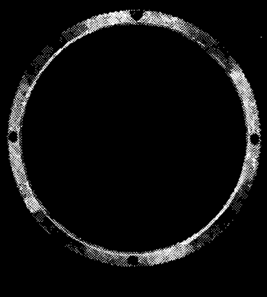


*FINE-GRAIN DESIGNATION OF SPECIAL STEEL BY AKTIEBOLAGET MATADORVERKEN, HALMSTAD, SWEDEN.



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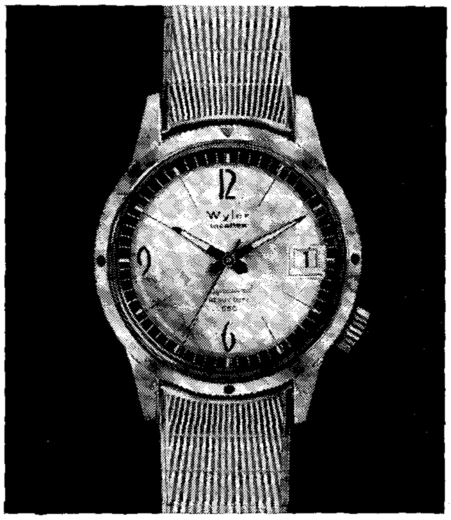

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but I can learn how to throw those low pressures to one side or the other, and this should make things go in preferred directions, and while I can't reform man, I just may be able to improve his environment a little. But in order to build up those low pressures I'm going to have to really know the truth.' "

Fuller broke off again, and poured himself a last cup of cold tea. The wind made a sudden restless sound in the fireplace chimney. He leaned back and stared at the ceiling. "Of course, I know that you can't get to the truth," he said slowly. "Heisenberg was right about that—the act of measuring *does* alter what's being measured. But you can always get nearer to the truth. It's something you can get closer to, even though you never get to it. And today the young people really want to know about things, they want to get closer to the truth, and my job is to do all I can to help them. The child is really the trim tab of the future. At any rate, that's the sort of thinking that came out of Bear Island, and that's probably enough for tonight, isn't it?"

EXPOSURE to an hour or more of Fuller's conversation can give rise to extremely varied reactions. Not infrequently, people meeting him for the first time are so taken aback by what seems to them a torrential outpouring of ego that they hear nothing he says, and go away in a state of shock. Others are convinced that, having suffered for years at the hands of people who refused to take his ideas seriously, he is simply enjoying his revenge. Such reactions are rarely experienced by students, who pack lecture halls to hear him and often keep him talking long after the scheduled time. A Fuller lecture can easily run for six hours, and upon occasion he has talked, with only incidental breaks, from eight o'clock in the morning until past midnight. After the first hour, which is usually perplexing, students find themselves tuned in to the unique Fuller wave length, with its oddly necessary word coinings and its synergetic constructions. They dig his humor, which often appears as a sort of wry comment on his own verbal style—as, for example, when digressing to students at the University of London about bird ecology not long ago, he described how "the male birds fly off to sweep out areas of maximum anticipated metabolic advantage," then paused and added, reflectively, "Worms." What's more, students seem to feel that there is really very little ego involved in his monologues, that Fuller

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*is* pure guinea pig to Fuller, and that when he talks about himself and his experiences, his tone is that of an objective, if greatly interested, third party. Nothing irritates Fuller more than occasional implications by journalists that he is a non-stop talker who loves to hear himself hold forth; he never talks, he says, unless he is invited to do so, but he cannot limit himself to one or two aspects of a complex subject. Since 1927, which he looks back on as the critical year in his life, he has taken himself and his experiences as raw material for a series of experiments aimed at improving man's environment, and to anyone who is interested he will provide the results, in comprehensive form.

What happened in 1927 was that Fuller, at the low point of his career, gave serious consideration to the idea of committing suicide and then rejected it in favor of what he has called "a blind date with principle." For several years after he resigned from the Navy, in 1919, he had done rather well for himself. He had worked as assistant export manager for Armour & Co., and, in partnership with his father-in-law, a New York architect named James Monroe Hewlett (Fuller married Anne Hewlett in 1917), he had formed a company to exploit a building-block method of construction, patented by the two men, which was used in two hundred and forty houses and small commercial buildings over a five-year period. In 1922, the Fullers' daughter, Alexandra, had died, just before her fourth birthday, after a succession of illnesses culminating in spinal meningitis. Fuller began drinking heavily; he recalls that he used to stay up all night drinking, and still have enough energy to work twelve or fourteen hours the next day. When his father-in-law was obliged to sell his stock in the building-block company in 1927, Fuller, a minority stockholder, was informed by the new owners that his services were no longer needed. This blow came shortly after a second daughter, Allegra, was born to the Fullers. In the belief that he had made a complete mess of his life thus far, Fuller considered what seemed to him the only two courses open to him: he could do away with himself, thereby giving his wife and new baby a chance to find someone better equipped to take care of them, or he could devote the rest of his life to the service of something greater than he was, and try to get straightened out that way. In the light of his background—eight generations of Boston idealists, Unitarian min-

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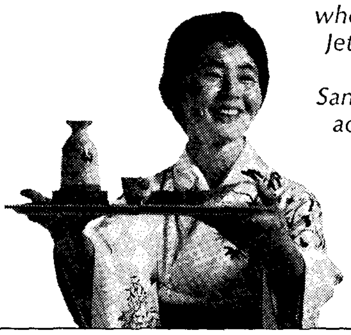

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isters, and transcendental thinkers (Margaret Fuller was his great-aunt)—the answer was never really in much doubt. In his autobiography, Fuller tells how he stood on the shore of Lake Michigan in Chicago, where he was living at the time, and found himself saying, "You do not have the right to eliminate yourself, you do not belong to you. You belong to the universe."

Fuller moved his family into a slum neighborhood in Chicago, cut himself off from contact with everyone he had known before, and began, he says, to do his own thinking. It seemed to him that, purely by chance, he had already acquired a great deal of valuable experience, having repeatedly found himself working in areas that gave him an insight into the new world of accelerating technology. In the Navy, particularly, his exposure to the principles of ballistics, logistics, radio electronics, and naval aviation had given him a glimpse of future industrial developments that would make it possible—through the use of the new alloys, for example—to do more and more with less and less. This sort of technological movement seemed even then to promise, if carried far enough, a reversal of the old Malthusian concept of the economic forces at work in the world. Malthus had said that the world's population would always multiply more rapidly than the available food supply, and Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest had seemed to provide a melancholy solution to this perennial problem, and also an ecological justification of war. But if technology could provide more and more goods from fewer and fewer resources, it was conceivable that man could convert himself from an inherent failure, as Malthus had depicted him, into a success in his environment. Technology, of course, is dependent on science, for it requires the discovery by science of certain basic patterns in nature that can be isolated and reproduced by industrial processes. In 1927, then, Fuller dedicated himself to a search not only for these patterns but also for ways in which they could be made to benefit his fellow-man. He is almost alone among twentieth-century scientists in having thus concerned himself at all times with the social implications of his discoveries.

Although society has not always been ready to accept what Fuller has come up with since then, he insists that not one of his inventions has been a failure. His first Dymaxion house, a circular dwelling unit suspended by cables from a central mast, was a successful exploitation of the discovery that the tensile strength of certain metals and alloys is far greater than the strength of the same materials when used in compression. (The term "Dymaxion," with its overtones of "dynamic" and "maximum," was coined by a pair of public-relations men for Marshall Field's, the Chicago department store, where the house was first exhibited, in 1929.) Fuller's Dymaxion three-wheeled automobile, of which three prototypes were built between 1933 and 1935, could turn in its own length; it could also develop a speed of a hundred and twenty miles per hour using a standard ninety-horsepower Ford engine. His 1943 Dymaxion Airocean World Map was the first cartographic system to receive a United States patent, and was one of the first Fuller inventions to arouse the serious interest of other scientists; it shows the whole surface of the earth in a single flat view with no visible distortion. In 1944, the government agreed to release high-priority aluminum alloys for Fuller's Wichita House, a new version of the Dymaxion circular unit. It was to sell for sixty-four hundred dollars, and was scheduled to go into mass production as an emergency solution to the postwar housing shortage, but with the end of the war and the end of rationing the arrangement fell apart. Like a die-stamped, mass-producible bathroom unit that Fuller had designed earlier, the Wichita House was ultimately the victim of caution and inertia in the building industry. Fuller had decided long before that housing was technologically the most backward of all the major industries, and he continued to concentrate his efforts in the field of shelter.

In 1947, Fuller produced the discovery that made him famous—the geodesic dome whose basic, patented formula comes straight from nature's geometry. For a while, all geodesic domes were manufactured by two companies Fuller set up for that purpose, Synergetics, Inc., and Geodesics, Inc. But now he has licensed about two hundred construction and other firms to do the actual manufacturing and building under his patent, and for every dome sold he receives a royalty of five per

# JAMAICA

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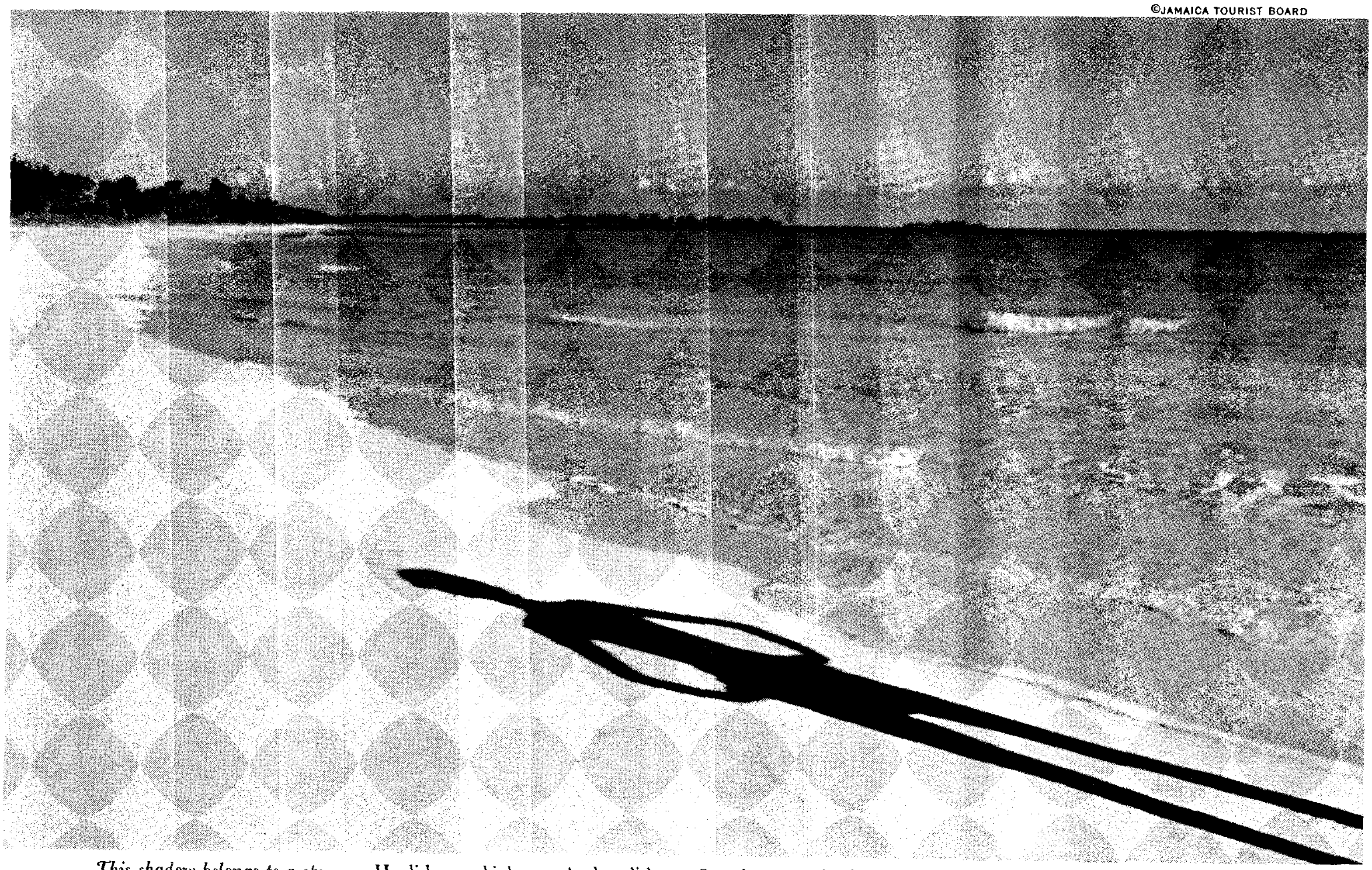


*This shadow belongs to a spy. We smuggled him onto the island for a very important assignment: to rate our hotels and inns.*

He did a good job, too. And so did the 7 other members of our "espionage ring" from the faculty of the School of Hotel Administration at Cornell University.

In proper scholarly fashion, they prepared a report that rated each hotel for value given (in relation to prices charged) in three categories: food, service and accommodations.

Of course, we colored it up a bit for easy reading with starfish and other symbols. (They work like the stars in a movie guide.)

That it was a success from the very first day of publication was apparent by the high wind it created among Jamaican innkeepers.

In a way, we can't blame them.

One luxury-priced hotel, which prides itself on its food, received a lower rating than a medium-priced hotel with a more modest menu. (According to our experts, the prices were too high—even for the best.)

And so it went—each hotel being rated strictly on what it gives for what it gets.

The result is that now things are changing in Jamaica.

One very fashionable hotel—with a rating lower than it considers acceptable—has completely redecorated (right down to new mattresses).

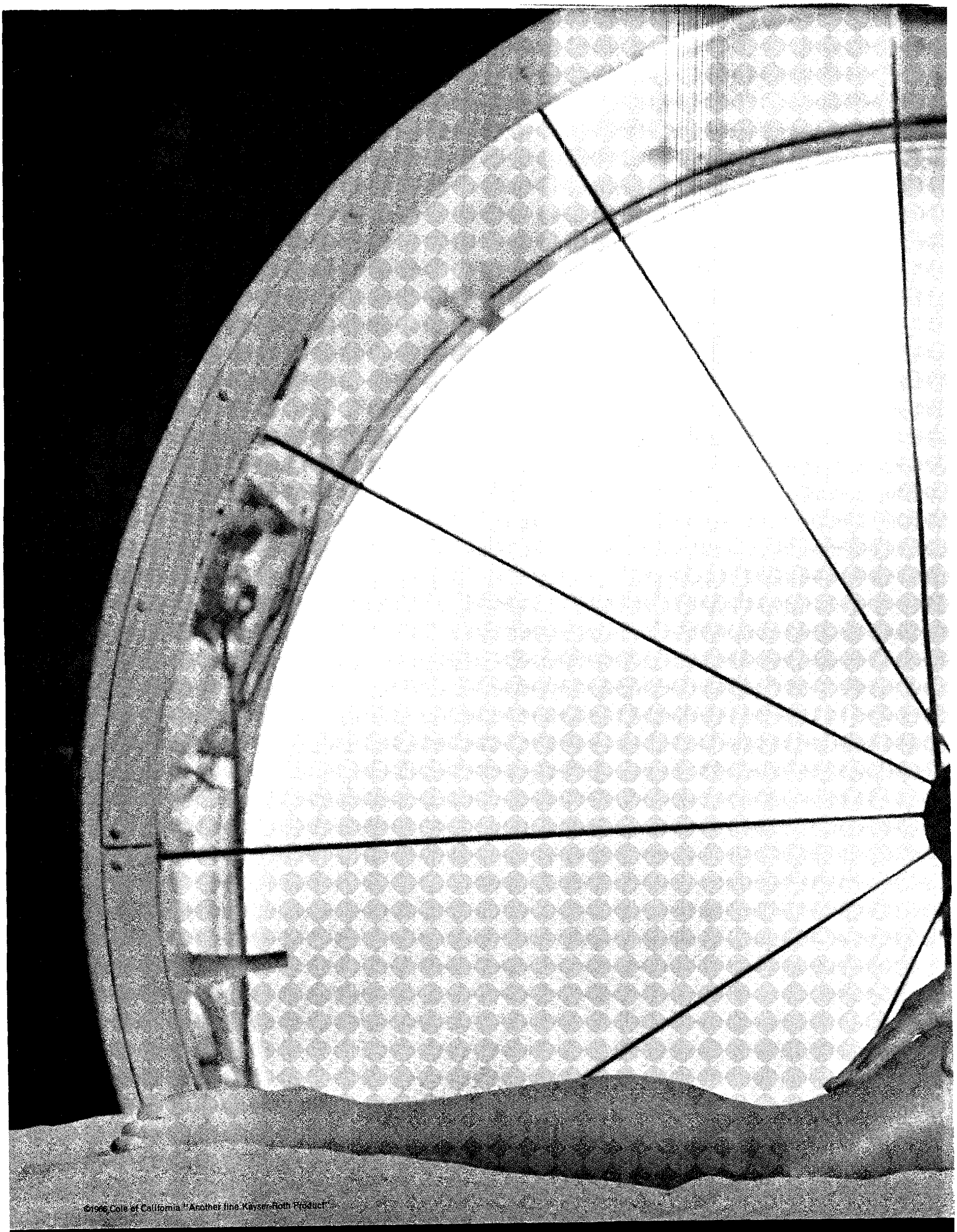
And another has imported the most expensive French chef ever to show up on the island.

You see, they never know when our spies will be around to update their ratings. (Notice how shrewdly we've protected the identity of our man in the picture above?)

Of course, some fiendish tourists have made a thing of parading around with a notebook and pencil in hopes of intimidating nervous hotel managers.

But, for the average, kind-hearted traveler, there's a much simpler way of getting one's money's worth in Jamaica.

Just ask for a copy of the Jamaica Value Guide from your travel agent or the Jamaica Tourist Board, in New York, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



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So schedule a couple of days in Holland and forget to schedule anything you *must* do in them. Then wander down to the harbor in one of the towns. You'll watch the people and they'll watch you and before you know it, you'll be sitting in a lace-curtained Dutch home nibbling on cheeses and fresh breads while the room fills up with people who want to chat.

Or ask for directions to the nearest cafe and don't be surprised when you find the man you asked not only walking you there but letting you in on the proper way to drink Dutch gin. (Lean over the counter, sip *without* touching the glass with your hands and—wow.) In Holland, friendly things happen all the time, which is why experienced travellers say you don't just see Holland, you live it.

Of course, you will want to see the sight-type sights, too. Like the windmills and canals and miles of flowers. They're all there. And so are houses that haven't changed since the 17th century, museums filled with Rembrandts, and castles turned into country inns. But the best sights in Holland are the people. And, after all, people are really what a place is all about.

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cent of the selling price. Fuller's domes are now spread throughout the world—more than three thousand of them, according to a recent count. They range in size from small living units to a huge maintenance and repair shed, three hundred and eighty-four feet in diameter, that was put up in 1958 for the Union Tank Car Company in Baton Rouge, and they are just as suitable in the Arctic, where geodesic Radomes house the listening devices of the Air Force's Distant Early Warning Line, as in Equatorial Africa, where Fuller has taught natives to make them out of bamboo, or on the top of Mount Washington, exposed to the highest wind velocities on the North American continent. The Marine Corps has adopted air-liftable geodesic domes as its advance-base shelters, and the Department of Commerce has been using them since 1956 to house its exhibits at international trade fairs. Fuller's domes are a product of his geometry of vectors, their prodigious strength arising from a patented formula that combines interlocking tetrahedrons and icosahedrons so as to balance the forces of tension and compression and thus distribute stresses evenly throughout the structure. Because their strength is all in the invisible mathematics, they can be made of almost any material, including paper, and because the basic structural formula is simple, they can be assembled by unskilled labor, using color-coded parts, in unbelievably short order; in Hawaii, for example, a hundred-and-forty-five-foot-in-diameter dome was assembled in one day by the Kaiser Aluminum company, in time for a symphony orchestra to give a concert inside it that same evening. Although Fuller has farmed out the production of his domes to individual licensees, he has more requests than he can handle to adapt the basic design for various purposes. Right now, he is designing several domes for the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, a huge dome to cover the Mexico City Plaza de Toros, and a huge geodesic sphere to serve as the United States Pavilion at the 1967 Montreal World's Fair. (Fuller was named the official architect for the United States Pavilion in Montreal, although he has no architect's license and must have all building contracts signed by an associate, a young man named Shoji Sadao.) The domes have brought Fuller wealth and fame, but there are times when he grows a little tired of hearing about them. They are, after all, only one application of a lifetime's research. He once told his friend and biographer Robert W. Marks, "I

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did not set out to design a house that hung from a pole, or to manufacture a new type of automobile, invent a new system of map projection, develop geodesic domes or Energetic Geometry. I started with the universe—as an organization of regenerative principles frequently manifest as energy systems of which all our experiences, and possible experiences, are only local instances. My objective was humanity's comprehensive success in the universe. I could have ended up with a pair of flying slippers."

ALTHOUGH, technically speaking, Fuller is not an architect, he has come to be recognized as a powerful force in contemporary architecture. Leading architects here and abroad often make a point of praising his contributions in their field, even though what he has done, in a sense, has been to challenge the whole basis of their aesthetic, pointing out that the supposedly modern and functional Bauhaus-derived architecture of our time is only superficially functional and not modern at all. It is almost as though the architectural profession had chosen to avoid Fuller's challenge by pretending to agree with what he says.

At breakfast the morning after the three-hour lecture on mathematics and other matters, Fuller, seeming not in the least winded, talked for quite a while about the deficiencies of contemporary architecture. He had come to breakfast in a bright-orange slicker, looking somewhat disconsolate, with the announcement that only about ten per cent of the runoff from a brief, hard rain that had taken place during the night had gone into the cisterns; he had been out checking the gutters and rainspouts, and had found most of them badly clogged. This bit of non-functionalism—the drinking water on Bear Island comes from a spring, but water for washing is collected as runoff—led him, by way of a chance remark, to a discussion of the Bauhaus idea and how it differed from his own work.

"You see, the very essence of the Bauhaus was what happened to Germany as a consequence of the First World War," Fuller said. "Having lost the war and suffered so much destruction, the Germans had the problem of rebuilding with very little money. Obviously, one of the things they could do without was decoration. Walter Gropius and those people looked at American industrial engineering about this time, and decided maybe they could turn that into an aesthetic. They didn't

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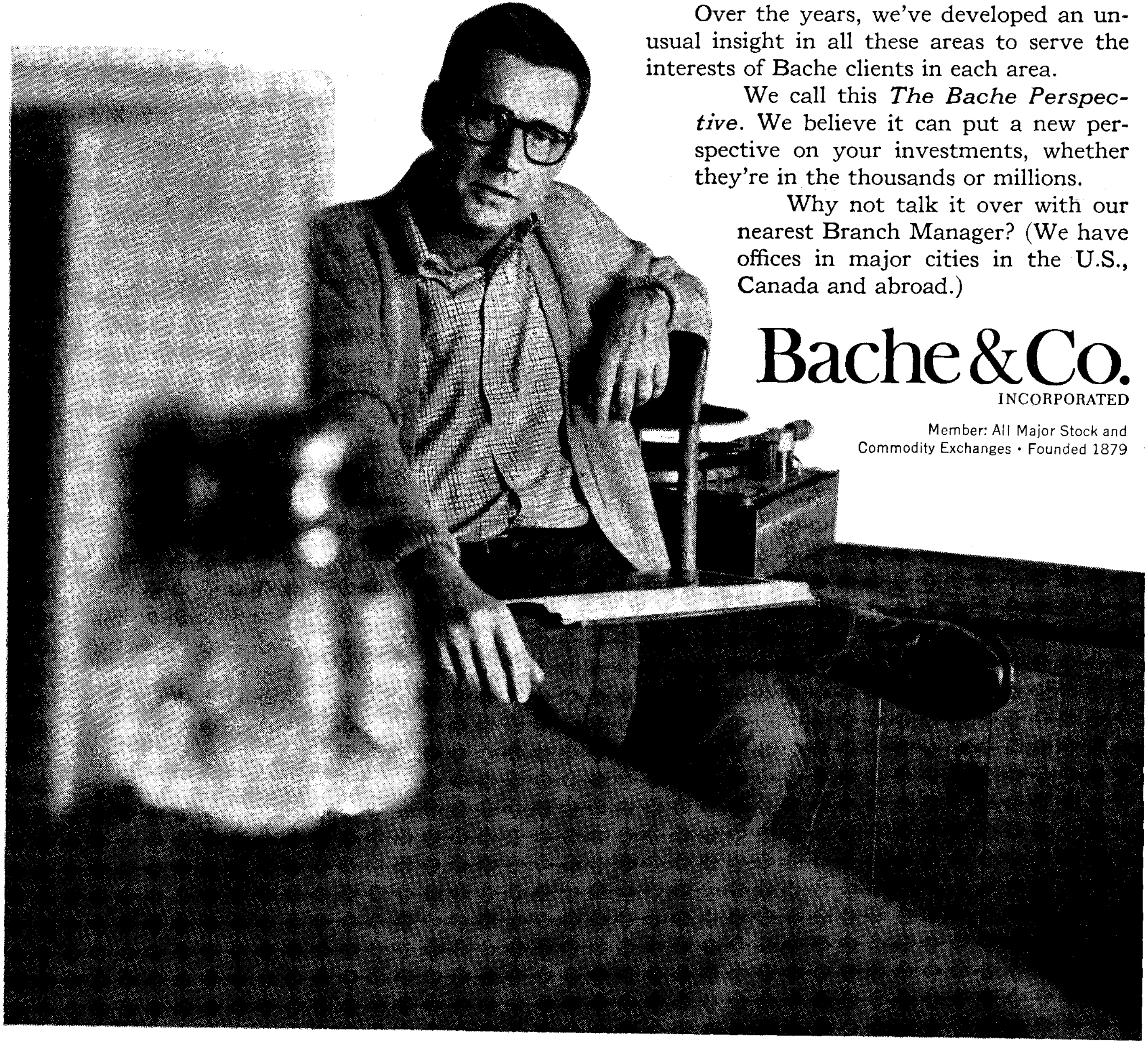

make any engineering contributions. These men simply used the hard edge that had been developed in engineering. They didn't invent a new window or a new structural principle, or anything like that; they didn't go in back of the walls and take a look at the plumbing, for example. Mies van der Rohe, who was the most perceptive of all of them, saw the glasswork in American stores and began making drawings of buildings that were all glass. Now, I was proposing something completely different at that time. I was saying that the same science that had gone into weaponry and the development of the advanced technology of the aircraft industry had also made it possible to make very much lighter and more powerful structures. I had come to the conclusion in 1927 that Malthus might be wrong, you see, because I'd realized that real wealth is *energy*, not gold, and that it is therefore without practical limit. Einstein and Max Planck demonstrated once again that energy could neither be created nor lost and that it left one system only to join another—the famous law of conservation of energy. And this meant that wealth was not only without practical limit but indestructible. Man's intellect, his ability to tap the cosmic resources of energy and make them work for him, had really caused wealth to be regenerative, or self-augmenting. The main thing, then, was to use this great energy-wealth to help man instead of to kill him—for example, in designing ways to house the third of humanity that was without adequate shelter. At any rate, that was very different from what Gropius taught his students. And now Mies tries to confuse me by saying 'Less is more'—meaning, I suppose, that less decoration is more effective. But that's hardly the same as doing more with less in making an airplane."

After a moment's reflection, Fuller continued, "Architects, engineers, and scientists are all what I call slave professions. They don't go to work unless they have a patron. But architects are the most slavish of all, and they work under a system that hasn't changed since the time of the Pharaohs. When you're an architect, the patron tells you where he's going to build, and just what he wants to do. And he says, 'My brother's in the hardware business, and my wife wants this, and here's the building code, and the labor laws, and here are the zoning regulations, and here's Sweet's catalogue. I don't want anything special outside of it.' So the architect is really just a tasteful pur-

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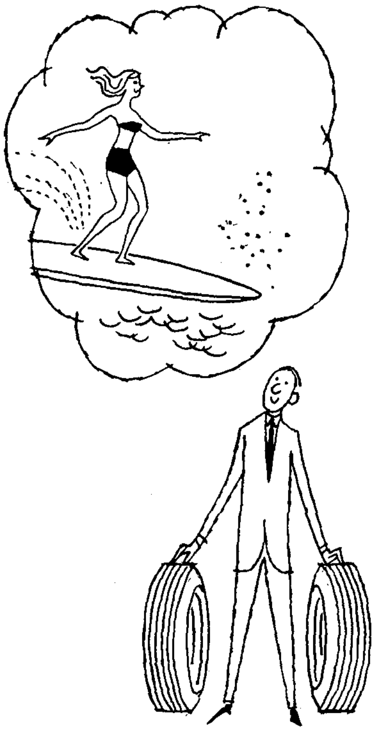

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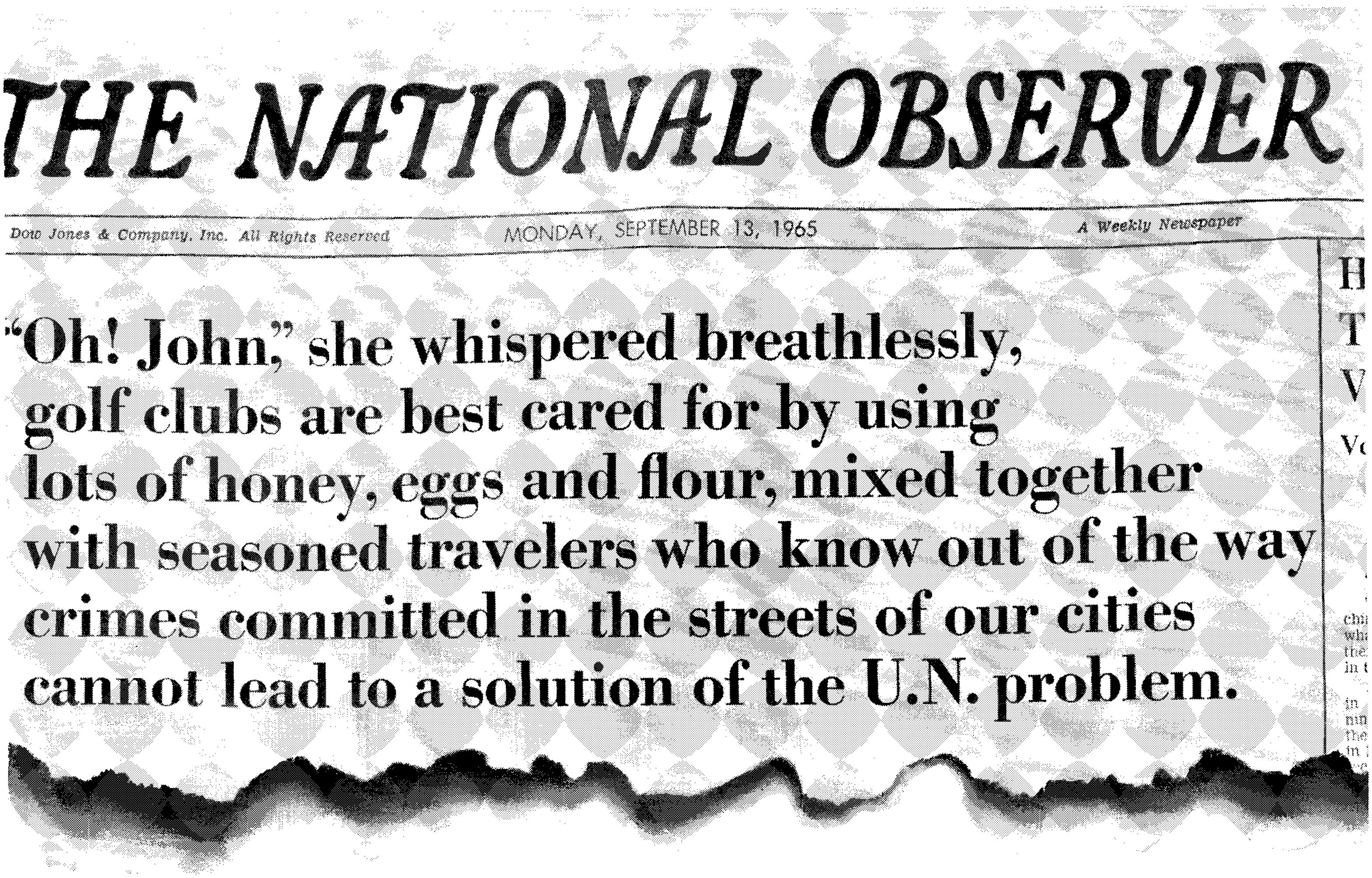

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1965 A Weekly Newspaper

"Oh! John," she whispered breathlessly, golf clubs are best cared for by using lots of honey, eggs and flour, mixed together with seasoned travelers who know out of the way crimes committed in the streets of our cities cannot lead to a solution of the U.N. problem.

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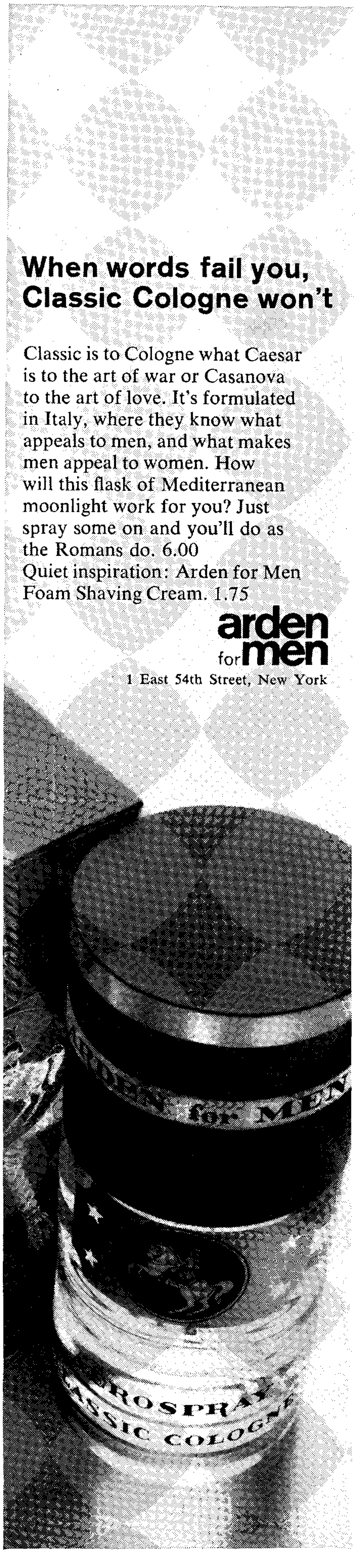
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chasing agent. He discovers he's inherited a skeleton frame and guts, and all he can do is put in curtain walls—what I call exterior decorating. And for this you don't really need an architect at all. Only about four per cent of the building done in America involves architects, in fact. So who does design what you build? I've found that the real design initiative comes from way, way out, and gets into the prime contracts for hardware and so forth, and I've also found that the important hardware comes originally from those people who are producing the weaponry—battleships and airplanes. The first electric-light bulbs were developed for use on board battleships. The same thing with refrigeration and desalinization plants, which the Navy has had for half a century.

"You see, it surprises people when you tell them that since the last ice age three-quarters of the earth has been water, and that of the one-quarter that is land very little has been lived on. Ninety-nine per cent of humanity has lived on only about five per cent of the earth—a few little dry spots. Now, the law has always been applicable only to this five per cent of the earth, and anyone who went outside of it—the tiny minority that went to sea, for example—immediately found himself outside the law. And the whole development of technology has been in the outlaw area, where you're dealing with the toughness of nature. I find this fascinating and utterly true. All improvement has to be made in the outlaw area. You can't reform man, and you can't improve his situation where he is. But when you've made things so good out there in the outlaw area that they can't help being recognized, then gradually they get drawn in and assimilated. A good example of what I mean is going on right now in the space program. I'm on the advance-research team of NASA, on a consultant basis, working with some very good people on this problem of how to keep man in space. Now, the real purpose of the space programs at the present time is simply to get the highest weapons advantage, and the side that gets it will rule the universe. This is greatly hidden from people by all the talk of getting to the moon, but the space platform, the military advantage, is really *it*. In order to maintain advantage in space, though, where there's no atmosphere and no water and no sewer lines and no berries to eat, for the first time in history you have to look out for man. Not just for the weapon but for the individual. And this is really the most significant

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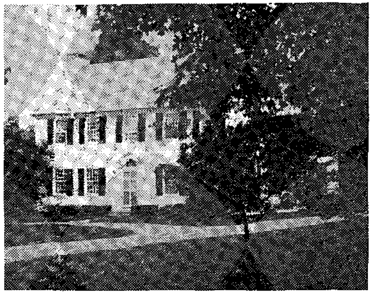

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part of the whole thing, as far as I'm concerned. Until now, making more effective weapons on earth never involved making life better for man. The little container that sustains man in space will actually be the first scientific house in history. Inadvertently, man is trying for the first time to learn how to make man a success. It's inadvertent, but it's being done."

The whole question of design initiative is central to Fuller's vision of utopia. The initiative must be wrested from the military strategists by comprehensive designers, he says, if we are to escape destruction. And where are the comprehensive designers to come from? Despite his reservations about most modern architects, Fuller is convinced that the leaders of the great new technological revolution will come from the architectural profession, which, in an over-specialized age, is almost the only profession that is trained to put things together and to think comprehensively. Architectural training must first be thoroughly overhauled and placed on a new footing, however, and Fuller has been doing quite a good deal lately, trim-tab fashion, toward that end. For some time, he has urged the creation of research centers at leading architectural schools, where students and professional architects can work together in anticipation of future needs, and within the last few years a number of universities in this country and abroad have set up such centers, which are often under Fuller's direct guidance. Fuller has visited a hundred and seventy-three colleges and universities, all told, and architectural students at a great many of them now exchange information and keep in touch with each other and with a "World Resources Inventory" that Fuller has set up at Southern Illinois University—a vast compilation of data on raw and organized resources, human trends, and projected human needs. These developments encourage Fuller to believe that the comprehensive design initiative is finally getting into the right hands. He devotes a large proportion of his time and energy now to coördinating this worldwide student movement, which remains, at his insistence, loosely organized and resolutely non-political. In Paris last June, at an assembly for architectural students held in conjunction with the International Union of Architects' Eighth Biennial World Congress, the students adopted a proposal by Fuller that the years from 1965 to 1975 be designated as a World Design Science Decade. The goal, simply stated, is "to render the total chemi-

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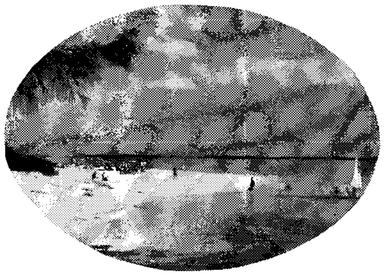

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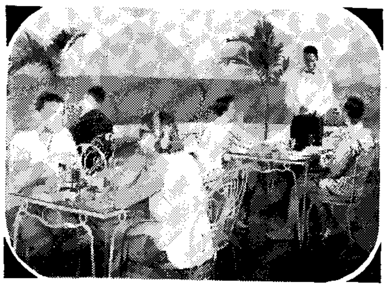

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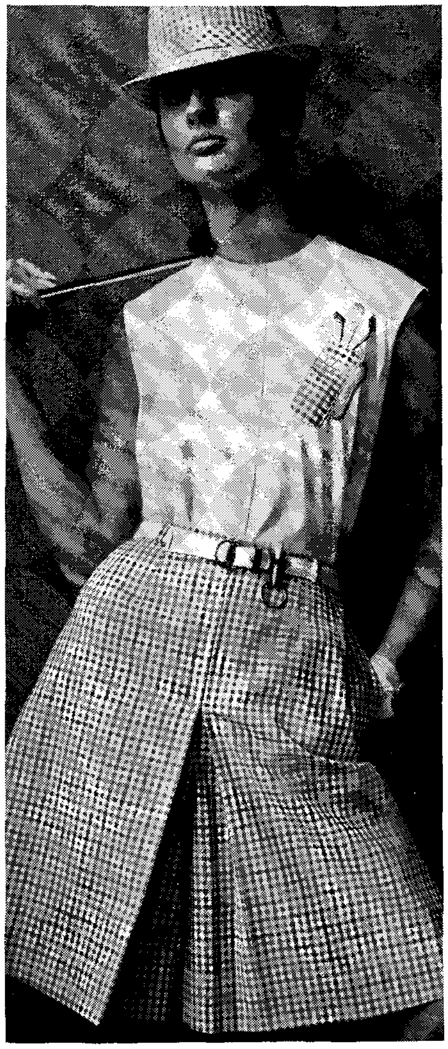

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cal and energy resources of the world, which are now exclusively preoccupied in serving only 44 per cent of humanity, adequate to the service of 100 per cent of humanity at higher standards of living and total enjoyment than any man has yet experienced."

BY the time Fuller had concluded his remarks on architecture and the design initiative, it was nearly one o'clock. The weather had cleared during the morning. A benign sun presided over the blue water and dark-green islands of the bay, and the seventy-five-mile sweepout left one's eyes feeling freshly washed. Following the custom of summer people in all latitudes, several members of the family came to lunch with the observation that it had turned into "a real Bear Island day."

Later that afternoon, I set off with Fuller for a tour of the island. The weather was magnificent and he took deep breaths as he walked, stopping short when he wanted to say something, then forging ahead rapidly with short, vigorous strides. He had his two-way bullhorn slung around his neck, but he scarcely ever bothered to use it. "I really feel quite wonderful," he announced at one point. "When I got here, three days ago, I was in terrible shape, and already I'm getting my energy back."

We crossed a long meadow sloping away from the main house and past the dining cottage, and headed toward the heavily wooded southern end of the island. On the way, Fuller stopped to show me a small graveyard—three headstones in a neatly fenced plot. "When my grandmother bought this island," he said, "the settlers were down to two families—the Parsons and the Eatons, both fishermen-farmers. They moved back to the mainland, and we agreed to keep up their little burial ground. We've found gravestones all over the island, you know, some of them going back a century and a half, and we've also found eleven cellar holes, which shows you how much life there's been here. These islands have been lived on for generations. The earliest settlers from England were massacred when they tried to build on the mainland, but islands were easier to defend. You'll find that the British charts of 1765, or thereabouts, show all the Penobscot Bay islands, many with the same names they have today. You must get my sister Rosie to tell you about the early history of the island sometime. She knows a lot about it. Get her to tell you about the time the Seventh-Day Adventists came here to wait for the end of the

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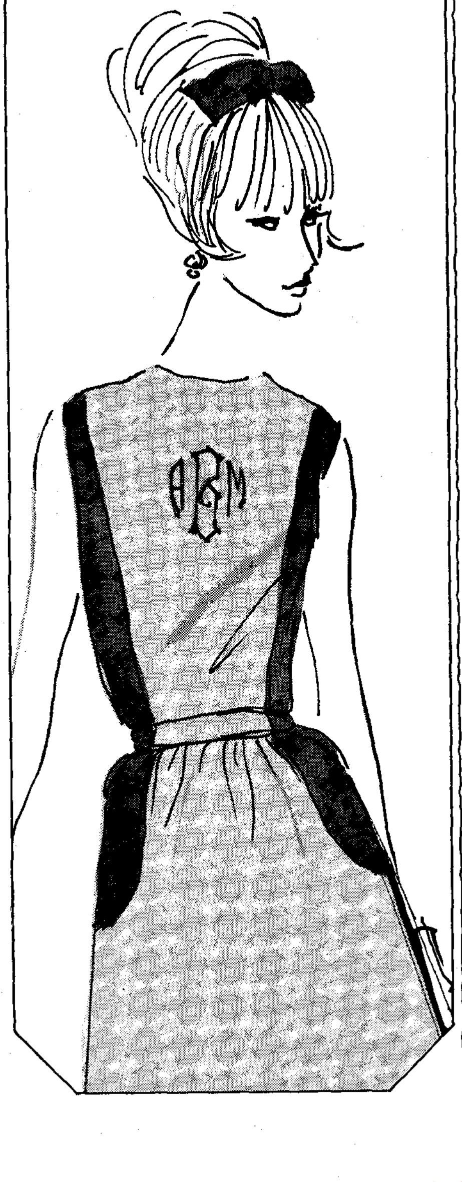
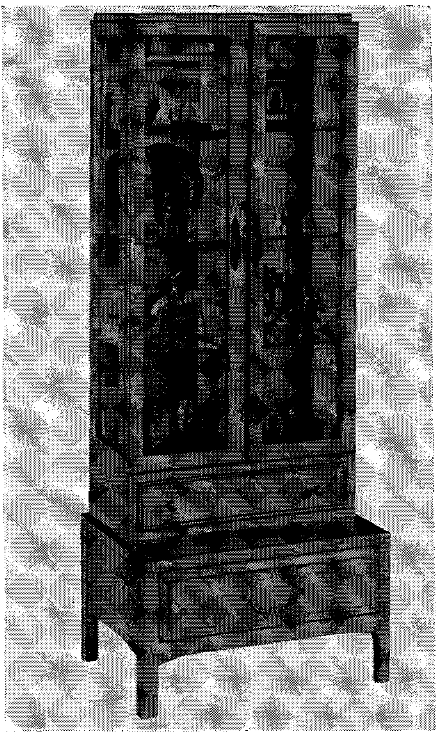


world." (I did ask Mrs. Kenison about the Adventists that evening, and she told me that in 1901, or thereabouts, all the members of this sect in Bangor had rowed over to Bear Island one day, climbed trees, and settled down to wait for the end of the world, which they expected momentarily. No one knew why they had picked Bear Island. When the scheduled event failed to take place, they climbed down and rowed back.)

We pushed on into the woods. Fuller paused at frequent intervals to sniff the wild raspberry and balsam and other forest scents, which he said were especially delicious just after a rain. His hearing and eyesight were not all they might be, he said, but his sense of smell had always been very good. Our path, which had followed the edge of the high bluff at the northern end of the island for a while, now descended until we were only a few feet above the sea, which sparkled brightly through a green curtain of spruce. We passed a rocky beach and continued around a point, until Fuller led the way down to a smaller beach consecrated to nude male bathing (the ladies' beach is nearer to the main house and similarly secluded). Fuller stood facing the water, smiling his toothy smile. "Everything I can really remember begins here," he said happily. "There's Eagle Island, where I used to row for the mail every day. And there's Butter, and Fling, and Burnt, and Dagger, and Sheep, and Oak, and around there is Horse Head and Colt Head. Time and time again, the views of this bay are in my mind as I go around the world. And the atmospheric conditions, the sudden changes you get. That northwest wind that came in last night and pushed the doors open—it always comes suddenly that way. It just cleans everything out. You can understand how it was on an island, can't you, old man? All the things that had to be done, all the chores. And then I often felt like being by myself, so I started making experimental houses on different parts of the island. I didn't have any regular allowance, but I'd have money left over from birthdays and things, and I'd buy a hammer and some nails and start making a house. . . . Well, I think if we're going to swim we'd better do it now."

Fuller started to remove his clothes, laying them out carefully on the warm, jagged rocks, which he identified for me as the top of the Allegheny range and probably among the oldest geological formations in existence anywhere. As he was untying his sneakers, he reached down and picked up a pebble that was



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almost a perfect tetrahedron. A moment later, he found another, and then another. It was amazing, he said, how often you came across this shape on the beach. Fuller took off his socks and then put his sneakers back on, and warned me to do the same; the tide was out, and the bottom would be strewn with sea urchins. His next bit of instruction concerned the art of swimming in Maine water. By going in and out very quickly several times, he said, and warming up between plunges, one could build up a tolerance to the cold. On our fourth entry, the crystalline water actually did seem a trifle less numbing, and I was prepared to believe that after a while it might become almost comfortable. Fuller warmed up between plunges by skipping stones on the water. He claimed he could skip any stone I found, whether it was flat or not, and he had no failures. Just as we were coming out of the water for the last time, a big seal surfaced near the rocky point some twenty yards away; he gave us a long, incredulous look and then vanished silently.

I had asked earlier to see Fuller's new dome. We went there directly from the beach, retracing our path through the woods and then cutting in back of the dining cottage. The dome stands above the harbor on a high point of land, looking out toward one of the other two Fuller-owned islands, Compass, and, beyond that, to the Camden Hills, on the mainland. Put up two summers ago to replace an earlier, paperboard dome that had been destroyed by a falling tree in a storm, this one is what Fuller terms a "tensegrity" structure—meaning, he said, that the forces of discontinuous compression and continuous tension that hold it together are entirely differentiated, or separate. The compression members are two-by-four timbers. They are held apart—not joined together—by the tension members, light Dacron cords, in such a manner that a stress exerted anywhere on the surface is immediately distributed throughout the entire structure, rendering the whole construction immensely strong. As I stood inside the dome, which Fuller had not yet got around to covering with a plastic skin, the sense of lightness, grace, elegance, and unseen strength was strangely exhilarating. It was easy to understand why Fuller, throughout his career, has had the immediate and enthusiastic support of artists, if not of engineers and architects. While he greatly appreciates this sort of recognition, and values highly his long and close friendships with such

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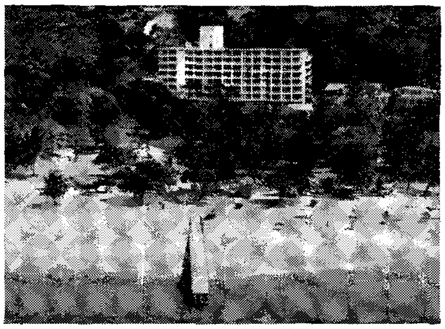

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artists as Isamu Noguchi and Alexander Calder, he makes it clear that in his own work aesthetics plays only an incidental role. "I never work with aesthetic considerations in mind," he told me that afternoon. "But I have a test: If something isn't beautiful when I get finished with it, it's no good."

Our path back to the main house led past a sturdy little farmer's cottage, which Mr. and Mrs. Kenison and their children now occupy each summer. Mrs. Kenison asked us in to have a cup of tea and to inspect a new room that Mr. Hardie had nearly finished building for them, and a little later I left Fuller there, chatting contentedly in his sister's parlor. His affection for every member of the family is apparent at all times, but it had struck me that he reserves a special fondness for Mrs. Kenison, as she does for him. "Bucky really became the head of our family after our father died, in 1910," Mrs. Kenison told me that evening, after she had filled me in on the Seventh-Day Adventists. "He was both father and brother to me, and I just adored him always. Of course, he did worry Mother. Mother was left with four children and very little money when Father died, and Bucky's improvidence was her despair. I can remember how night after night she used to bawl him out and I'd sit in the next room just shivering. And then she would get the husbands of her friends to bawl him out. He had a terrible time in school, you know, although he always got good marks. He couldn't play games, because of his glasses, and he was almost always in trouble. Mother so wanted him to be a success, and I'm afraid she died without knowing that he ever would be."

Actually, Fuller came rather close to a major success in 1933, the year before his mother died. His first three-wheeled Dymaxion car, built by a team of hand-picked mechanics in Bridgeport, had stopped traffic in New York

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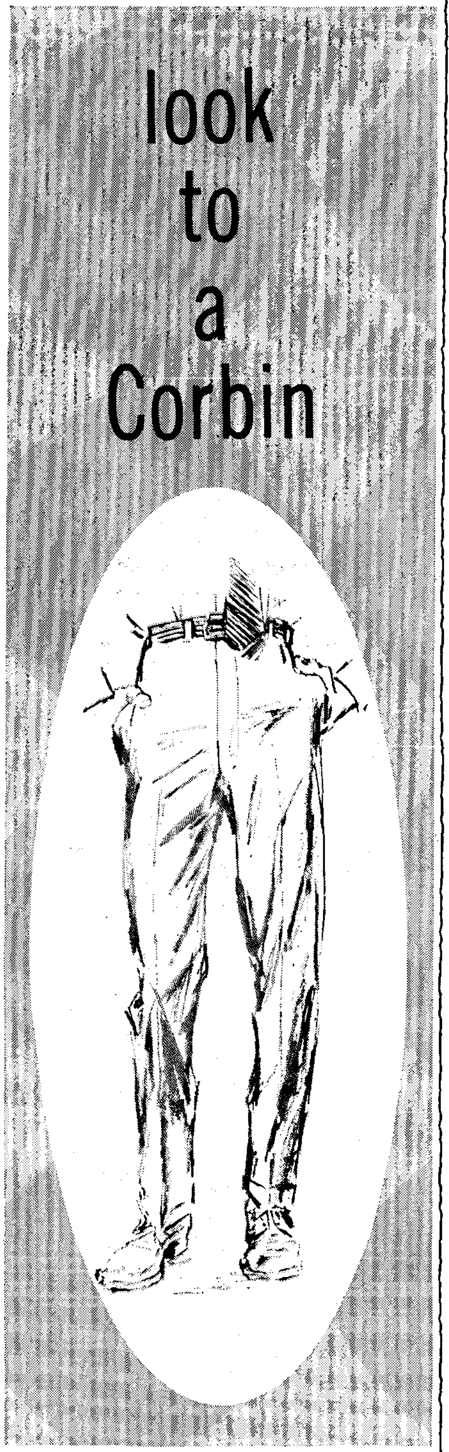

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and other cities and drawn considerable publicity nationally, and some engineers believe that it might very well have revolutionized the automobile industry if it had not suffered a stroke of exceptionally bad luck. Just outside the main gate of the Chicago World's Fair, the Dymaxion car was rammed by a conventional vehicle, which happened to belong to a city official. The Dymaxion was overturned and its driver was killed. The other car was immediately towed away from the scene, and its involvement completely escaped the notice of reporters, who subsequently ascribed the accident to the Dymaxion car's "freak" design. ("THREE-WHEELED CAR KILLS DRIVER," ran a headline in one paper.) A later investigation disclosed the true facts, but the stigma remained, and in order to erase it, Fuller put his whole inheritance from his mother's estate into the production of two more automobile prototypes. Unfortunately, when the two new Dymaxion cars had been completed and sold—one to a racing driver, the other to Leopold Stokowski—two of the subcontractors whom Fuller had engaged presented a bill for a great deal more than the sum he thought they had originally agreed on, and then sued for the difference. Fuller, dead broke, was unable to pay. He held a one-eighth interest in Bear Island, and the two men then came to Maine and pressed a claim to it. A local judge awarded it to them. Several years later, Mrs. Kenison managed to buy back her brother's share, and Fuller paid her back as soon as he could.

During my talk with Mrs. Kenison after dinner, the whole family gathered in the living room of the main house to watch Fuller put on a visual demonstration of his mathematics. He went upstairs to his room and returned with a bag full of bright-colored plastic rods and rubber elbow joints, which he had had a toy manufacturer make up for him, and proceeded to construct out of them five geometrical shapes—a dodecahedron, a cube, a tetrahedron, an octahedron, and an icosahedron. Seated gnomically on a bench by a window, with his audience gathered in a half circle around him, he took up each shape in turn and showed us that the cube and the dodecahedron, no matter how you tried to prop them up, invariably collapsed, while the other three, whose structural basis was the triangle, held their shape. The accompanying explanation was rather complex, and it was close to midnight by the time he had finished it. He was then prevailed upon to sing, in a faltering but dogged

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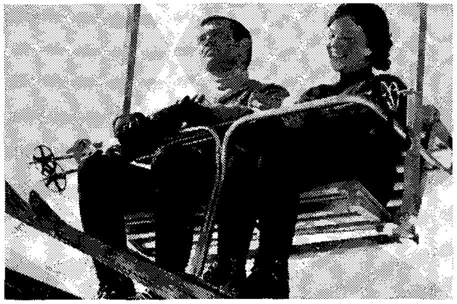

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tenor, some lyrics he had once written to the tune of "Home on the Range." They began like this:

There once was a square, with a
  romantic flair,
Pure Beaux-Arts, McKim, Mead
  & White,
Then modern ensued; it went fac-
  tory-nude—
Mies, Gropius, Corbu, and Wright.

Roam, home to a dome, where
  Gothic and Roman once stood.
Now chemical bonds alone guard
  our blonds,
And even the plumbing looks good.

Let architects sing of aesthetics
  that bring
Rich clients in hordes to their knees;
Just give me a home in a great circle
  dome
Where the stresses and strains are
  at ease. . . .

Several of Fuller's listeners took the end of his song as an opportunity to retire. The rest of us followed him outdoors to look at the full moon and feel the earth's rotation. If you stood with your feet wide apart and faced the North Star, he explained, you would, after a certain length of time, begin to sense the motion of the earth in the night sky as it turned with you aboard. You could actually feel it, he said, as a pressure on your left foot. After about fifteen minutes, several of us said that we were beginning to get something like the sensation he meant, and this pleased him enormously. When I finally left to go to bed, Fuller was explaining triangulation more fully to one of his nieces, out there under the great dome of the stars.

DURING the four days that I spent on Bear Island, it often occurred to me that the highly stimulating and occasionally exhausting "Bear Island atmosphere" that Fuller had talked about the first night was more or less directly the product of his own presence there. He never seemed to tire, although he seldom went to bed before two in the morning—four hours' sleep, he said, was his usual quota. When the rest of the family got together for cocktails in the late afternoon, Fuller might go upstairs to his room to work on one of several articles or books he was writing; he gave up alcohol during the Second World War, he told me, not because he could not handle it but because he had decided that people who did not want to take his ideas seriously often ascribed them to his drinking habits. One of the writing projects that occupied him during my visit was a personal summing up of what he had learned

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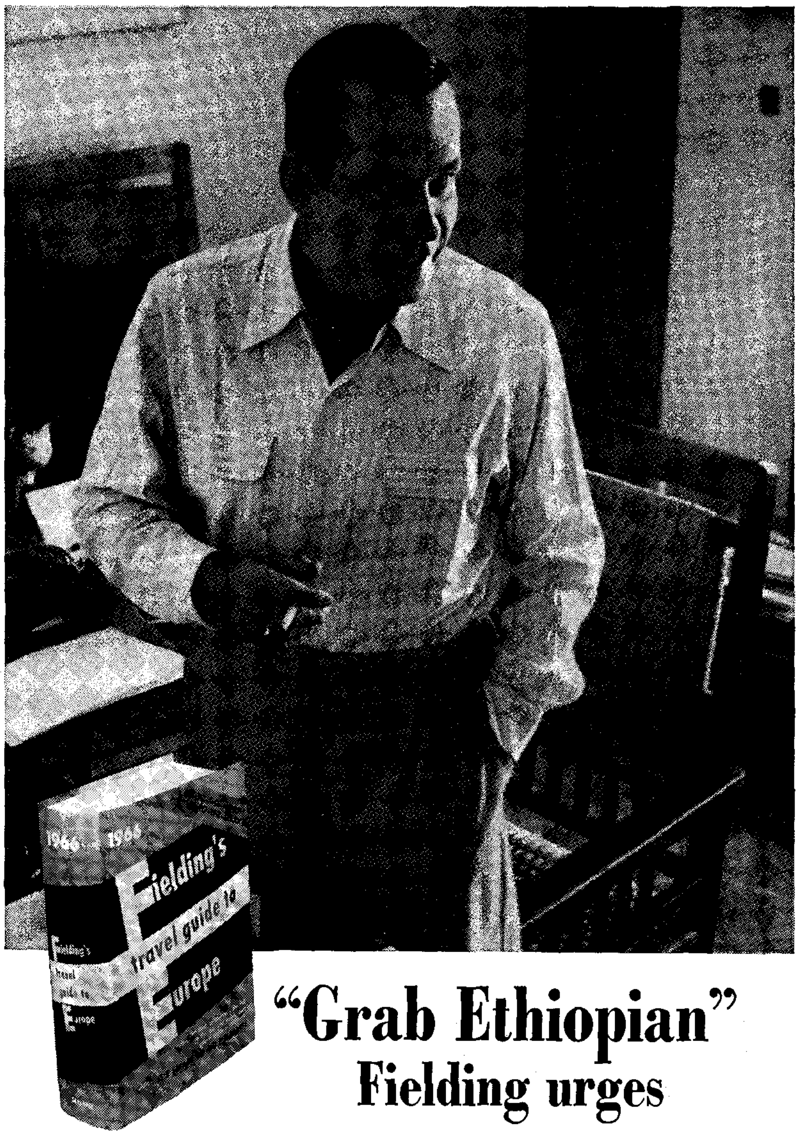
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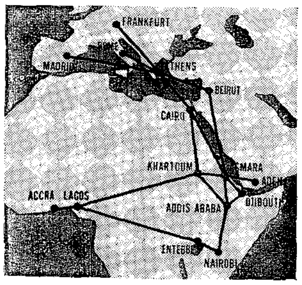

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from life, which had been commissioned by the editor of the *Saturday Review*, Norman Cousins. Fuller had decided to cast it in a unique quasi-poetic form that he refers to as "mental mouthfuls and ventilated prose." He has written a number of things in this form, including an unfinished "Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization." It all began in 1936, when he was asked to write a technical paper for the Phelps Dodge Corporation. A director of the company found the paper totally incomprehensible, and said so. Somewhat miffed, Fuller gained an audience with the man and proceeded to read the paper aloud to him in carefully metered doses, watching his face to make sure that each portion was understood before he went on to the next. "Why don't you write it that way?" the director asked when he had finished reading. Fuller went home, rewrote the paper in metered doses, and resubmitted it. "This is lucid," the director said. "But it is poetry, and I cannot possibly hand it to the president of the corporation for submission to the board of directors." Fuller insisted that it wasn't poetry at all but simply a chopped-up version of the original prose report. The director said he was having two poets to dinner at his house that night, and would show the paper to them and ask their opinion. The following morning, he called Fuller into his office again, and said, "It's too bad—they say it's poetry." The report was finally put back into prose form, though with a great many dots, dashes, and asterisks to separate the mental mouthfuls. Ever since that time, however, Fuller has frequently found himself putting down his thoughts in the ventilated form. He showed me the rough draft of his article for the *Saturday Review*, and I saw that it contained a number of the ideas he had been discussing at somewhat greater length during the last few days. At one point, I read:

> Fission verified Einstein's hypothesis
> Change is normal
> Thank you Albert!

And, a little farther on:

> Nature never "fails."
> Nature complies with her own laws.
> *Nature is the law.*

Nature as it presented itself on Bear Island certainly offered unlimited stimulation to Fuller's thought processes. I was constantly fascinated to see how, his interest having been piqued by some bit of flora or fauna, he could suddenly take off on long and adventurous flights of erudition. The simple act of cutting out a spruce sapling that had elected to seed

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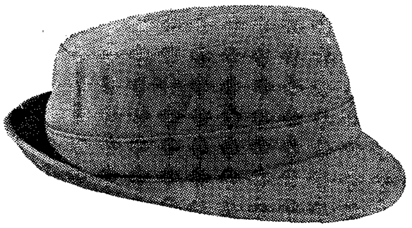

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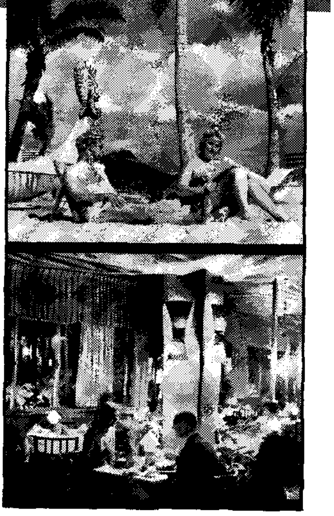
itself in a stone retaining wall started Fuller thinking about pruning as an art—the art, he said, of "killing without killing." This led him, by a lightning transition, to a discussion of the whales that came up through the Bering Strait each year, and of the Eskimos who spoke of the whale with love as their great brother and said that the great brother asked them to kill him very expertly, so that he would return in great numbers the following year. "And all this, by the way, is very close to the ancient bull worship in Crete," Fuller added. "The bull is, of course, the male fertility, and the killing of the bull in Crete was something that had to be done very beautifully and expertly, which is really what goes on today in the bull ring, although in a debased form. The Cretans played games of jumping over the horns and doing acrobatics on the back of the bull and dancing around him all day long." Fuller went on to describe the clothing worn by the Cretans at these ancient bull festivals, and then said that it had been taken over by gypsies from northwestern India on their way to Spain, and this brought him, quite naturally, to the true history of flamenco dancing, which, he said, the gypsies had also taken over from the Cretans. Flamenco, he explained, had originated on shipboard. It had grown out of the sounds made on the hard decks of Cretan ships—sounds echoed in the staccato clatter of the dancer's heels in the classical flamenco. Fuller demonstrated a flamencolike dance step, which he had learned, he said, from a South American Indian.

Once Fuller has embarked on one of his verbal flights, I found, he is virtually impervious to distraction or discomfort. As we were coming out of the water rather late one afternoon, while the last rays of the sun lingered on the men's beach, the subject of New Zealand came up, and in short order he was well launched on the story of his visit to the Maori anthropologist who was also Keeper of the Chants, and his theory of how the Maori navigators had discovered the prevailing wind patterns in the southern latitudes known as the roaring forties, and had used them in sailing around the world as long as ten thousand years ago. It was an interesting story, but by the time he had come to the end of it, the sun was well down behind the trees and a cool breeze was blowing from the northeast (or sucking, rather, from the southwest). Suddenly noticing that I looked a little chilly—I had felt that it would somehow be in poor taste to get dressed before Fuller did, and while he was talking—he



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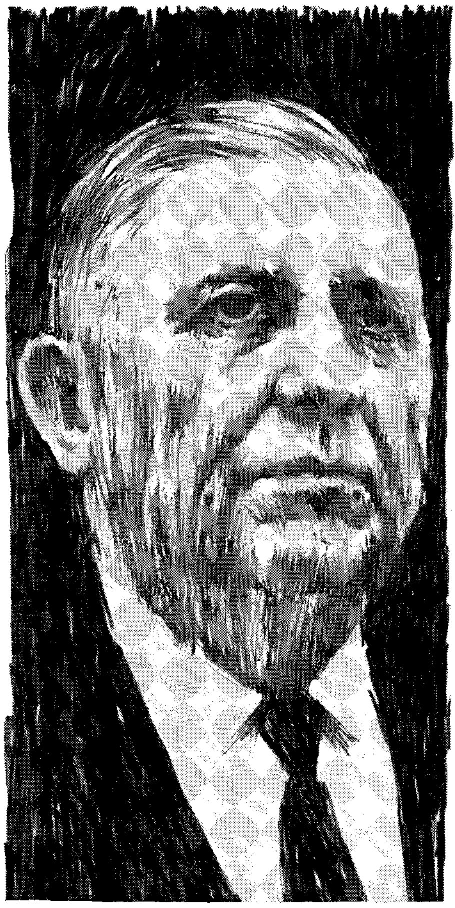

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The Original

quickly put his clothes back on and then led the way to the house at a fast trot, pausing only to pick up an exceptionally good example of "our friend tetrahedron." Fuller himself was not a bit cold.

THE whole story, as Fuller sees it, of the tie-in between the earliest history of navigation and the development of mathematics emerged the next morning. Fuller rowed me over in his dinghy to Little Spruce Head—a thickly wooded island, which he now owns outright, having bought out the rest of the family's shares in it—and we spent the morning exploring it. On the way over, he talked nostalgically about the Swedish-built Nagala, a thirty-metre sloop he had owned, describing her as the most beautiful boat ever designed. He had sold her the year before (retaining the dinghy, in which we were at that moment afloat), because he used her seldom, but he still dreamed about the boat and often thought of buying her back. She was a needle, a wraith, he said, and the emotions you felt about her were of the same kind as the emotions you felt about a beautiful woman. I asked how she had come by her name. He explained that in most languages "na" was the ancient word for the sea—the root of all marine words like "navigation" and "navy" and "nautical"—and that Naga had been the great serpent god of the sea in prehistoric times. When man took the tremendous risk of going to sea in boats, Fuller said, he gradually learned that by making a snake's path in the water—that is, tacking—he could navigate against the wind, and this was really the beginning of science and technology, and the beginning of the idea, which we now associate with the Western cultural tradition, though it was born in the South Seas of the Pacific, that nature could be studied and made to serve man's needs and desires. "Nagala," of course, was simply the feminine form of "Naga."

On the way back to Bear Island, I took the oars and asked Fuller to go on talking about the early history of navigation, and he outlined his theory on the subject, which is nothing less than comprehensive. At the beginning, he said, when men first put to sea, on rafts, they just drifted away from the mainland of Asia on the Japan Current, going where God seemed to will. Much of the philosophy of the Orient may have stemmed from this willing submission to fate as sensed in nature, he said—this drifting away and never coming back. Then, after many centu-

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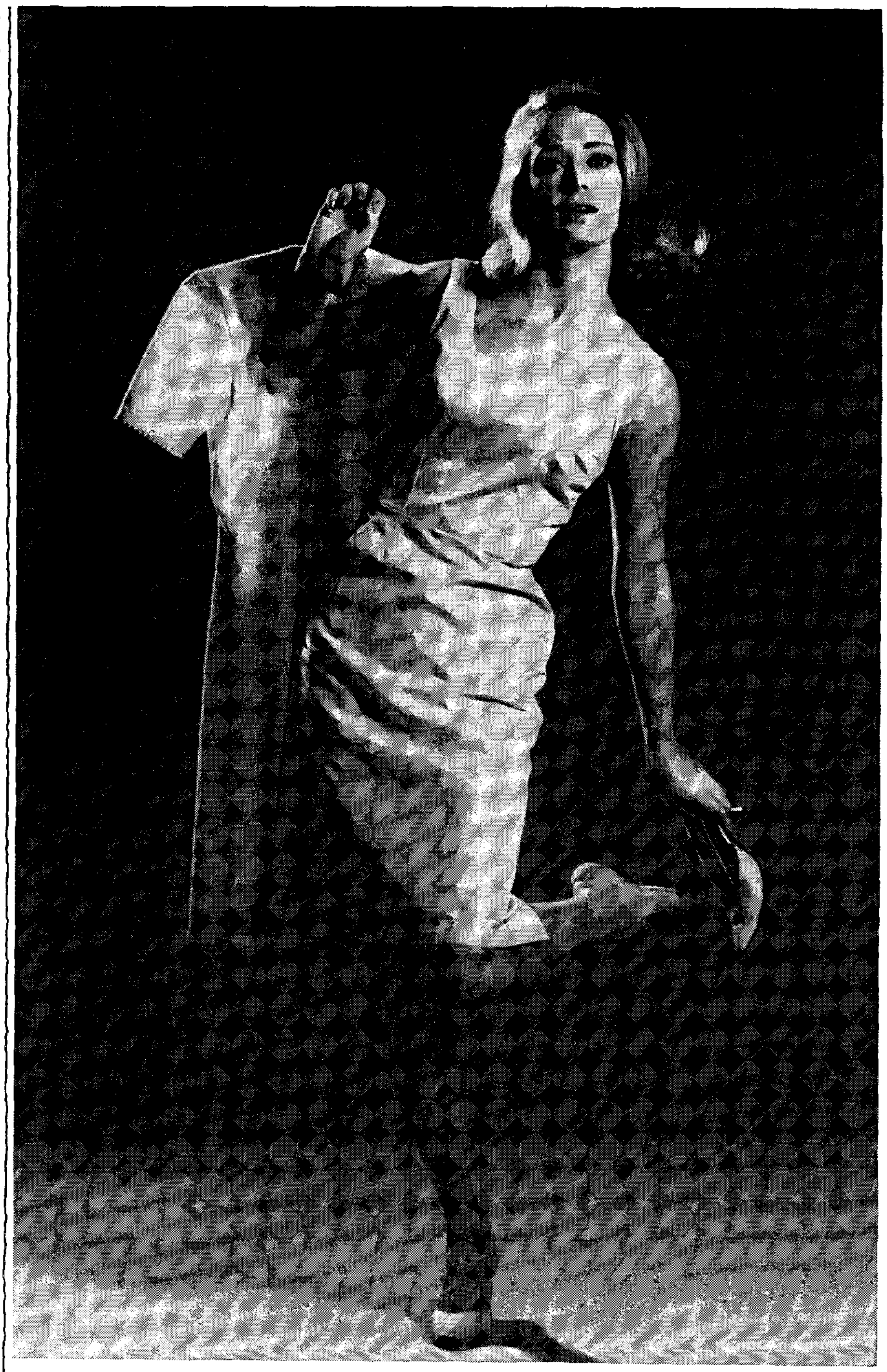
ries, successors of these earliest seagoing drifters who had found their way to the South Seas, and who may very well have been Maoris, learned how to steer their rafts with crude log rudders and, eventually, how to put up masts in the form of live trees, whose leaves caught the wind, and gradually there evolved the proa, with a mast and sail that could be moved from one end of the boat to the other, and this led, in turn, to the philosophically and technically enormous step of into-the-wind sailing. The men who dared go against God's will and sail into the wind, Fuller said, also wanted to be able to come back where they had started from, and this was the real beginning of navigation. The sailors of the South Seas made the world's first navigating devices, which were crude combinations of notched sticks that could be used to plot the position of a boat between two fixed stars—the only visible points of reference. And this early three-point navigation, Fuller said, was the beginning of mathematics—the first system of true calculation, as opposed to the simple scratchings on rock that landlubbers used in counting their livestock.

Gathering verbal momentum but still managing to direct my own somewhat serpentine rowing efforts, Fuller described how the earliest navigators gradually spread throughout the island world of Micronesia, and how they had gained great influence, because of their seemingly magic power to go great distances and return with treasure from no one knew where; they guarded the secrets of navigation, he said, and even lived apart from the other members of their tribe while they were onshore. They became the high priests and witch doctors and spiritual leaders of their people, and they continued to develop their secret mathematical knowledge, and their successors grew more and more proficient at mathematics and astronomy, and more and more daring in their navigation. They reached India, where they built tall star-sighting towers on the mainland, and they learned how to ride the monsoons across the Indian Ocean in dhows until eventually they went overland to the Mediterranean. The descendants of these navigators formed the priesthood of the Babylonian and Egyptian civilizations, became famous as Phoenician navigators, and established the brilliant and powerful Minoan civilization on Crete, still without relinquishing the secrets of the mathematical knowledge that was the source of their power, and *their* descendants, in turn, pushed on, in bigger and more seaworthy boats,



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all the way up the Atlantic coast of Europe to England and Scandinavia, where they became known as Vikings, and down the rivers of Russia and out across the North Atlantic to Greenland and America. When the Ionian Greeks overwhelmed the Minoan civilization at Knossos, on Crete, however, the secret mathematical code was finally broken, and immediately afterward, to the amazement of all subsequent historians unacquainted with Fuller's theory, Greek science suddenly blossomed forth with quadratic equations and other highly advanced methods of calculation. "And now," Fuller said, "we come to the Garden of Eden story in the Old Testament, and we find that Eve was created out of Adam's rib, and I am going to tell you that Eve was not a woman at all—she was the boat. Boats have been feminine from the beginning, and Eve was the ribbed, deep-sea ship that took the man Adam into the great globe-girdling experience that proved to him the earth was round and therefore finite. And the apple from the tree of knowledge represented the earth, and the serpent was Naga, the great god of the sea, and this is really the very, very long-hidden story."

As Fuller told it, the whole rousing saga sounded absolutely irrefutable. He expects to write a book about it within the next year or so—one of five books by him that the Macmillan Company has contracted to publish—and the film director John Huston, a friend of his, has said he wants to make it into a motion picture.

There is no doubt whatever in Fuller's mind that the whole development of modern science and technology has resulted from a willingness on the part of a very few men to sail into the wind of tradition, to trust in their own intellect, and to take advantage of their natural mobility. According to Fuller, the influence of this tiny minority, the navigator-priests of pre-history who ventured into the outlaw area and returned with the new wealth that was knowledge, was always far greater than that of the kings or other rulers to whom they were officially subject, and the situation is no different today; it is modern technology, rather than political leadership, that directs the real movement of contemporary history. "Take away the energy-distributing networks and the industrial machinery from America, Russia, and all the world's industrialized countries, and within six months over two billion swiftly and painfully deteriorating people will starve to death," he has written. "Take away the politicians, all the

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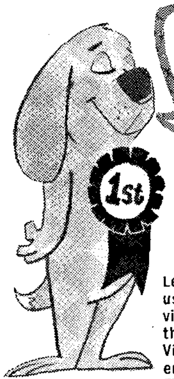

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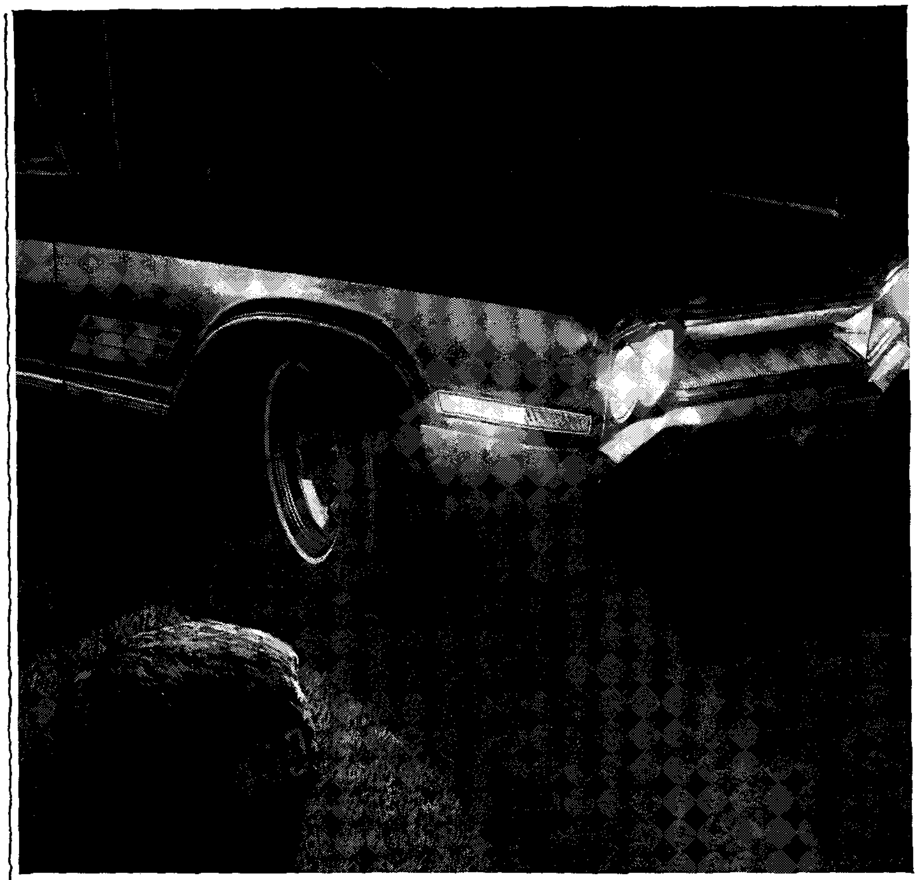
ideologies and their professional protagonists from those same countries and leave them their present energy networks, industrial machinery, routine production, and distribution personnel, and no more humans will starve nor be afflicted in health than at present."

The colossal irony of our time, of course, is that the scientific knowledge that has made utopia possible has also made world suicide a distinctly plausible alternative. As Fuller once put it, "Either war is obsolete or men are." The issue will be decided one way or another within the next thirty years, he believes—but not by the politicians. Much as the political leaders in Russia and America might like to divert science and technology from weaponry to livingry, they are prevented from doing so by the opposition leaders within their own systems, who would use any relaxation of the national military posture as evidence of weakness or treason. "It comes to those who discover it, all round the world, as a dismaying shock, to realize that continuation of the weapons race and of cold and hot warring are motivated only by intramural party fears of local political disasters," Fuller wrote last spring. "The world's political fate does not rest with leaders at the summit, expressing the will of world people, but with the local ambitions and fears of lower-echelon political machines, within the major weapons-possessing nations, whose vacillation is accompanied by an increasing spread of the atomic weapons-possessing nations. . . . All political machine professionals of all political states will always oppose loss of sovereignty for their own state. Solution of the impasse, if it comes at all, must clearly come from other than political initiative."

Fuller is sure that the solution can come only from a design revolution to be carried out by today's students. Time after time during my stay on Bear Island, he returned to the subject of the student movement, on which he pins all his hopes for the future, and he returned to it once more in the last conversation I had with him before leaving. We had gone for a swim that morning, and were thawing out on the warm rocks and talking about automation. Fuller has a lot of thoughts about automation (which he prophesied many years ago), and he has recently published a little book called "Education Automation" (Southern Illinois University Press), about coming changes in the educational process, that is creating quite a stir in academic circles. The essence of his



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theory is that education will be the major industry of the future, for automation increasingly will make the old concept of work obsolete and everyone will spend more and more of his nonleisure time in research and reëducation to keep up with a constantly accelerating technology. "Everybody will be going back to school periodically," he told me. "But, of course, the university itself won't be anything like what it is now. We'll get rid of all the teachers who are just holding on to their jobs in order to eat—all the deadwood, which is the biggest problem in a university anyhow. The deadwood will get fellowships to study or work on their own, and TV will come in to take over most of the actual teaching. There will be a large technical staff making documentary movies. The university is going to become a really marvellous industry, with tools like individually selected and articulated two-way TV that will permit any student anywhere in the world to select from a vast stockpile of documentaries on any subject and watch it over his own TV set at home. The individual is going to study mainly at home. And the great teachers won't have to spend their time delivering the same lectures over and over, because they'll put them on film. The teachers and scholars will be free to spend their time developing more and more knowledge about man's whole experience—past, present, and future."

"But what about the students?" I asked. "How will they react to being cast adrift in a world of impersonal educational machinery? Isn't part of the answer implied in the recent disorders at modern multiversities such as U.C.L.A.?"

Fuller considered the question. "You know, young people sometimes have an infallible sense about these things," he said, at last. "In my youth, we used to talk about 'square shooters.' Today, when a student calls somebody a 'square' he means something entirely different. It doesn't imply that he's lost respect for integrity, or anything like that. A 'square' these days is somebody who's static, immobilized, obsolete—as obsolete as the square box in architecture. Today's student knows instinctively that his world is dynamic, not static, and that the normal state of affairs is constant change and evolution. He also knows that a great many of our venerated institutions, educational and otherwise, are obsolete, and these are what he's reacting against all over the world, sometimes rather violently. Look here, old man, the present crop of university students are

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the Second World War's babies, and they're astonishingly different from any previous generation. A lot of them were born when their fathers were away at war, and a lot of them were looked after by baby-sitters while their mothers worked in munitions factories. Besides which, they are the first humans to be reared by what I call the third parent—television—which helped them from the very beginning to think 'world.' And look what's happened in the world since they were born. First off, the atomic bomb. When they were about four years old, the giant computers began commercial operation. When they were eight, men climbed Mount Everest. When they were ten, they were immunized against polio. When they were twelve, Sputnik went up and the first civilian nuclear reactor went into operation. When they were thirteen, the atomic submarine Nautilus crossed from the Pacific to the Atlantic under the North Polar ice. When they were fourteen, a Russian rocket photographed the far side of the moon and returned to earth. When they were fifteen, the bathyscaphe took men down to photograph the bottom of the Pacific Ocean's deepest hole. When they were sixteen, a Russian orbited the earth in a rocket. When they were seventeen, the DNA genetic code for the control of the design of all life was discovered. This generation *knows* that man can do anything he wants, you see. These people know that wealth is not money—that it's a combination of physical energy and human intellect—and they know that energy can be neither created nor destroyed and that intellectual knowledge can only increase, and that therefore total wealth cannot help but increase. They also know that they can generate far more wealth by coöperation on a global scale than by competition with each other. And they realize—or at least they sense—that utopia is possible now, for the first time in history. All past ideas of utopia were unrealistic, because it was assumed that Malthus was right and there would never be enough physical resources for more than a tiny proportion of humanity to live in comfort. No one ever thought of invisible technology doing more with less. Previous utopians didn't think in terms of airplanes getting to increase their power thousands of times over while reducing their engine and airframe weights per horsepower by ninety-nine per cent. No one thought of communications going from wire to wireless. No one thought of a communications satellite weighing a tenth of a ton and out-

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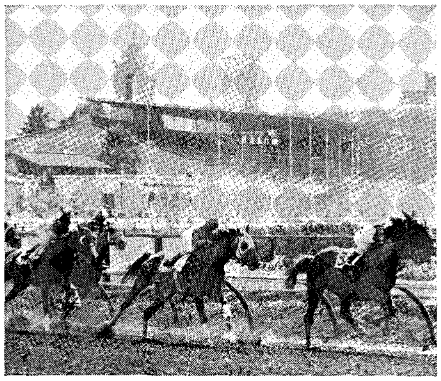

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performing seventy-five thousand tons of transatlantic cables. For the present generation of students, though, these are the facts of life. And yet they see their political leaders locked in the same old static mentality, still putting everything into weaponry, although it's perfectly obvious where that's taking us."

Fuller fell silent. After a moment or so, he got up and walked to the edge of the water and stood there, looking across at Eagle Island, and then, with a quick motion, he stooped to pick up a stone and send it skipping fifty feet out into the bay. I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly two o'clock. The boat taking me over to Sunset was to leave at two-thirty, so we headed back toward the main house. On the way, I asked Fuller whether he felt that there was anyone in his own generation working in the same direction he was. He stopped to ponder the question. He stood stock-still, his eyes raised reflectively, and then said, "No, not really. I've been hopeful at times, but I find they don't really take the fundamental initiative. I just seem to be a maverick in that respect. And I didn't decide to take the initiative because I thought I was so good, either—it was only because no one else was doing it."

We walked on up the path, and came out into the meadow below the main house. As I caught up with Fuller, I saw that he was smiling his chip-toothed smile. "You know, in Greece last month, Doxiadis gave a big dinner party, at which he asked me to make a speech," he said. "And when it got to be time for the speech, Doxiadis got up from the table and said that he was not going to introduce me—he was going to leave that to a member of my own generation. And up to the platform stepped his daughter, who graduated two years ago from Swarthmore. Lovely girl. Well, I sort of liked that. And then, after dinner, this same girl asked me if I would speak to a group of young postgraduate-student friends of hers from the university in Athens—young scientists and mathematicians—and naturally I said I'd be glad to. It turned out to be one of the most fascinating evenings of my life. I found that all these young people were really *thinking*. Their questions were brilliant, and they had such a clear grasp of the important issues, and their interest and their enthusiasm were so great—it was a strange thing, but I felt as though all the centuries had rolled back and I was really talking to the young thinkers of ancient Greece. We didn't break up until three-thirty in the morning. I

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don't believe I've ever felt such a spirit as I did that night, just two weeks ago. It's this sort of thing that makes me so sure we're going to come through. Everything centers more and more on the young people, but they're up to it. World is going to work for world, that's all."

After I had said my goodbyes at the main house, Fuller insisted on walking down to the dock with me. On the way, he invited me to join a contest he was sponsoring, with a substantial prize for the person who came up with the best substitute for the word "sunset." It bothers him quite a bit that his summer mailing address—℅ Sunset Post Office, Maine—happens to involve a term of which he disapproves on scientific grounds, although he ruefully admits that it will not be easy to hit on a satisfactory replacement for "sunset," with its entrenched poetic associations. I said I would do my best.

Mr. Hardie had the engine of the launch warming up when we arrived. I put my suitcase aboard, and turned around to find that Fuller had gone off to look for something on the little strip of beach near the dock. He returned in a few moments, smiling broadly, and handed me a rather lumpy but undeniably tetrahedron-shaped stone. "Goodbye, old man," he said, raising his voice above the noise of the engine. We shook hands, and I climbed aboard. He stood at the end of the dock until the launch was far out in the bay, waving energetically from time to time, and looking, for the moment, as though there were absolutely nothing in the world that he had to do.

—Calvin Tomkins

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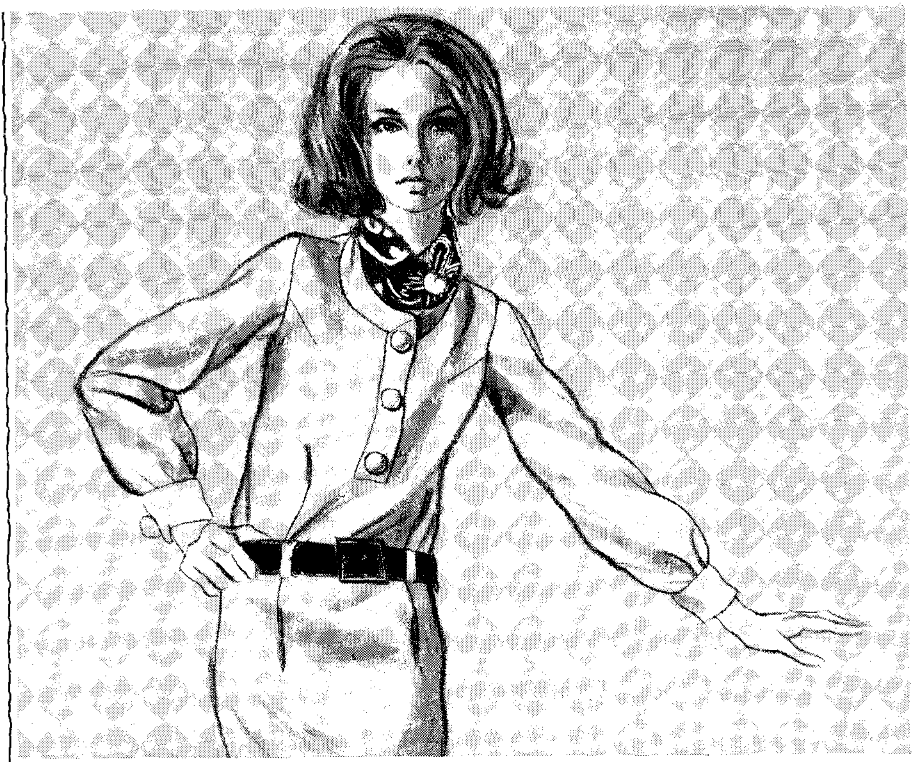

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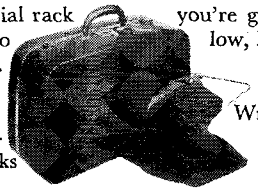

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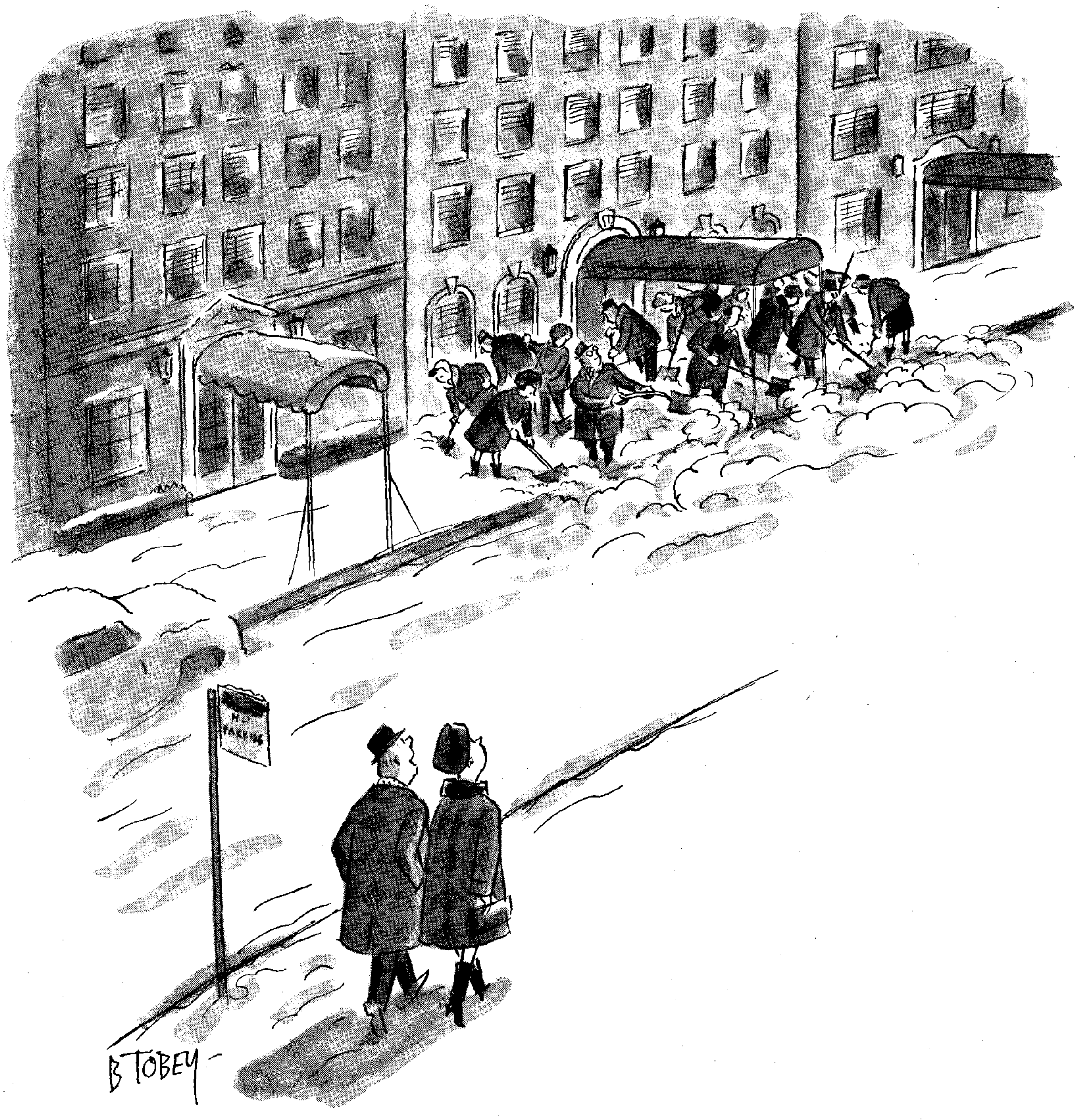
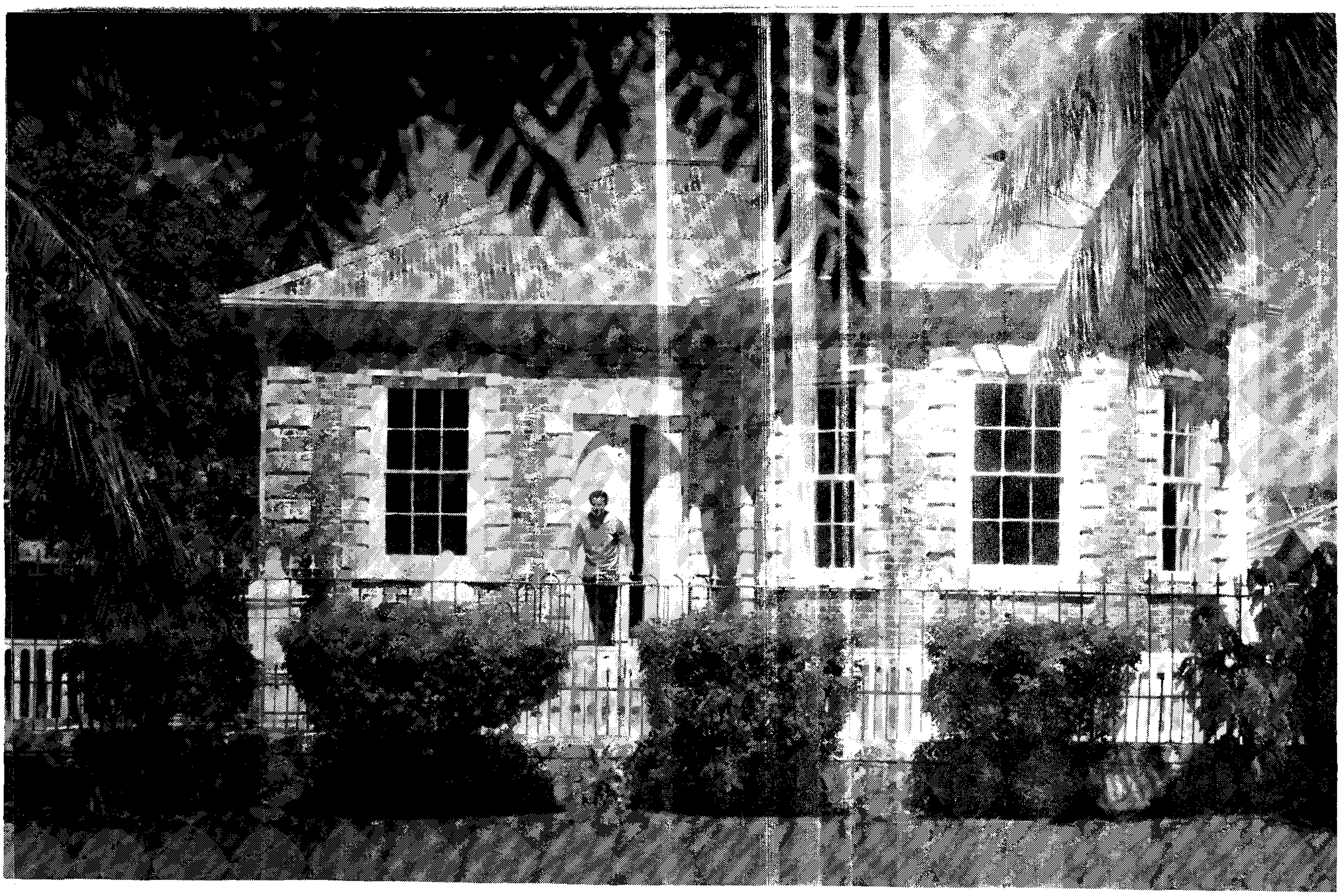
THE THEATRE

## BEDLAM

"The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" is the pretentious title of the pretentious drama that took up residence at the Martin Beck last week. Written originally in German prose and verse by Peter Weiss, who is evidently a devout disciple of Bertolt Brecht, the play was translated into English prose and verse by Geoffrey Skelton and Adrian Mitchell, respectively. The contribution of these gentlemen to "Marat . . . Sade," however, is by no means as considerable as the contribution of the director, Peter Brook, who has staged the piece with such self-indulgent extravagance that the trappings practically smother its content. The setting for the action in the madhouse, designed by Sally Jacobs, is large, bleak, and oppressive, but it is not large enough for Mr. Brook, and he has spilled some of the actors representing the wretches of Charenton into the boxes adjoining the proscenium, in which they loll about when they are not being called upon to furnish music, dulcet or earsplitting, as an accompaniment to the performance. Mr. Brook is similarly expansive in providing us with parades of the afflicted—shuffling, drooling, moaning, shouting—and with catatonic tableaux in which crooked and distorted bodies freeze into immobility. This, of course, is shocking stuff, but all too often at "Marat . . . Sade" I had the nagging notion that Mr. Brook was dwelling on the miseries of the deranged for no other reason than to prolong the shock. I suppose, though, that without the bizarre effects supplied by the purported lunatics on view there really wouldn't be much in the way of dramatic substance to distinguish this enterprise. In devising his play-within-a-play, Mr. Weiss apparently set out to contrast the philosophy of Sade, who believed nothing could be done to ameliorate the human condition, with the philosophy of Marat, who believed that social revolution must go on and on, even if it kept failing. The irony of having Sade originate both points of view in his institutional drama and of having a paranoiac portray Marat has been heavily emphasized by Mr. Weiss, but once that irony has been established, there is little that is arresting or significant in the dialogue between Sade and the madman who plays Marat. To add a little spice to it, the director of the Charenton Asylum, a moderate man, is called upon to protest whenever Sade's dramatic ideas become excessively unorthodox. More effective than the asylum director, though, in cutting short the whole business is an inmate depicting Charlotte Corday, who, after showing all kinds of confused reluctance to go through with her role as a murderess, finally reënacts the stabbing of Marat in his bathtub. In keeping with the Brecht dictum that the audience shouldn't get deeply involved in the emotional aspects of any drama set before it, the progress of "Marat . . . Sade" is constantly in-



"*That's what I call a* real *coöperative.*"



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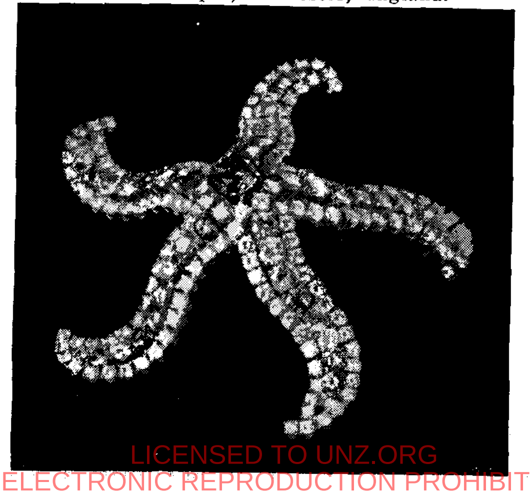

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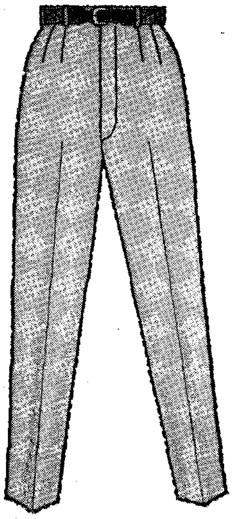

daughter

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terrupted by bits of doggerel and foolish jingles. This does not improve matters.

The actors who perform in "Marat . . . Sade" are members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and they go about their work with a will. At times, Mr. Brook seems to have persuaded them that when in doubt it's a good idea to shout. But maybe the shouting is necessary, for this is a very rackety show, and a player needs a strong set of pipes to be heard at all. As a theatrical curiosity, "Marat . . . Sade" may be worth a bit of your time, but for me it was, as the saying goes, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Murder Under the Sea*

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de Pauw

MY companion at "Thunderball" was a nine-year-old boy, who, at its conclusion, solemnly pronounced it the best James Bond movie he had ever seen. The value of this tribute was somewhat diminished when it turned out, under examination, that "Thunderball" was the *only* James Bond movie he had ever seen. Nevertheless, the boy's critical faculties are sound and his knowledge is broad, especially in regard to works dealing with international criminal conspiracies and sudden, bloody deaths under sinister circumstances, and I, as a veteran of the three earlier Bonds, am inclined to agree with him about "Thunderball." Ticklish as it is to discriminate between movies each of which has its vociferous champions, I would say that in quality the order of precedence in the Bond canon now reads "Thunderball," "From Russia with Love," "Dr. No" (the first of the series), and "Goldfinger." This brings to mind how rare it is for even a single sequel to surpass the original, and how much rarer for two to do so. In the present instance, I think several reasons can be adduced. For one, money not only talks but is often extremely eloquent. Thanks to the fantastic sums earned by its predecessors, the producers of "Thunderball" have had plenty of money to spend, and they have spent it, with a wise extravagance, on sets and gadgets and photographic stunts that achieve an effect of unbroken vulgar opulence. The movie shines with the unction of a world in which the forces of good and evil are all equally well-groomed *arrivistes*, haunted by how recently they have come to know which fork to use; for both sides, life is violent and valueless, and the only discernible goal is to lose it looking rich and sexually desirable. How can we not be impressed by the shady elegance of such a point of view? A second reason for the success of "Thunderball" is that the director, Terence Young, and the authors of the screenplay—in this case, Richard Mai-

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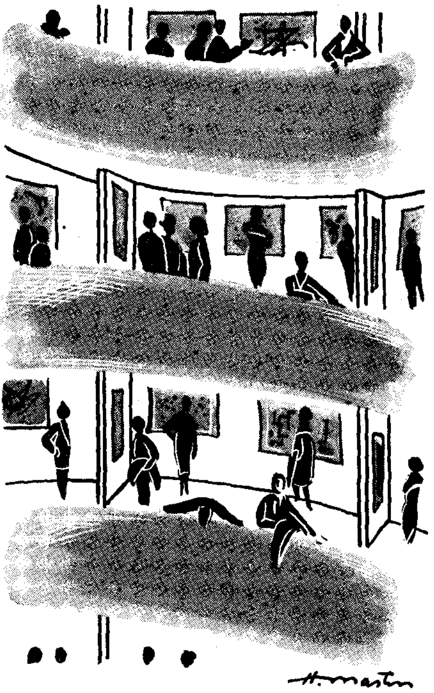
baum and John Hopkins—are much more certain than they used to be of the rules of the tricky game they have chosen to play, a game in which a parody of a whole genre is placed inside what amounts to a partial self-parody. We may be fools to be thrilled by Bond's desperate antics, but we laugh at them at our peril, for the real jest appears to lie elsewhere; to see through Bond is to be every bit as much a victim of his creators' wiles as not to see through him. Finally, "Thunderball" owes a great deal to how immensely accomplished Sean Connery has become in the role of James Bond. His suavity has the mocking, mirror-hard surface that has so long distinguished the acting of Cary Grant, and he moves, as Grant does, with an authority that seems to part the very air in front of him. Grant is reported to have said that he doesn't want to play any more romantic leads; Connery is the one actor I can think of worthy to step into the Master's shoes.

The plot of "Thunderball" is the usual agreeable nonsense. A villainous agent of SPECTRE succeeds in kidnapping two airborne atomic weapons, which, unless Great Britain and the United States will pay a ransom of a hundred million pounds for them, will be used on a certain date to blow two major cities to smithereens. Needless to say, it isn't the money but the principle of the thing that upsets Her Majesty's Government, and 007 is quickly dispatched to find and recover the weapons. The trail leads to Nassau, which leads, in turn, to a sequence of underwater shots surpassed in beauty only by the camerawork of Jacques-



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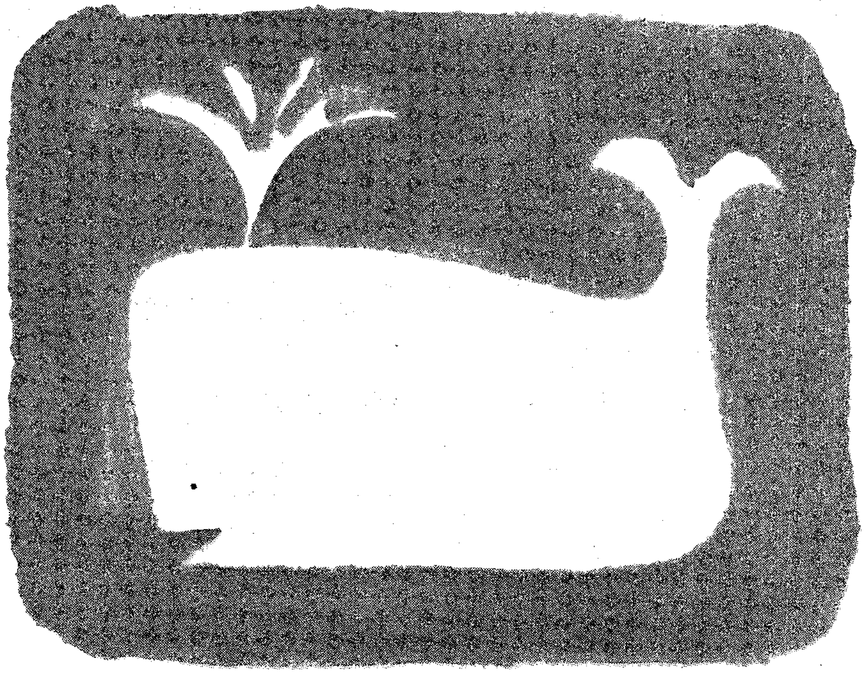

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Yves Cousteau. In the climactic scene, the equivalent of the U.S. Cavalry's appearing over the rim of the mesa and galloping down upon a hitherto triumphant band of Indians, we have the arrival of a company of—I guess—U.S. Underwater C.I.A. men, armed with spear guns, who set to work killing off, many fathoms down, among all those fish and bubbles, Bond's sworn enemies, the wicked scuba fighters of SPECTRE. A few minutes later, Bond surfaces and is thrust into one of the most fearful hand-to-hand combats of his career, in the cabin of a cruiser that is racing at top speed to sure destruction upon some nearby reefs. A sticky wicket, but at the critical moment Bond . . .

"HOW NOT TO ROB A DEPARTMENT STORE" is a French comedy, directed by Pierre Grimblat and starring Jean-Claude Brialy, Marie Laforêt, Sophie Daumier, and Jean-Pierre Marielle. The picture echoes "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" and, to close students of the subject, perhaps six or eight other comedies about inept robbers and scarcely less inept cops, and I'm afraid that Mr. Grimblat hasn't been able to bring much novelty of thought, word, deed, or picture to this adaptation of a novel by Clarence Weff. (Mr. Weff and Mr. Grimblat are jointly responsible—punitive word—for the screenplay.) It happens that the second half of the movie is much better than the first, and worth seeing all by itself, but since the distributors have announced that nobody will be seated after the picture begins, there is no practical way for you to take advantage of this tip. Too bad, because if you miss the picture altogether, you will be missing Miss Daumier, who is a pretty and joyous blonde and will go far.

—BRENDAN GILL

• •

## THE COUPLE

A Greek ship
Sails on the sea
Carrying me past
The islands
Into an unknown
Island where
The burros
Are sleeping, houses
Are white, and brown
Honey is sold in
The general store. That's
Me up on the hill,
Living with the
Man I'm going
To marry—there
We are—he plays
The violin
But never practices,
I fold and unfold
The nylon blouses
I brought from
America and put
Them neatly in
A drawer. It is
Time to go out.
We explore the island
And at the same time
Argue about
Getting married.
We walk close to
The sea, which happens
To knock our eyes
Out with its blue. An
Old lady, call her a
Witch, passes us by and
Asks us the way to
The post office.
We continue on the rocks,
Walking by the sea. "I bet
We look married," I say,
And turn my eyes from
The sea. "Only to
An old lady
Going to mail
Letters at the post
Office," he replies.
And begins to weep.
Not one snorkel
Will float
Us under the sea,
To the schools of fish
Who are enjoying
Their mateless
Existence, or
Take us away from
Our troubles. The
Young girl folds
Up her blouses and
Begins to pack.
The young man
Picks up his fiddle
And places it
Back into
The imitation
Alligator case.
The island
Now is sinking
Beneath the blue sea.
The life plot thickens.
Wait.
We have forgotten
Our footsteps.
We must
Cover them up
To
The post office.

—SANDRA HOCHMAN

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# BOOKS

## *The Shadow and the Substance*

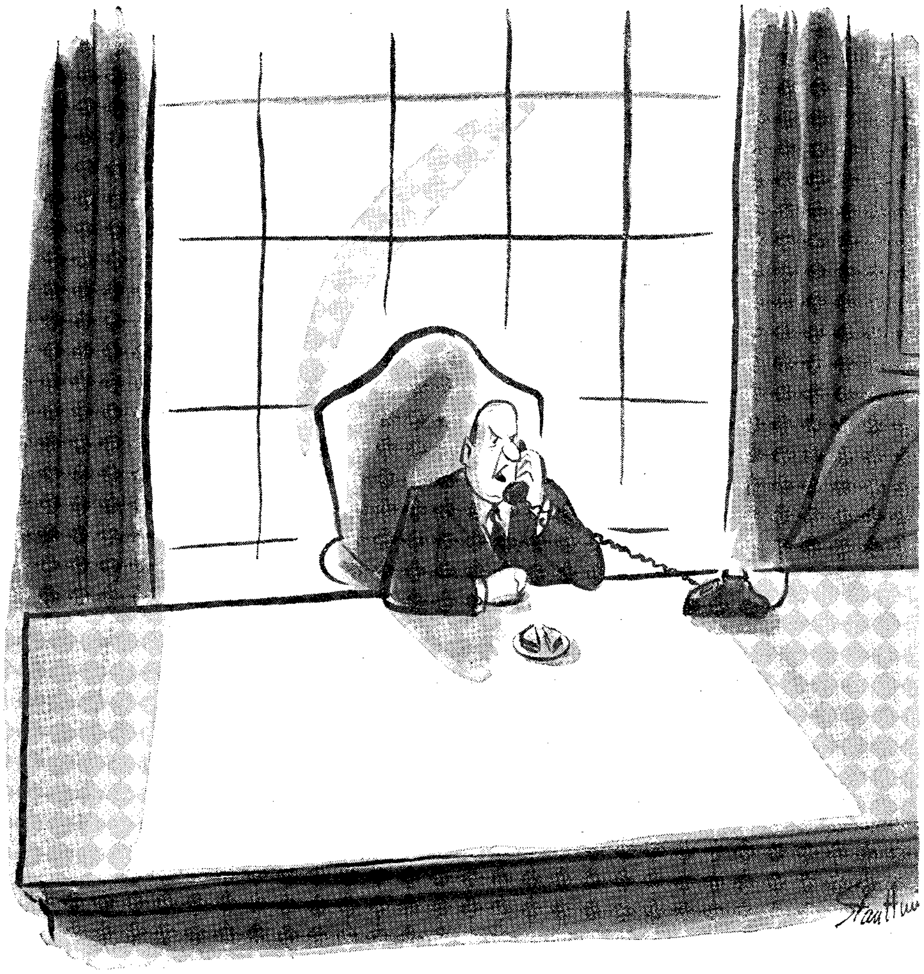
“FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE” (Putnam), the third volume of Simone de Beauvoir’s autobiography (translated by Richard Howard), begins with the liberation of Paris in 1944 and closes in the early nineteen-sixties. It is a long book (six hundred and fifty-eight pages), whose slow chronological progress through minutiae is interrupted by asides—the author’s reviews of her own books, her accounts of world events about which she felt keenly, lists of films she enjoyed. Compared to its predecessors, it lacks suspense. In “Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,” she struggled to escape her family; in “The Prime of Life,” she was endangered by the German Occupation. Now she is secure and solvent, and what she mainly does during the twenty-odd postwar years is to sit at a desk and write. The rest of her deeds are not remarkable; the book’s ridiculous but gripping charm lies in her conviction that they are.

After France was liberated, Mlle. de Beauvoir, who had been a *lycée* teacher, became a celebrity, partly because her newly published works attracted attention and partly because she was linked with Jean-Paul Sartre, whose newly published works attracted even more. Later, like many people who have long been involved with one mate, she had a couple of affairs. There were no hard feelings. (So, she tells us, did Sartre.) And all along, like innumerable other French people since 1789, she disapproved of the way her country was being run and did precious little about it except grumble, aloud and in print. Although, by the book’s end, de Gaulle’s government had begun to embark on policies of which she approved, such as getting out of Algeria, she was not mollified.

Mlle. de Beauvoir, however, sees herself as a heroine, and, as befits a heroine, she met all the aforementioned challenges—celebrity, love, politics—with her own high principles. Before she did what she wanted to do (and what everybody else was doing), she placed her proposed action in ideological perspective. When her books began to sell, she did not spend money on herself without first considering her style of life in relation to that of the proletariat. After considering, she bought some clothes, a nice apartment, and a car, and went skiing in the Alps. Her love life was full of principles, too. One forbade her loving a man unless he shared her political opinions. And on she expounds, as if her readers were too dumb to figure out why people have affairs. Another bunch of rules concerns her arrangement with M. Sartre, which has been a long-term agreement with options, though not an exclusive one. In recent years, it has become an admirable, profound friendship. (They seem, actually, to have reinvented marriage.)

Mlle. de Beauvoir devotes a great deal of space to the evolution of M. Sartre’s political thought, because she agrees with it. Until the Second World War, she announces, she and Sartre kept aloof from politics. War roused them from their dogmatic slumbers, and they decided to act, so in the fall of 1945 they founded a magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, to spread their ideas. Sartre had been particularly concerned with liberty, but he decided that his old concept of liberty was conducive to loneliness, and, revising, he began to emphasize such matters as the class struggle and to talk up the value of the individual’s submitting to collective discipline. As of this book’s writing, both Sartre and Mlle. de Beauvoir are enthusiastic about the Soviet Union. On their way to their present opinions, they quarrelled with all their friends whose political ideas developed differently. Camus is probably the most famous in their long list of excommunicated friends. Mlle. de Beauvoir expresses no sharp regrets, perhaps because the couple’s reconciliation with the Communist movement has kept them very busy socially—so it appears from the book’s reports of the jamborees and mixers, excursions and conferences, banquets, cocktail parties, and festivals she has been attending, sometimes by herself, sometimes with M. Sartre, on behalf of peace, Socialism, and friendship with the U.S.S.R.

That’s about it. Mlle. de Beauvoir disclaims, in her introduction, any intention of writing a work of art. She may have done so anyhow. She also says that she wishes to “fling myself into” this book, but I am not sure that she has. What she offers is a view of herself, and the leading character of this book, who is as much a work



*“This is not a sandwich befitting the dignity of my position.”*

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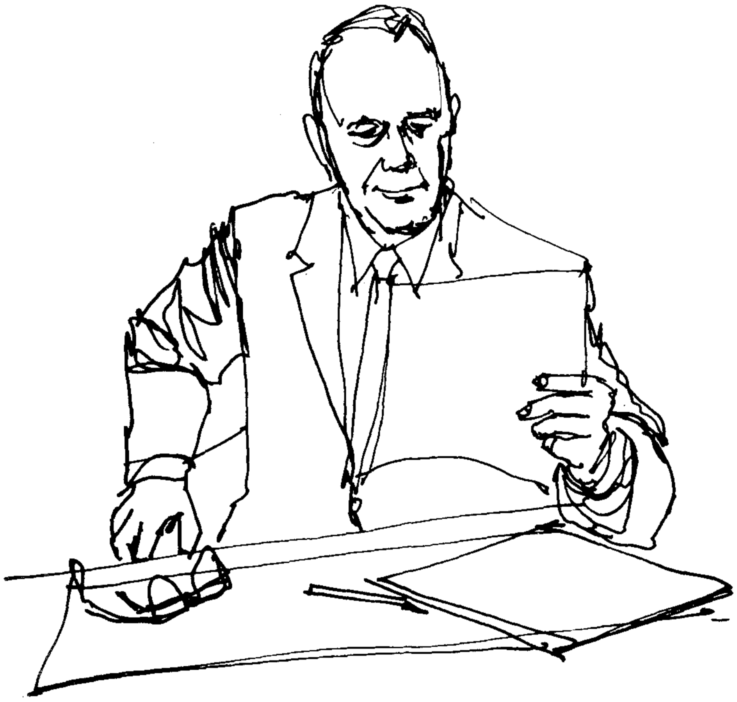
**A man can bequeath his property, but not his experience**



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of imagination as any character in fiction, is very funny. I do not know whether this personage is in truth Simone de Beauvoir, whom I think I glimpse from time to time—brisk, buoyant, and scrappy. The book's heroine is a point-misser to match Gracie Allen, whether she is explaining to her readers the meaning of American Western films (incitement to the Cold War) or worrying that "the country [France] will end up Fascist, and . . . things will go badly for Sartre." This heroine has the comic self-importance of Jane Austen's Lady Catherine de Bourgh. I do not mean that becoming a famous writer is not an achievement, or that we ought to expect someone to write an autobiography and omit her own name. Still, the stuff of comedy is disproportion, and disproportion describes Mlle. de Beauvoir's view of Mlle. de Beauvoir as a dauntless fighter against Fascism who skipped voting in an important election and who, by one coincidence after another, was either out of Paris or out of France during most of the political crises of the times. When one of her friends went on trial for aiding the Algerian rebels, she was in Brazil; that scary weekend in the spring of 1961, when paratroops were supposed to be converging on Paris to take over the government, she was in Antibes.

The failings of this character are successful as comedy because they are exaggerations of common, harmless failings. We all take ourselves too seriously, mistake our audience, misjudge a situation—who hasn't waded into a hassle and slapped the wrong child? The character in this book called Mlle. de Beauvoir displays these comic flaws with a further comic asset—a sober, deadpan style. Like Buster Keaton, she shows no sign of knowing she is being funny. Earnestness sharpens the gags—like this one, from her second trip to Havana: "Less gaiety, less freedom; but much progress . . ." It is true that there are doughy *longueurs* in the book—canting statements of no particular interest, such as "All bourgeois virtues are inevitably perverted by alienation." And six hundred and fifty-eight pages is too long for the narrative content, though not for the unfolding of a fine comic personality. If the book's comedy does not exactly sparkle, it glows with the dim, eternal light of human foolishness.

JACQUES CABAUD'S excellent biography, "Simone Weil: A Fellowship in Love" (Channel), is short, as was its subject's life (1909-43). It is

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written with reticent rather than aggressive admiration. Cabaud says he has not been able to find out all he would like to about her. He cannot, for instance, surely date and place a religious vision she described that was important in her spiritual career. And her motives are not always clear to him; he does not know why she displayed enthusiasm for the Spanish Loyalists for several months after she had ceased to feel any.

Everyone who ever met Simone Weil agreed that she was brilliant. She graduated from the École Normale Supérieure and became a *lycée* teacher. She stimulated her students to think for themselves by departing from the standard curriculum; many of them bloomed intellectually, but most of them failed the national examinations. She had a true pedagogic urge, Cabaud believes, and in later years, under unpromising circumstances, she taught anyone who wanted to learn. (In 1941, he says, she annotated the Upanishads for a girl who, like her, was a refugee in Vichy France.) But when she started teaching, in 1931, she was more interested in the labor movement. At her first post (Le Puy, near Lyon), she joined delegations of the unemployed to demand work at decent wages on public projects. She gave most of her income to the poor, ate little, and dressed any old way; she looked like a scarecrow with eyeglasses. Her unconventional appearance and radical activities were deplored, after Le Puy, at the *lycées* of Auxerre (1932), Roanne (1933), and Bourges (1935). She seemed as odd to workers she befriended as she did to fellow-teachers and town worthies. Cabaud has gathered many accounts of Mlle. Weil from these years, including the school inspectors' descriptions of her classroom manner. He deploys this evidence deftly; we feel he is thorough but not long-winded. His procession of witnesses offers an animated sketch of young Mlle. Weil; the reader sees exactly why she struck most people as eccentric and marvellous, troublesome and good.

During these years, Mlle. Weil also contributed to small magazines of the left, but she realized that she was writing about workers without knowing enough about them. She took a leave of absence from the school system and, toward the end of 1934, became a factory hand. Her health, which had always been poor, suffered, but she learned; she came out of the experience not with more words but with more realities. She saw that genuine

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working-class workers, such as those she knew in the Renault plant, get good and tired, and realistically concluded that proletarian revolution was most unlikely. The conditions of work, she found, were not only unpleasant but humiliating; men in factories felt not that they controlled machinery but that they submitted to it. Mlle. Weil followed her expedition to the working class with a briefer one to the Spanish Civil War. In the summer of 1936, she joined an Anarchist unit in training not far from Saragossa. Her awkwardness was noticed, and when her group went into combat she was told to stay behind and cook. She upset a pot of boiling oil and scalded herself out of action. However, her convalescence behind the lines allowed her to discover what I suppose is one of the most painful truths of our ideological era: that your own side, as well as the enemy, commits atrocities. (Later, she decided that neither side in Spain was hers.)

These experiences, of factory work and war, may have turned Mlle. Weil, who had had no religious upbringing, toward Christianity; at any rate, by the academic year 1937-38, Cabaud learns, from the notebooks of her students at the St.-Quentin Lycée, that she was teaching that "The Christian revolution consisted in not despising the weak. The God of the Christians is weak." But Cabaud does not try to tell you more than he knows. He knows that Mlle. Weil was moved by a visit to Assisi, by plain chant at the Abbey of Solesmes, and by the poetry of George Herbert. Her religious experience, as Cabaud describes it, was gradual; she believed that Christ visited her, and she derived from that a sense of illumination rather than a call to any new line of action. This is a point Cabaud does not labor, possibly because it is obvious anyhow. Mlle. Weil, who changed her opinions and her emphases, seems not so much to have been converted as to have been developing. She certainly does not easily fit into the common categories of conversion. She was not a sinner who became a saint, nor can she be classed as someone who became disillusioned about improving this world and so turned her thoughts to the next. For one thing, she was not disillusioned; for another, her impractical forays made her ever more practical and sensible both as a social critic and as a would-be reformer.

The by-product of Mlle. Weil's development is a large collection of valuable writing. Cabaud quotes to show what she was thinking; he quotes as a biographer, not as an interpreter, and

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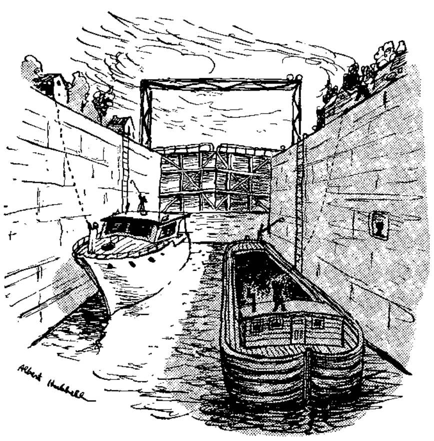
he never tries to draw the reader's attention to instances of her foresight or good judgment. The samples he gives, though, are enough to suggest her literary assets. Her ideas are original: if the topic is stale, she will move the argument into a bright new light. She argues hard, in plain, powerful language, usually with a sort of Q.E.D. conciseness. But in writing she never seems to be trying to foreclose or monopolize discussion, as in person—according to the few of Cabaud's witnesses who did not like her—she sometimes did. Her writing generally offers readers what her teaching offered students: a chance to think for themselves on serious subjects, not necessarily to agree with Teacher.

After the German victories of 1940, Mlle. Weil, whose ancestry was Jewish, moved with her parents to Vichy France. Later, they all came to New York. She hoped to return to France as an Underground worker. The Gaullist Committee of National Liberation welcomed her with a desk job in London but refused to parachute a clumsy, outspoken Jewish woman into German-held territory. Mlle. Weil felt that she had, without meaning to, run out on her suffering country and compatriots. Civilians in Occupied France were starving, so she stopped eating. Nine months after she arrived in England, she died of tuberculosis and malnutrition.

These months present biographical difficulties, not so much of fact as of tone. Cabaud's scrupulous, precise, affectionate, but not adoring approach is nearly perfect. Through him we understand both the perplexities and the certitudes of Mlle. Weil's soul as she approached death. Biography can hardly do more. She died unbaptized, even though she had argued herself out of most of her earlier objections to joining the Catholic Church. These objections were by no means frivolous, but I think, though Cabaud never mentions it, that her not having been raised



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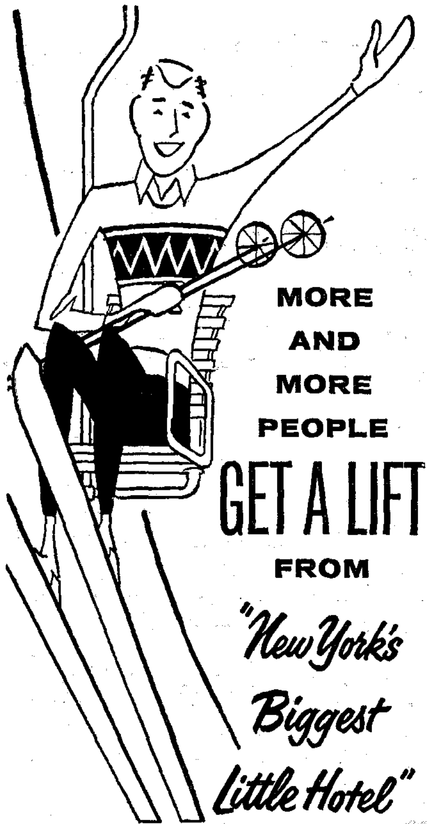

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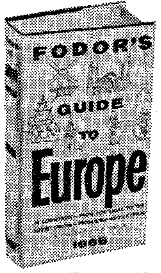
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in any religion was a serious obstacle to formal conversion. She had to go the whole way to religion by persuasion, unassisted by the habit, or even a nostalgia for the habit, of formal worship. What remained of her earlier objections by 1943 was her belief that she belonged with whoever was getting least in both the natural and the supernatural worlds: if the baptized were better off than those who were not, her bent was to suffer with the outsiders; infants who died unbaptized were of great concern to her and her chosen companions in the life to come. Was her insistence on sharing all the suffering going, and on getting the smallest part of what was offered, fancy self-destructiveness? From the photographs in the book, one cannot help wondering how such a pretty child made herself so plain a woman. Or was it spiritual pride? (Most of us are well satisfied to bear our own allotments of illness and trouble, and Mlle. Weil had plenty.) Or was it the steady ascent of a first-rate soul into self-forgetful love? Cabaud inclines to the last theory. In that undatable vision, God ordered Simone to kneel at an altar in a Catholic church, despite her objections that she was unbaptized. I have the impression that Cabaud expects Him to ignore her objections again—to say, in effect, "Be quiet, Simone, and come to Me."

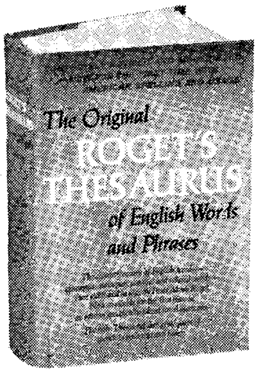
—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE EARTHLY PARADISE, by Robert Thom (Trident). This strong and courageously sentimental first novel concerns two brothers who look alike but are differently equipped to deal with life. Both brothers are extremely rich, the sons of a selfish, worried father and an alcoholic mother. Besides the brothers, the other important figure in the novel is a very young restaurant waitress, Lisa, who combines the fatal appeal, amounting to an undertow, of the waif with the irresistible calm of earth's mother. The brothers tend to blend into each other, like shadow and light, and in their love for the waitress they become one. They are one in the mind of Lisa, a most ambitious and successful characterization. The scene shuttles between Yale, an estate on Long Island, and Greenwich Village.

A SITTER FOR A SATYR, by George Andrzeyevski, translated from the Polish by Celina Wieniewska (Dutton).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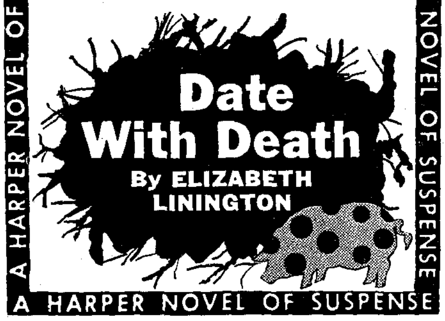

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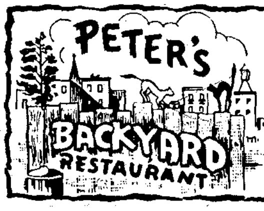

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The Red and the Green, by Iris Murdoch (Viking). In Miss Murdoch's newest, the atmosphere is English, the setting is Irish (Dublin), and the background, or comic-melodramatic relief, is provided by the Irish rebellion of Easter, 1916. There are two love affairs—one sentimental, the other grotesque. The conversation varies from the querulous to the genteel. The action is awkward and giddy. One wonders why Miss Murdoch bothered to write this "novel," which is a Literary Guild selection.

The Magician's Wife, by James M. Cain (Dial). Clay Lockwood, who is a rising star in the meat business, falls in love with Sally Alexis, who teaches charm to the hundreds of waitresses who work for the Portico restaurant chain. It turns out that Sally is married to a disagreeable magician, that she has a murderous temper, and that she has a really beautiful French mother, a Parisienne named Grace. Clay meets Grace and soon decides to marry her, but he still has a curiously strong feeling for Sally, and after a while he finds himself killing people, not because he wants to kill but because murder seems the only way to straighten out some of the painful situations he finds himself involved in. Mr. Cain's writing is flimsy, like the people he deals with.

### GENERAL

Conversations with André Gide, by Claude Mauriac, translated from the French by Michael Lebeck (Braziller). Claude Mauriac, the son of François Mauriac and himself a writer, was a close friend of Gide in the years between 1937 and 1940. This journal reports their long conversations, mainly about Gide's guilts in connection with his late wife, and also shows us Gide in a variety of postures: topping Elise Jouhandeau's shocking stories, exchanging Bible quotations with the elder Mauriac, memorizing eighty lines of Keats in

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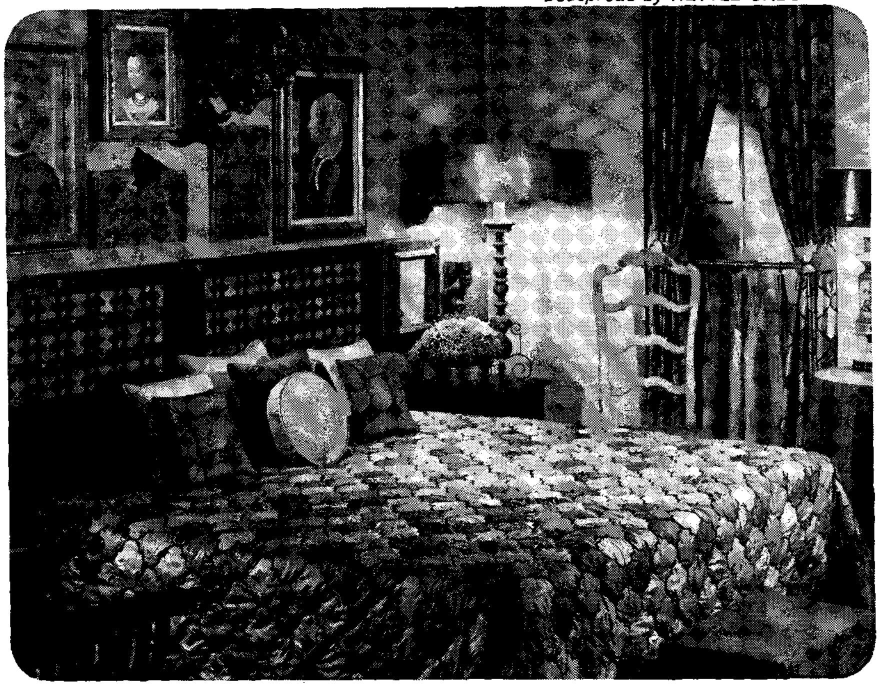

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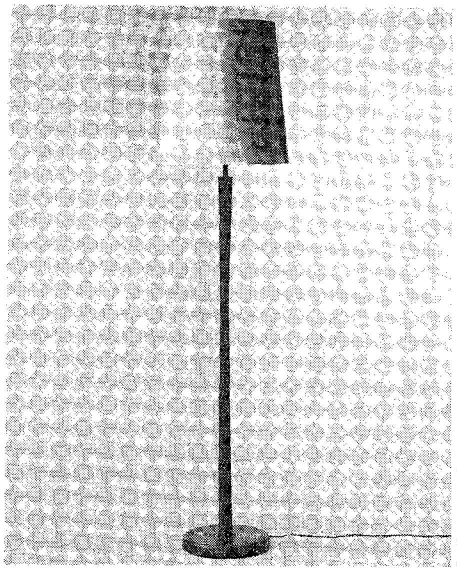

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English, rejoicing in a June bug. The translator, who had to find English equivalents for the eccentricities of Gide's pronunciation, is to be congratulated.

New Paths in Biology, by Adolf Portmann (Harper & Row). In a fascinating, speculative essay, Professor Portmann, a zoologist at the University of Basel, argues that the development of natural species is not governed by functional requirements alone—that there are numerous biological manifestations that seem to have no "survival value" at all. These are, he feels, a manifestation of the "self-expression" of the species. He gives as examples the song of the garden warbler, which serves as a mating call in spring but is also repeated in the fall, "when all sexual activity has ceased, and even when the bird is kept in complete solitude," the shape of leaves, and the coloration of certain birds and reptiles, which, as far as one can tell, serves neither to attract mates nor to frighten away predators. The higher the form of life, the more complex and varied do these forms of expression become. While Darwinian "survival of the fittest" accounts for much that is known about the evolution of species, it does not explain why these non-purposive characteristics have survived. Professor Portmann summarizes the challenge they pose to biologists by noting that "their appearance speaks a language of which we suspect we can grasp a few words, and gives evidence of a hidden power of life that goes far beyond the needs of mere self-preservation."

## ROBERT S. GERDY

Robert S. Gerdy was born on January 21, 1919, in New York City, and on the sunny morning of December 23, 1965, walking along lower Fifth Avenue, in this city he loved, he fell to the ground and died. He was only a few steps from his own home and his parents' home, and within strolling distance of his office at *The New Yorker*, where for the last thirteen years of his life he was an associate editor. His work was nearby, and so were friends. He was in the midst of everything he cared about most. He died quietly, just as he had lived. His specific work at *The New Yorker* was to help prepare some of the longer articles for publication—for want of a more satisfactory word, to "edit" them. It is one of the comic burdens of that particular kind of editor not to be able to explain to anyone else exactly what he does. As he works with a writer over a manuscript or a proof, placing his technical and aesthetic judgment at the writer's service, giving counsel when counsel is asked for, lending an objective eye, acting on occasion as a conscience, helping the writer in any way possible to say what he wants to say, only the editor and the writer can know what passes between them. The work of a good editor, like the work of a good teacher, does not reveal itself directly; it is reflected in the accomplishments of others. Bob Gerdy was a consummately good editor. He had the qualities that were needed. He was generous, he was sensitive, he was tactful, he was modest, he was patient, he was imaginative, he was unfailingly tuned in. A physically fragile man, with a strong intelligence, he clearly had no wish to impose his will on anyone, and was content to help each writer attain in each piece of writing whatever it was that the writer himself aspired to. He never suffered from the editor's occupational delusion that he is writing the writer's work. It was enough for him to know that he was doing his own job. In a period in which celebrity is so widely pursued, he chose to practice an anonymous art; in a period dense with publicity, he had no desire to become public; in a period of rampant self-assertion, he was self-effacing; in a violent period, he was extremely gentle; in a noisy period, he spoke softly. He found his own form of joy in helping other people bring their writings to a state of something like perfection. His other joy was to bask in the warmth of his family and his friends. It is a tribute to his extraordinary talents as an editor that many of those friends were the writers he had worked with. All of us, the writers and the artists and the editors who were his colleagues, will profoundly miss him.

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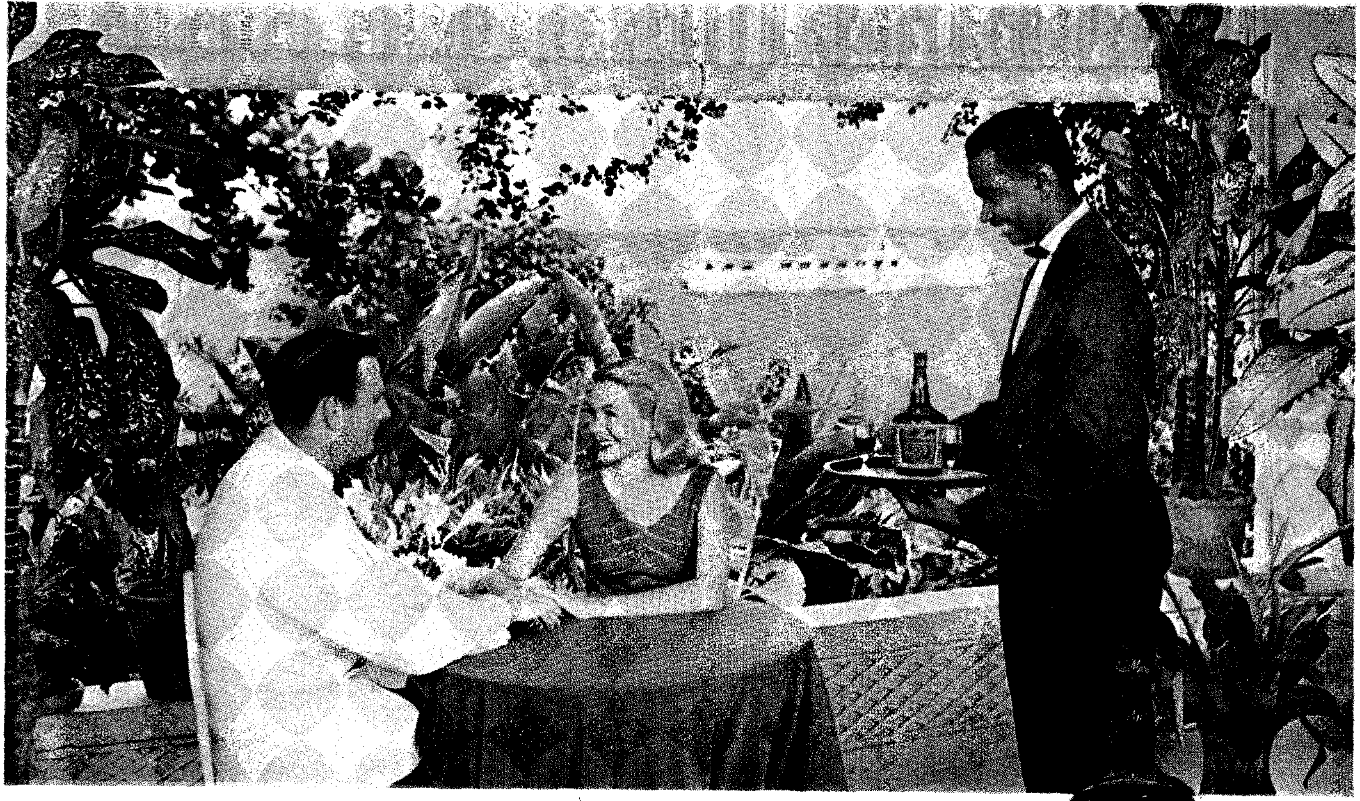
Photographed at Round Hill Hotel, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.



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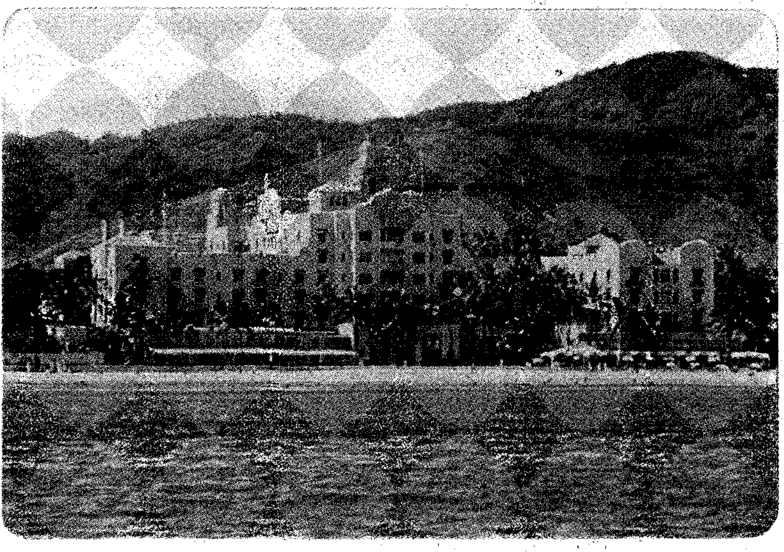
# Sheraton Hotels' Royal Welcome...

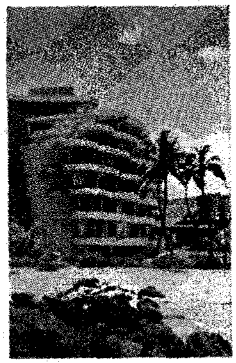


## ...as Hawaiian as Waikiki Beach!

Here it is — just as you've dreamed it. Surfers off Waikiki Beach, swaying hula girls, strumming ukuleles, a warm sun, a romantic moon...all part of the famous Sheraton Royal Welcome in Hawaii.

Sheraton has four great hotels at Waikiki. Stay at one, play at all four, including the elegant Sheraton-Royal Hawaiian.

Sheraton's beaches, and nightlife, and luaus capture the full magic of Hawaii and give enough memories to last a lifetime. And on Maui Island, only 30 air minutes away, lies an enchanting, different Hawaii where you can golf, gamefish, sail at the most spectacular Sheraton of all: Sheraton-Maui. **Now it's only $100 jet fare from the West Coast to Honolulu. For insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton.**



**SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII**

Royal Hawaiian / Princess Kaiulani / Moana / SurfRider / Sheraton-Maui

Sheraton shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange Diners' Club and Shell Oil cards honored for all hotel services